

# WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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No. I.

## A SONG FOR PAN.

BY C. P. WEAVER.

The winds moan on the hills to-night,  
A wind-wild song they cry,  
And soft the echo on the breeze  
Comes like a summer sigh:  
Come to the feast, ye gods of old,  
Make merry with the glass;  
The shades approach; the night enfolds;  
The glass is ebbing fast.

And from the woods there comes a shout,  
Ever growing near,  
And down comes Pan with a noisy rout,  
His wild cry sounding clear:  
Fill high, fill high, with ruddy wine,  
And turn the night to day;  
The day is done, and now for fun  
To chase our grief away.

And on the greensward in a ring  
They dance the night away.  
The cry is raised of ancient days,  
The wintry night winds play:  
All hail! all hail! to Ancient Pan;  
Come dance with him to-night;  
A song from each he will demand,  
A joyous heart and light.

## THE JEW OF MARLOWE, SHAKESPEARE AND SCOTT.

BY GASTON SIMMONS FOOTE.

Before taking up the character of the Jew as represented and delineated in English Literature by such geniuses as Marlowe, Shakespeare, and Scott, it is quite fitting to pause and consider the attitude of the English people toward the persecuted race.

William of Normandy was followed to England by Jewish traders, who, under the royal protection, were enabled to establish themselves in separate quarters, or "Jewries," as they were called, in the chief towns of England. Deprived of citizenship, with the Jewry in which he abode exempt from the common law, the Jew was nothing more than the King's chattel, and his life and possessions were entirely at the King's mercy. The Jew, however, was too valuable a possession to be deprived lightly of his life. It is an undeniable and undisputed fact that in the earlier part of his settlement the Jew was beneficial to the kingdom at large. His advent was that of a moneyed capitalist; and regardless of the heavy usury that he exacted, he gave an impetus to the industrial world of England such as she had never felt before. There was, however, a popular feeling of resentment and hatred toward the Jews, which feeling under the Angevins increased rapidly in intensity. But the royal protection did not waver. Henry II. had granted them burial rites outside of every city in which they dwelt; Richard had severely punished a massacre of the Jews at York; and John allowed none to plunder them except himself. Popular sentiment became so strong at this time that persecution of the direst kind

was directed against the wandering tribe. The sacking of Jewry upon Jewry bore evidence of popular hatred during the Barons' war, and at its close there fell upon the Jews the more terrible persecution of the law. Countless statutes hemmed them in on all sides; they were forbidden to hold real property; to employ Christian servants; to go through the streets without two bits of white wool on their breasts, which sign distinguished their race. At last the fury of the populace and persecution could do no more. Edward, yielding to the fanaticism of his subjects, consented to drive them from his domain. Of the sixteen thousand who chose exile to apostasy, only a few reached the shores of France. Numbers were wrecked, while many were robbed and flung overboard. From this time to that of Cromwell no Jew touched English soil.

With a clear knowledge of the people's hatred and contempt, and their unquestionable persecution and cruelty against them, it is not to be wondered that on the other hand the Jew justly became a synonym for revenge, malice, and avarice, and nowhere can a better portrayal of their consummate skill in carrying out these characteristics be found than in English Literature.

Isaac of *Ivanhoe* is a Jew of noble impulses and of superlative avarice, but he is not marked by the enormous feelings of malice and revenge that Shylock and Barabbas are. His mind centers solely upon his zecchins and "my daughter," and not on venting his spleen upon the "Christian dog." More than any of his brothers in literature is Isaac filled with "the milk of human kindness." His gratitude and appreciation, augmented, perhaps, by his love and respect for his noble daughter, is

shown in his tender interest and solicitude for his protector, the Knight Ivanhoe. Even towards Ivanhoe there is a slight but perceptible diminution in Isaac's avarice. The chief aim and end of Barabbas and Shylock is a vast accumulation of wealth, but in the culmination of Isaac's character the author vividly shows which is transcendent in the Jew's heart—his daughter or his ducats. In the dungeon scene, where Isaac is brought to the final test, where it is a question between honor and zecchins, where he is called upon to bear greater love either to his daughter or his gold, in a fervid outburst of nobleness and passion, Jew though he be, he quickly elicits the sympathy of his readers, evoking from them a realization of and revulsion for his persecution and inhuman treatment. By his preeminently noble words he actually awakens feelings of pity, perhaps never awakened before, in the harsh heart of the Norman baron. Front de Boeuf, with his assistants, had just gone to the dungeoned Isaac for the purpose of extorting one thousand pounds of silver. All around were placed threatening instruments of torture of all kinds. Isaac lied persistently, denying that he possessed such a sum of money, until he saw the glowing bars of the red-hot furnace. Then his resolution gave way and he consented to pay the exorbitant sum provided that he and his wounded friend (Ivanhoe) should be set free. He then asked that his daughter Rebecca be allowed to go to York and bring back the required sum. At the mention of the word daughter Front de Boeuf looked up surprised. He had taken her for Isaac's concubine and had given her to one of his companions for a handmaiden. At this announcement Isaac uttered a piercing shriek of despair and abandonment. He was



transformed from the fawning Jew to the sensible man. "Take all that you have asked," said he, "Sir Knight"—"take ten times more—reduce me to ruin and beggary if thou wilt; nay, pierce me with thy poniard, broil me on that furnace, but spare my daughter; deliver her in safety and in honor! As thou art born of woman, spare the honor of a helpless maiden. \* \* \* Will you reduce a father to wish that his only living child were laid beside her dead mother in the tomb of our fathers? \* \* \* Think not so vilely of us, Jews tho' we be; the hunted fox, the tortured wild-cat loves its young—the despised and persecuted race of Abraham love their children."

Unlike Barabbas, who sacrificed his daughter for gold and revenge, Isaac lost sight of wealth and fear of persecution in his deep love and concern for his noble daughter's honor.

*The Jew of Malta* evinces the transition between Marlowe, the youthful tragic poet, and Marlowe, the mature dramatist. Swinburne has said that Milton only has surpassed the opening soliloquy of Barabbas. But after the second act the play shows marked signs of decline; the enlarged conception of the Jew, with his inordinate lust for wealth, not even rivaled by his love for his daughter, is precipitated into unfeeling and overdrawn caricature. Shakespeare took up the same subject a few years later, and with the same spirit, but the sweetness of expression, the gentle touches of humanity and humor, raise *The Merchant of Venice* to a much higher plane of art.

No better delineation of the Jewish character, and particularly of Barabbas himself, can be given than in his own words. As a prerequisite for the attainment of his aims, Barabbas says:

" . . . be void of these affections,  
 Compassion, love, vain hope and heartless fear,  
 Be moved at nothing, see thou pity none,  
 But to thyself smile when the Christian moans."

Again, he accurately pictures the Jews, not only of literature, but even of the Ghettoes of the present day. He says:

"We Jews can fawn like spaniels when we please:  
 And when we grin we bite, yet are our looks  
 As innocent and harmless as a lamb—  
 I learned how to . . . . .  
 Heave up my shoulders when they call me dog."

This last line finds its echo in Shylock's,

"Still have  
 I borne it with a patient shrug."

As avarice and love for their daughters is supreme in Isaac and Shylock, so in Barabbas is avarice and revenge supreme. As Barabbas' fingers greedily close over his recovered money bags handed down by his daughter, we can see his eyes glow with satisfaction as he says:

"O my girl,  
 My gold, my fortune, my felicity!  
 . . . . .  
 O girl! O gold! O beauty, O my bliss!"

Notice the order of his climax. Beginning with his daughter he soon loses sight of her in the delight of having his ducats, his "felicity," his "bliss."

In his hatred of the Christians, Barabbas hesitates at nothing that will enable him to wreak vengeance upon them. A liar of ordinary foresight, traitor, thief, murderer, he invents a most devilish plot for the wholesale butchery of his enemies, but he himself becomes the victim of his plot and dies with curses upon his unhallowed lips.

Die life! fly soul! tongue, curse thy fill  
and die!"

The contempt of the Christian for the Jew is no less than that of Barabbas for the Christian, and he unquestionably believes as he says: "It is no sin to deceive a Christian." He also utters some truths in regard to religion of the present day, as well as in his own time. He says:

" . . . . religion  
Hides many mischiefs from suspicion,"

and again, in contrasting himself with the Christian, he says:

"A counterfeit profession is better  
Than unseen hypocrisy."

In the whirl of his avaricious mind Barabbas still finds time to take a philosophic view of things. After the loss of his property he speaks to his wailing daughter, saying:

"No, Abigail, things past recovery  
Are hardly cured with exclamations.  
Be silent, daughter, sufferance breeds ease."

He explains why notwithstanding the fact that Jews are far wealthier than Christians, they never take part in the government.

"I must confess we come not to be kings:  
That's not our fault; alas, our number's few,  
And crowns come either by succession  
Or urged by force; and nothing violent . . .  
. . . . can be permanent."

The woe and pathos in his utterance of the little word "alas" touches one and makes one feel that although he is a Jew there is yet something human in him.

Shakespeare's Jew is one of the inconceivable masterpieces of characterization of which he alone is capable.

With the exception of the noble Portia, Shylock, by no means an ordinary Jew, is the most respectable person of the play. He possesses a striking individuality, yet there is something peculiarly suggestive of Hebrewism in his every speech and action. He worships and courts wealth, he does not even try to conceal his lust for it, but makes it public, crying it aloud in the market places. There is something, however, that he prizes more highly than money—satisfaction for an abused heart and retribution for shameful wrongs. Although he is offered in the Trial Scene ten times the value of his bond he refuses it. His avarice is overshadowed by the enormity of his desire for revenge and his hatred of the Christian, and he would not regret three thousand ducats if only he could secure the pound of his enemy's flesh.

The characterization of Shylock is complete in every particular, in the spiritual as well as the physical being. Shakespeare has so disclosed the inmost workings of character that we feel as if we know the Jew better than we really could in actual life. Shylock is something more than a man of mere avarice; there seems to be something deeper in his nature, and his greed for gain is only one of its superficial manifestations. His aim in life is thrift, but that is the outcome of the spiritual being—of his religion. Everything centers around this—Shylock is a Jew—"a peculiar people." All of his actions evince the principles of his faith; and given his aim, his motive, he goes on calmly to the consequences. Then Shylock is preeminent in the breadth of his characterization. His daily activities embrace almost the whole of life. We see him in every phase—on the Rialto, in his family, in civil relations, in morality, in religion, and in social relations. Contrast with Shylock Harpa-

gon in Moliere's *L'Avare*, and the idea is brought out more clearly. Harpagon almost, if not entirely, descends to the level of a common miser. He secludes himself in obscurity, sordidness and rags, holding on to his money bags with thin, covetous fingers. His stinginess in his domestic affairs, his tyranny in his family and his exactment of extortionate usury about express his entirety. Shylock, on the contrary, shown in various and much more important relations, comes in contact with the world and copes with it in its real forms. This is what rounds off Shylock's character; and the opposite makes Moliere's Harpagon empty, a mere personification of avarice, which in truth, compared with Shylock, dwindles into a scant caricature.

Shylock does indeed love money, but there are things equally dear to him, among them his daughter "Jessica, my girl." He curses her in his rage and is willing to have her dead at his feet with his jewel and ducats in her coffin, yet he loves her more than all his jewels and ducats. Denied public intercourse, an outcast from Christian society, there remains to the Jew only love for his home, and this is shown with touching intensity. In the Trial Scene, when Bassanio and Gratiano express their willingness to sacrifice their wives for their friend Antonio, Shylock says aside, and with what contempt he pronounces the word "Christian,"

"These be the Christian husbands: I have a daughter,  
Would any of the stock of Barabbas  
Had been her husband rather than a Christian."

This was no unloving father who spake these words. Mr. Hudson in summarizing Shylock's character says: "Thoroughly and intensely Jewish, he is not more a Jew than he is Shylock. In his hard, icy intellectuality, with

a dash of biting, sarcastic humor, we see the remains of a great and noble nature out of which all the genial sap of humanity has been pressed by accumulated injuries.

\* \* \* \* Nothing can daunt, nothing disconcert him; remonstrance can not move, ridicule can not touch, obloquy can not exasperate him; when he has not provoked them he has been forced to bear them; now that he does provoke them he is hardened against them: In a word, he may be broken; he *can not* be bent."

## THE NEWISH OF 1903.

BY TYRO.

Before I go any farther I just want to say that I believe these Seniors know just what a Newish is going to say before he opens his mouth. You can't tell them anything that they haven't heard before, and a fellow can never have an experience but that a Senior will say, "O, do tell us something Newish; that happened the second year I was in college; in fact, I was the originator of the custom."

Now something happened to me the other night and I almost know that it never happened to anybody else before. I hurried to my room and found two Seniors there besides my room-mate. I was tickled nearly to death, and began to tell them of my experience. I thought for once I had something new. "Boys," I said, "as I was coming across the campus yard just now—" but I never got any farther. They knew all about it, and some fifteen or twenty minutes later, when they had somewhat stopped laughing, they said; "Well, Newish, that's a good one on you; proceed with your story." I didn't do it, though, for they knew all about it, and to save my life I can't imagine how they knew what I was going to say. They were in the room when the thing happened, and nobody saw it but me. I wonder will I be that smart when I get to be a Senior!

Whew! I hardly know what to say next. Being at college for the first time is calculated to fluster a fellow. I never will forget the first evening I got here, and how flustered I was. Before I left home I was told to get off the front end of the second-class car and min-

gle with the crowd of students who were waiting for the Newishes, before they saw me. I am a bashful sort of a fellow, and I didn't want to be whistled the first thing, so I carried out my instructions to the letter; but for once it was unnecessary. The fates were on my side, for before the train stopped it had begun to rain in torrents, and I think it threw a damper over the feelings of the much-dreaded Oldish, for they allowed us poor Newishes to get away from the cars unmolested. By the time I had got off the train my feelings and the weather were pretty much alike. I didn't have an umbrella, and there was no one to meet me. After I had stood on the platform a few minutes looking like a forsaken kitten, a drowned one at that, and feeling a great deal worse, a kind-hearted fellow came up to me and offered to take me to my room under his umbrella. I was scared to go, and I was scared not to go. I liked his looks, however, so I trusted him not to hurt me, and started out with him. He was very large, had a full, round face, and his shape reminded me of his Majesty, Jonathan Bull. He was indeed the very picture of Joviality and Good Humor, and every time he stepped in a mud-puddle he said "By graby, I stepped in that scoundle-beast mud-puddle," and then he gave the jolliest little laugh, that made me feel good all over. I didn't know anything about that kind of mud-puddle. We don't have them at home. I reckon they are the sort you find around colleges. "Scoundle-beast" sounds like a big college name, anyhow. Well, as I have said, this fellow was very large, and his corpulency caused me to get a thorough wetting, for he took up all the room under the umbrella, and I was compelled to stand under the edges and every bit of the water ran right down on me.



That rain certainly took the starch out of me, both literally and figuratively speaking. The Oldish tried to keep me dry, though, and I don't blame him one bit. I don't know his name, except that the boys call him Tubby, but if ever Mr. Tubby wants anything done I'm his man. He was good to me, and I'll do anything for him, even vote for him, if I join his society. From the way that I'm being canvassed—I guess that's what you'd call it—I think I'll end by being a Eulomathesian or a Phizelian, I don't know which. I am convinced that both societies are the best, but I ain't going to discuss politics. I get animated whenever I get on that subject.

Next morning after I got to college I went to morning prayers and there received the "most unkindest cut of all." (Shakespeare said that; I've just stood on some of his lighter plays—Hamlet, Ivanhoe, Romeo and one or two more, and I've got Juliet to get off now as parallel work.) Now if there is one thing that I pride myself on it is my voice. At home I was often complimented on my sweet and mellow voice, and I thought that I would maintain my vocal accomplishments at college. Besides, with my wonderfully sweet voice—I know it is so, because my girl told me the night before I left home that my singing brought tears to her eyes (how often have I longed to look in those eyes since I've been here) and caused a choking feeling in her throat; perhaps it would not be out of place for me to say that I had just sung "Forgotten" and "Come Back to Me, Sweetheart." Well, as I started to say, I thought with my voice I should win the hearts of the old men, and I knew when that was accomplished I should no longer be looked upon as an *ordinary* Newish.

When the hymn was given out I cleared my throat and prepared to work wonders. The number was found, that man that can over play a piano took his seat at the instrument, we arose, and as that boy sweetly struck the chord I opened my mouth to pour forth that volume of melodious sweetness that was stored away in my diaphragm—I sing from my diaphragm altogether—but I never got beyond opening my mouth. There was a six-year Senior standing in front of me and he was unkind enough to make criticizing remarks about my singing. These upper-classmen haven't much feeling for a fellow, that is one thing that I have learned. Well, my voice became at once the lost chord. I had completely swallowed it. I couldn't sing, I couldn't shut my mouth. There I stood, looking like I had a gag between my teeth, and all the time my *superior* was looking clean through me, via my mouth. He was worse than an X-Ray.

He also made remarks to those standing near about the hoarse little craw-fish or dry-fly, or whatever it was in my throat making, as he said, such a discordant noise. He thought it would make an excellent subject for the students of Biology, and spoke of getting it for special laboratory work. Naturally I was hurt and angered by such slighting remarks as these, and to tell the truth, I was afraid that the fellow had little enough sense to try to get that thing out of my throat. He didn't look real bright, anyway.

Say, had it ever struck any of you fellows that the Trustees ought to get a music teacher for the school—one that could teach the boys time and the other rudiments of music? Anyway, they ought to be taught to whistle in good time. They need it. They undoubtedly whistle the poorest step I ever heard. A good-looking,

red-headed fellow whistled me the other day, but I couldn't keep step to save my life. It really made me feel bad, for I liked the fellow and I wanted to be agreeable. I tried faithfully every time I heard the Newish whistle, and every time I was at "Attention," but it was utterly impossible for me to keep step. There is one man here that would be a good whistler if he didn't do his mouth so funny. I don't let him see me, but I laugh whenever I see him whistle. He whistles way round in the corner of his mouth and every bit of the wind goes into his ear. He whistles just like a cross-eyed person looks.

One evening I was out walking and presently I heard the Newish whistle, and *mirabile dictu!* It was correctly whistled. I began to walk briskly and to keep excellent step. "Who can it be, and where can it be?" I said. "I see no one." But nevertheless I kept walking with head erect and shoulders thrown back. I was approaching a tree. The whistle seemed to come from its branches. "The fellow is hiding," I thought, but when I looked no one was there. Perched on the highest limb was a bird and that bird had been whistling this poor green Newish. The joke was on me, but it is too good to keep, so I tell it for the benefit of my fellow-Newish. Beware, Newish, of a good whistle at Wake Forest. It is not a student, but only a bird amusing itself and making a fool of the poor, green and persecuted Newish.

I could tell you a heap more that has happened to me, but I guess that I have said enough for a Newish. You see I don't want my literary prospects queered at the very beginning, and the Editors told me that they

would let me write again if I did not write too much this time. Good-bye till next time.

P. S.—I should like to join that Newish Frat I hear talk of. I can furnish good recommendations, and I think that I would add greatly to the Frat. I should be glad to talk it over with the President at any time that he will come to my room. Any other members that would like to talk with me on the subject can see me at my room any time to-night after nine o'clock.

## ESTHER.

BY R. D. MARSH.

When gold was discovered in California in 1848 fortune-seekers hurried to that section from all parts of the United States and from Europe. In the gold regions populous settlements sprang up in a few days, which became the centers of intense excitement. Every man was eager to make a fortune and began work in great haste. In the scramble for gold the people made little effort to establish any form of government, and there was great confusion and lawlessness in the settlements. Soon many men found robbing more profitable than mining. At first the robbers were very few, but as soon as the ease and profits of their practice were realized their number grew rapidly and they became prevalent everywhere. To enable them to carry on their work more effectively they formed themselves into well-organized bands. The people had little means of defense against them and were terrorized by their boldness and daring.

Most noted and dreaded of all the robbers was Rantz Hunter, leader of the largest band which infested the region. Rantz was a man of massive size and his dark, iron-like face, covered by a heavy growth of black beard, only added to his domineering and relentless bearing. In his presence ordinary men were quiet and ventured no opinion of their own, while among his associates he was the moving spirit, and he seemed to impart boldness and daring to all around him.

The name Rantz Hunter struck terror wherever spoken. Many a miner had all his earnings stolen by Rantz

and his men. These robbers would swoop down unexpectedly upon the settlers, secure their booty, and then escape to their mountain stronghold without fear of being followed.

One of the most successful gold-diggers was Hampton Williams. He struck a rich vein in his mine and it was well-known that he had laid away a large amount of gold. One dreary night in December, 1851, the robbers, led by Rantz Hunter, made a raid on his home. They surrounded the house and called on Williams to surrender, but they found that he was not one to yield without a struggle. He appeared at the door, rifle in hand, and seeing a robber near by, sent a bullet through his breast. This deed enraged Rantz and his men and they became furious in their desire for vengeance. To shoot Williams was but the work of an instant, and still unsatisfied they rushed into the house seeking others on whom to wreak their vengeance. The wife was mercilessly stabbed with a dagger. Rantz himself finding two children sleeping severed their heads from their bodies with a large knife. He then went into a corner of the room, where he found a little cot. Examining it with his hand he thought there was no one on it. To be sure about it, however, he flashed the piercing rays of his dark lantern on the couch, and before him lay revealed the form of a sleeping babe, a sweet little girl.

The merciless man with steady hand raises his knife to spill the blood of the little babe. But why does he hesitate? He stands motionless with glittering knife poised over the sleeping child. The child opens its eyes and smiles sweetly. Behold the man now, he is all undone. His uplifted hand falls to his side and the keen weapon falls harmless upon the floor. The spark of

sympathy so long dormant goes out in compassion to the helpless little babe, and he is no longer its murderer but its protector. The marauders plunder the house and depart, Rantz bearing the child before him on his horse.

Rantz carried the little girl to his camp in the mountains. Esther was the name he gave her. In her new home she was given as tender and gentle attention as she had ever received from her parents. All these rough men grew fond of her and she became the pet of the whole camp. Rantz, by nature strenuous and passionate, entertained for the child a devotion and fondness of which only men of his character are capable. It is characteristic of children to return love shown to them, and Esther soon learned to love Rantz as she had loved her father. Whenever he returned from any of his raiding expeditions his first care was to find Esther, who would run to him eagerly and clap her hands in delight at the toys and trinkets he brought her.

Three years passed away and Esther still lived in her home among the mountains, where she was perfectly satisfied, for she did not know that she had ever had another home. In the meantime a more effective form of government had been established in the settlements. The miners were afforded better protection against the robbers, who in many instances were chased to their mountain stronghold. But here they were fortified and they defied the power of the law for a long time. Many unsuccessful attempts were made to dislodge Rantz and his band, from whom the settlers had suffered so much.

The 12th of December, 1854, was the day decided upon for a supreme effort to overcome these brigands. Preparations for the expedition were begun weeks beforehand.

One hundred men provided themselves with arms and horses, and on the morning of the appointed day, under the leadership of Henry Brown, the daring little company set out to encounter their foe in their own mountain wilds. By midnight they came within three miles of their enemy, but they were now compelled to abandon their horses and proceed on foot, for the camp of the robbers was hemmed in by mountains, and there was only one path by which it could be reached, and this was a most dangerous path to follow, as in many places it lay between a deep precipice on one side and a steep cliff on the other. Rantz Hunter was too wise to leave this only approach to his home unguarded, and had stationed sentinels along the path. Some time previous to this, however, one of the desperadoes had been captured in a skirmish, and by bribes and threats he had been induced to disclose the password. In the march that night two men preceded the main body, and by repeating the pass-word deceived the sentinels and captured each in succession.

Just at midnight the company came in sight of the rude dwellings of the robbers. Brown divided his men into two divisions and ordered them to advance from opposite directions. The two divisions had taken their positions on either side and were waiting for the signal to advance. Just as it was given several pistol shots rang out from one of the buildings, and the invaders realized that they were discovered. In a moment Rantz and his men were pouring out of their houses in every corner, but scarcely had they learned the cause of the alarm before their enemy advanced upon them from both front and rear.

The robbers were greatly outnumbered and unexpect-



edly attacked, but they knew that capture meant death and they determined not to be taken alive. They were not aware that there were two divisions of their assailants, and gave their attention entirely to the one approaching in front. The battle was fought hand to hand in the darkness. Brown and his men were attacked so furiously that they were compelled to fall back, but now the division from the rear came up and the tide of battle began to turn. Rantz Hunter was the most active man in the fight that night. He seemed present everywhere, cheering and directing his men, but he saw them struck down right and left and soon realized that he was almost alone in the midst of the enemy. Suddenly he thought of little Esther, whom he had left alone in the house, and he at once quit the scene of battle and rushed back to find her. From a window where she was standing calling for him he snatched her and hurried to a door in the rear of the building. He peered out into the darkness and seeing no one near he lifted little Esther in his arms and rushed out hoping to escape unseen. Suddenly a man sprang up a few feet away and hurled a spear at him. Rantz saw him throw the weapon, but between him and the flying missile was the little girl in his arms. In a flash he whirled and received the spear full in the neck. He fell to the ground dead, but Esther was unhurt. His slayer came up quickly with his lantern, but he turned deathly pale and could scarcely stand when he saw the little girl and realized her danger. As the lantern flashed upon the girl's pale, uplifted face, revealing her features, the man raised his hand to his head and with a groan fell upon his knees. He had recognized his long-lost daughter, for this man was no other than Hampton Williams, the child's father. The wound

he received in the fight with the robbers three years ago did not prove fatal, and he soon recovered.

As the victorious party returned home through the mountains rejoicing over their suddenly-acquired riches, Hampton Williams with bared head breathed a few simple words of thanks to the all-kind Father for the recovery of his golden treasure which he had lost three long years ago.

WATERMELONS VERSUS TROUBLE.

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BY JO PATTON.

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Hits mighty hard an' strainin',  
 Ter allus dodge complainin',  
 W'en de Augus' sun am hot an'  
     Yer rheumatiz am painin'.

An' hits mighty hard ter smile  
 W'en de sweat bergin ter bile  
 An' de co'n row peer ter lengthen  
     Twel hit look jes lak er mile.

O, hits mighty hard ter pray  
 On de dark an' cloudy day  
 W'en Mister Trouble stops off wi' you  
     Jest lak he 'tends ter stay.

But sing er song, my brother, an'  
     Keep er shoutin' er 'long de way,  
 Kaze de Lord, He done an' promise  
     Dat He'll wipe yer tears er way.

An' come ter think er bout it, why,  
     Yer troubles can't half compare  
 Wi' de Augus' water millions dat  
     Am smilin' everywhere.

## ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

BY C. P. WEAVER.

The life of Elizabeth Barrett Browning is, as she herself has expressed it, a life of the sofa and silence, spent for the most part within the confines of an invalid's narrow walls, and yet with all these limitations she has won the ear of an admiring world and to-day she ranks among the world's greatest and purest poets.

The mystery which at one time surrounded the personal career of Mrs. Browning has not been sufficiently cleared to leave the exact date of the poet's birth an uncontested point. Critics have assigned various times and places at which the event occurred. Mr. Browning held that his wife was born in Burn Hall, Durham, March 6, 1809. John Ingram, however, in a biographical sketch showing considerable research and accuracy, says the poet's birth-place was in London on the 4th of March, 1809.

Shortly after the poet's birth the Barretts became residents of Hope End, near Ledbury, Hertfordshire, a beautiful country-seat located in a retired valley near the Malvern Hills. Here the family circle was augmented by the arrival of several sons and daughters, but Elizabeth was the favorite of all her father's children. She was allowed a little room all to herself, which in later life she describes as follows:

"I had a little chamber in the house  
As green as any privet-hedge a bird  
might choose to build in . . . . .

The walls

Were green, the carpet was pure green, the strait  
Small bed was curtained greenly, and the folds  
Hung green about the window, which let in

The out-door world with all its greenery.  
You could not push your head out and escape  
A dash of dawn-dew from the honey-suckle."

In "Aurora Leigh," which is doubtless an autobiography of her own life, she tells how in the hush of the early summer morn she would

"Slip downstairs thro' all the sleepy house  
As mute as any dream, then, and escape  
As a soul from the body, out of doors,  
Glide thro' the shrubberies, drop into the lane,  
And wander on the hills an hour or two,  
Then back again before the house should stir."

The child's precocity early displayed itself. At the age of nine she had cut out with her spade a huge giant which in her childish fancy she styled "Hector, son of Priam." And she says:

"With my rake I smoothed his brow,  
Both his cheeks I weeded thro'."

Continuing her work she made him

"Eyes of gentianellas azure,  
Staring, winking at the skies:  
Nose of gilly flowers and box;  
Scented grasses put for locks,  
Which a little breeze at pleasure  
Set a waving round his eyes.

"Brazen helm of daffodillies  
With a glitter towards the light;  
Purple violets for the mouth,  
Breathing perfumes west and south;  
And a sword of flashing lilies  
Holden ready for the fight.

"And a breastplate made of daisies,  
Closely fitting, leaf on leaf;  
Periwinkles interlaced,  
Drawn for belt about the waist;  
While the brown bees, humming praises,  
Shot their arrows round the chief."

Before the poet was eleven years old she had begun to write verses and dream of fame, and had already completed an epic on the battle of Marathon which made her father so proud that he had fifty copies printed and distributed.

Elizabeth's chief comrade was her brother Edward, a few years younger than herself, and the two were inseparably devoted to each other. In her earliest volume is found this beautiful description of the happy hours spent together.

"Together have we past our infant hours,  
Together sported childhood's spring away,  
Together cull'd young Hope's fast budding flowers,  
To wreath the forehead of each coming day!

"And when the laughing mood was nearly o'er,  
Together, many a minute did we wile  
On Horace' page, or Maro's sweeter lore;  
While one young critic, on the classic style,  
Would sagely try to frown, and make the other smile."

Previous to 1826, Miss Barrett had contributed from time to time to current periodicals, but had attempted nothing more serious. In this year, however, she published anonymously her first volume, entitled "An Essay on Mind and Other Poems." The volume shows little originality of thought but is remarkable for the daring with which the poet deals with the greatest names of science and literature.

It was about this time that the slave question, agitated by Wilbeorce and his followers, was fast becoming a burning issue in England. The fight was long and fierce, but at last culminated in the abolition of slavery, and among those to feel the heavy loss which it entailed was the Barrett family, the greater part of whose wealth was in slaves in Jamaica. As a result of this blow the

beautiful home among the Malvern Hills was relinquished and the family removed to Sidmouth, and during their residence here of two years Miss Barrett brought out her second volume, entitled "*Prometheus Bound*," a translation from Aeschylus. Miss Barrett's own criticism on it is that "it was written in twelve days and should have been thrown into the fire afterwards—the only means of giving it a little warmth." A number of the poems of the volume are not unworthy of Miss Barrett and show the poet's marked originality and genius.

The healthful, invigorating residence in Devonshire was changed two years later for a London home. The move was a bad one for the frail woman's health, which had never been robust. Here she met John Kenyon, a distant relative, and a wealthy devotee of art and letters. Through his kindness she met her earliest literary friends and had numbers of her poems accepted by current periodicals. Here, also, the poet met Miss Mitford, who more than any other woman came to know the poet's heart, and it is to her that we are indebted for perhaps the best pen picture of Miss Barrett. She describes her as

"A slight, girlish figure, very delicate, with exquisite hands and feet, a round face with a most noble forehead, a large mouth, beautifully formed and full of expression, lips like parted coral, teeth large, regular and glittering with healthy whiteness, large, dark eyes, with such eyelashes, resting on the cheek when cast down, when turned upwards touching the flexible and impressive eyebrow, a dark complexion, literally as bright as the dark china rose, a profusion of silky, dark curls, and a look of youth and modesty hardly to be expressed."

The next volume contained "The Cry of the Children," a poem of marked pathos, which created quite a sensation and doubtless accelerated the passage of the bill by Parliament restricting the employment of small children in the mills and factories of the land. Edgar Allen Poe says of the poem, it is "full of nervous, unflinching energy—a horror sublime in its simplicity—of which Dante himself might have been proud."

The poems which next appeared came out in two volumes dedicated in affectionate words to her father—"The Drama of Exile," the first and longest piece, while occasionally bursting forth into lyrical beauty, except for the introduction of Adam and Eve is well-nigh devoid of human interest. "The Vision of Poets," the next in length, is an attempt on the part of Miss Barrett to express the poet's mission. In condensation of thought the poet approaches Dante and Shakespeare. The one defect is the didactic element. The most popular poem of the volume was Lady Geraldine's Courtship. Tradition says it was dashed off for the publisher in the short space of twelve hours, and this doubtless accounts for much of the ruggedness of rhythm and carelessness of contraction. Poe pronounces it, with the one exception of Locksley Hall, the one poem "containing so much of the fiercest passion with so much of the most ethereal fancy"; and summing up Miss Barrett as a poet he says she had surpassed all her poetical contemporaries of either sex with the exception of Tennyson. As an evidence of his esteem for her he dedicated to her—"To the noblest and fairest of her sex"—the last and most valuable volume of his poems.

In addition to the longer pieces mentioned this edition contained a miscellaneous collection of high merit—



"The Lost Bower" containing some personal allusions gives an excellent example:

"Green the land is where my daily  
Steps in jocund childhood played;  
Dimpled close with hill and valley  
Dappled very close with shade;  
Summer snow of apple-blossoms running up from  
glade to glade."

Another is "The Cry of the Human," which opens with these terrible lines:

"'There is no God,' the foolish saith,  
But none, 'There is no sorrow';  
And Nature oft the cry of faith  
In bitter need will borrow.  
Eyes, which the preacher could not school,  
By wayside graves are raised;  
And lips say, 'God be pitiful;  
Who ne'er said, 'God be praised'—"

"The Dead Pan" concludes the volume and is thoroughly typical of the poet's style.

"And that dismal cry rose slowly  
And sank slowly thro' the air  
Full of spirits melancholy  
And eternity's despair;  
And they heard the words it said  
'Pan is dead—Great Pan is dead  
Pan, Pan is dead.'"

If any two mortals ever achieved a love approaching the ideal, such was the case with Mr. and Mrs. Browning. Their first knowledge of each other was through each other's works. A mutual admiration sprang up between them. How beautiful was the love which united their hearts can only be imagined, for it has never been revealed. We can, however, catch some glimpse of the love we know existed in Browning's "One Word More," and a measure of Mrs. Browning's affection is found in

her "Sonnets from the Portugese," which indeed are not translations but delicate confessions of her own love.

"A heavy heart, beloved have I borne  
From year to year until I saw thy face,  
And sorrow after sorrow took the place  
Of all those natural joys as lightly worn  
As the stringed pearls . . . each lifted in its turn  
By a beating heart at dance-time. Hopes apace  
Were changed to long despairs, . . . till God's own grace  
Could scarcely lift above the world forlorn  
My heavy heart. Then thou didst bid me bring  
And let it drop adown thy calmly great  
Deep being! Fast it sinketh, as a thing  
Which its own nature doth precipitate,  
While thine doth close above it meditating  
Betwixt the stars and the unaccomplished fate."

Immediately upon their marriage in September, 1846, the happy pair set out for Italy and settled at Pisa for the winter. Later they removed to Florence and took up their abode in Casa Guidi.

The most mature of Mrs. Browning's works is "Aurora Leigh," which is said to be an autobiography of herself. It was popular from the moment of its publication. Barry Cornwall pronounces it "a hundred times over the finest poem ever written by a woman."

During her residence in Italy, Mrs. Browning came to love the beautiful country with a love transcending even that of her native England. The struggle for independence was now being waged, and Mrs. Browning, with all the ardor of her soul, lent herself and her pen to assist the valiant patriots. Her work appeared as "Poems before Congress." This was the last volume from her pen.

The people of Florence have not been forgetful of their benefactress, and to-day there stands a white mar-

ble slab on Casa Guidi, the gift of the grateful municipality, upon which are engraven in Italian:

"Here wrote and died

Elizabeth Barrett Browning,

Who in her woman's heart united

The wisdom of the sage and the eloquence of the poet,

With her golden verse linking Italy to England,

Grateful Florence placed

This memorial.

A. D. 1861."

**"AMOR VINCIT."**

**"NEB."**

The rain fell in a steady downpour. So it had fallen since early in the morning. The paved streets of Richmond were rivers of water. Where the pavement ended, they became dirty, slushy rivers of mud.

But the rain did not stop the busy men at the army headquarters. Man after man, booted and spurred, hurried up the steps, and man after man hurried down the steps and out into the rain. Horses and carriages clustered around the entrance in confusion, and ever and anon some high official walked rapidly down the steps, entered his carriage, spoke to the negro driver, and the carriage went clattering down the street. General Lee was about to begin his invasion of the North. Hence, the unusual agitation at the war department.

In his room down at the hotel, Capt. Arthur Robeson sat at his window, gazing out at the dreary street. He saw gray uniformed men hurrying up and down the street, but they did not specially interest him. He had seen nothing else for the last two and a half years. Yesterday, he had left thousands of these same gray-coated men and ridden through mud and water to bring a dispatch to the war department to General Lee. In a few hours he must ride back again over those same muddy roads, to those same gray regiments. There he must take command of his company and follow his beloved commander to the North. Perhaps he would meet regiments of blue in Maryland. Perhaps he would see them in Pennsylvania. Possibly the gray battalions would turn and march south again, after this meeting,

leaving him and many others behind. Possibly they would keep on toward the North and he would still be left behind. It was the fortune of war. Who could tell? \* \* \* But these thoughts were merely side issues in the mind of the young captain. Time and again in the last two years he had stared death in the face, with a cool head and a steady eye. He could do so again.

His thoughts had wandered back to the gay winter season in Richmond three years ago, when he, a young attorney, fresh from the University, had fallen madly in love with Edna Ashley, the only daughter of Colonel Harold Ashley. Colonel Ashley, at that time Secretary of State, had taken quite a fancy to the young lawyer, and frequently invited him to his home. Naturally, Arthur had fallen in love with Edna, and, just as naturally, Edna had fallen in love with Arthur. Then came the house party at Halcynondale and the little misunderstanding, that grew until it became a breach. He believed that she had treated him wrongly. The proud high spirit of the Robesons was touched, and he had not made the slightest effort to clear up the cloud between them. Yet he knew that he loved her, and believed that his affection was reciprocated. Several times, on his trips to Richmond, he had seen her, but they treated each other as acquaintances. Nevertheless, he had carried that face with him on many a weary march, had fought through fire and death, had lived through peril and hardship, with it always before him.

This morning he had seen her standing on the porch of her home. At the sight of her face all those old recollections, which he had tried so hard to stifle, came rushing back. He thought of the long campaign ahead. He

thought of the battles that must come. He thought of death that might come. He was almost on the point of writing a note and asking her if he could come and talk with her a few minutes. Then in a rage with himself for being so weak, he ordered his horse and set out back to the army.

Two months passed. The phalanxes of gray were far up in Maryland, marching northward. To-morrow they would cross over into Pennsylvania. To-night they rested on the banks of the Potomac. Wearied with the long day's march, the army slept. Slept as one man, save the ever-watchful pickets, thrown far out in advance, and the lonely sentinels, with their weary, ceaseless tread; save the council, yonder at the General's headquarters, and a restless young captain, pacing up and down in his tent.

Again he was fighting his old battle. He knew that the light did not burn at the General's headquarters for nothing. He knew that somewhere across the river there awaited them a great, grim army in blue; that on the morrow, or the next day, or the next, the blue and the gray would meet in one grand crash; that thousands of brave fellows would fall asleep in that crash, to be awakened by the grand reveille of the resurrection morn. Probably he would be one of them. Probably a bullet would end his life, way up there in Pennsylvania, and some one back down in Richmond would never know that he had loved her and been true to her to the last.

He walked out among the rows of sleeping soldiers. The light at the headquarters still burned. He wandered on out to a sort of cliff, overlooking the valley below. Far down, beneath, ran the Potomac, dull and leaden. Across, on the Pennsylvania side, the wind,

moaning in the trees, gave forth a strangely sad, ominous sound. It seemed to Robeson like a note of warning. The moon arose and cast a sheen of shimmering light over the world. The river of lead became a river of silver. Arthur gazed over at the dimpled emerald forest beyond and wondered what it held in store for him. In his soul he longed for the fierce heat of the battle, the rattle of musketry, the roar of the artillery. The question with him was, whether to go on into the fight, where death flashed on every side, without ever sending her a word that her face was the last he gazed upon.

He sat there on a rock until far into the night, then rose, went to his tent and wrote a letter to Edna, telling her everything about his struggle with himself, and his final defeat. He lay down and slept till morning, then rose and burnt the letter. The proud spirit might break, but it would not bend.

Three days later they met the enemy. Then followed three more days. Three days of fire and thunder and death. Three days under the hot, sulphurous pall of battle. Three days of Gettysburg. Three days of hell. When they were over, the gray army had carved its name high up on the pedestal of fame, but the cost was dear.

Back they went across the hills of Maryland. Back again into Virginia. Many brave soldiers they left on the slopes of the battlefield. Many they were taking back, wounded and sick, and this was how Captain Arthur Robeson, wounded in the last desperate charge, rescued by two of his men, and brought South in a wagon, found himself, two weeks after the battle, in a hospital in Richmond.

Before he reached the hospital, fever had set in, and

he was unconscious when taken from the train and carried to his room. For three days he lay in a stupor, and then one morning he opened his eyes.

"Where am I?" he asked feebly.

"In a hospital in Richmond. You have been wounded and sick, and must be very quiet," said a voice from behind his cot.

"And who are you?" he asked.

"I am your nurse, and have been ordered to call the doctor as soon as you were awake; you must not talk."

"Will you get me a pencil and some paper," he said, scorning her commands to keep quiet.

Curiosity prompted her, and she gave them to him, handing them from behind the cot. With a weak and trembling hand he wrote a few lines and then addressed the note.

"Please send that to the address indicated," he said. She took it, but did not leave the room. Presently he asked:

"Did you send that note?"

"No."

"Are you going to?"

"No."

"Why?" flashing up.

"Because the young lady is not at home."

"How do you know?"

"Because," and a soft, warm hand had stolen across the coverlet and clasped his own, "because she is here, dear!"

"Edna! you here?" he almost gasped.

"Yes; when I heard that you were here sick and wounded, and the doctors said that the corps of nurses was insufficient, I could hold out no longer."



The sound of the doctor's footsteps were heard approaching.

"Remember that you have just awoke from your stupor and have not spoken," she said smiling.

"I'll remember. Oh, Edna, won't you kiss me just once?"

"Not now—to-morrow, maybe."

And the doctor opened the door.

## AFTER THE FIRE.

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BURTON J. RAY.

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Yes; they had had a big quarrel. Maud had deliberately left him sitting on the porch with a photograph in one hand and a ring in the other. Ralph rose from the hammock, mechanically thrust the ring into his vest pocket, the photograph into his coat, and putting on his hat left the house. The gate shut with a sullen slam as he turned up the street. "I know it's not my fault," he said with an air of self-righteousness, "and I think she was entirely too hasty. I tried to explain all, but she was in no mood to argue."

Trying to expel the whole thing from his mind, he stopped by the drugstore, lit a cigar, and sauntered up the street.

Ralph sat up in bed. It seemed ages since he had retired, although he knew it was late before he came in. He had tried ever so hard to sleep, but in vain. Something was weighing on his mind and kept him awake in spite of his efforts.

Suddenly the town clock struck two. Ralph with a sigh lay down and turned over several times, trying to get into a comfortable position. It wasn't ten minutes before the clock struck again, this time three. "To be sure I haven't been asleep an hour," thought he. But this was not all. Again it struck. One-two-three-four-five; then, one-two—352. Ralph jumped up and sat on the side of the bed, "What an awful night for a fire," said he.

For several years he had been a member of the volunteer fire company, and although it was not compulsory,

he always made it a point to attend all night fires. To-night it seemed doubly hard to leave the warm bed and go out into the cold. "What if I do stay in bed; it is probably a false alarm." But no, something urged him on, so he got up and began to dress. Outside the stars were shining bright, and the new-fallen snow glistened like myriads of diamonds. There was no sign of a fire. He walked to the other window. Away off in the western part of the town a small but bright light was visible. It took only a minute to get on his clothes, and with his shoes in his hands to make no more noise than possible, he tip-toed down stairs and into the hall.

When the cold air struck him, it almost took his breath away. A bitter cold wind was blowing. Buttoning up his coat he struck up a trot in the direction of the fire. The glare of the flames was increasing in brightness every minute, and sparks could be easily seen shooting up to a great height. Some one raised a window over the way and shouted, "Where is the fire?" Ralph hurried on.

Five minutes running brought him to the place. A small dwelling house was where the fire had originated. Thence it had spread nearly half the block, and now it was eating through the power-house of the Consolidated Street Railways of the city. The fire companies had all responded to the call, and were doing fine work, when suddenly the water supply gave out. This was an awful blunder on some one's part. The city reservoir held enough to put out a dozen fires, and the supply was replenished night and day, but to-night something was wrong. Evidently the pumps in the station, six miles away on the river, were out of order. Ralph fell to with a willing hand. The hose wagons stood around

laden with hundreds of feet of hose, but these were of no use now. The men worked heroically with saw and axe, trying to remove enough from the course of the fire to check it, but they either worked too slowly or the wind was too high for them to do any good.

Now the next thing beyond the electric power-house was Porter's Powder Mill. It consisted of one large building and several smaller ones; all out of the reach of the fire but for a large suspended covered way which led from the main building of the mill to the chemical laboratory, which stood next to the power-house, and this was now afire. The only way for the fire to spread to the mill was by this way, and this it would inevitably do; the only way to save the mill was to cut away this structure, and this must be done. If the mill caught fire, it meant destruction to that part of the city and the loss of many lives. The Chief of the Fire Department, seeing the danger, ordered a detachment of men to go over to the mill and cut away this structure. By going to the third floor of the building, they had partially succeeded in their undertaking, so that the only thing that now held it was a huge beam that ran through the covered way and was the ridge-pole, so to say, of the whole structure. This meant it must be cut from the roof. Who was to do it?

The power-house was nearly consumed, the laboratory afire all over, as well as that part of the covered way. Most of the on-lookers had fled through fear of an explosion, and even the firemen were not over anxious to go on the roof of a powder mill while great chunks of fire were falling and volumes of smoke were pouring through every window.

Knowing the danger of the undertaking, and that im-

mediate action was necessary, the Chief said, "Boys, I can't compel you to go, but is there any one who will volunteer to go on the roof of that house and finish up the work?" There was silence for a minute, and then Ralph spoke: "I know something of the building; I believe I can do it." Grasping an axe he smashed a window and disappeared through the opening. In two minutes he appeared on the roof. Carefully he began to work his way along the ridge. The heat had only partially melted the snow, and his progress was slow. Now the roof of the covered way joined the roof of the mill exactly, so there was no difficulty in standing on the edge of the mill and cutting the roof of the covered way. With two strokes he had knocked the slate from over the beam, and then fell to cutting it. I counted his strokes. Six-seven-eight. He paused and threw up his arm to shield his face from the heat. Nine-ten. The whole structure quivered. Could he strike again? He staggered and fell to his knees. Quickly he arose, raised the axe on high, brought it down with terrible force, then fell senseless. There was a dull roar as the structure crashed to the ground. The mill was saved! But where was Ralph? Quickly as possible two stout firemen seized a life-net and rushed under the eaves of the house. "Help!" they cried. Three more took hold and stretched it tight. They were none too soon. In a second a dark object rolled over the edge of the roof and fell plump into the net.

When Ralph regained consciousness, he found himself in a room of the city hospital. It was too far to carry him home, and they thought best to stop at the nearest place. As he opened his eyes, the first thing that met his gaze was the fair face of Maud. "I heard all about

it," she said, "and I hurried down. They have sent for your mother. You don't know how frightened I was when I heard of the affair. I just knew you were killed." And then bending closer she whispered, "I hope, dear, you will pardon my rudeness last night. I understand it all now. Will you forgive me?"

And Ralph with a smile said "Yes."

## CONSTANCY.

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GERHARDT.

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Blue is the sky on the summer's day;  
Blue is the sea when the waves are at play;  
Blue are the hills stretching out to the sight;  
Blue are the eyes of my heart's delight.  
But the sea grows angry and roars in its wrath;  
And the sky grows black with the storm-cloud's path;  
And the hills are obscured by the banks of haze;  
But my dear heart's eyes are the same always.

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"When the negroes Southward fly,"  
If you'll ask the reason why,  
This will be their one reply,  
"'Case 'mong our *friends* we want'er die."  
—'04.

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"NOAN."

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JO PATTON.

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Noan was only a little negro boy. No one knew where he came from. No one cared. He never seemed to grow a particle—perhaps because he never knew what a full meal was.

His face was pinched and his body distorted. Full many a night had he slept on the cold ground when the winter's wind was blowing fiercely, so 'twas no wonder that his face was prematurely old and his muscles drawn with rheumatism. Everybody said he was half crazy, and perhaps he was. He had an uncontrollable habit of laughing. He could laugh for an hour over a mere trifle. If some one cursed him, it was nothing strange to see him spread his wide mouth and break into a fit of rollicking laughter. He bragged that he had been whipped by every man in the neighborhood for some cause or other, and no doubt this was true. There was no event that he'd talk of with more pleasure than the time when he broke into the hardware store and his succeeding term on the chain gang. He only stole a knife, and when asked why he didn't take more, he'd burst into a fit of laughter and declare, "Dah wa' nuffin in dah dat I'd hab, 'ceptin' er knife er two."

Noan's only friend was a brown-spotted cur. It was hard to tell which thought more of the other—he or the dog. Either one would fight for the other.

Noan had hired himself to half dozen men, only to quit in a short time, for so surely as Jet was kicked or scolded, that night Noan would run away.

Tom Buff, a drunken, worthless scoundrel, gave poor



Noan more trouble than all the rest. One day Tom had tied a tin can to Jet's tail before Noan's eyes, and when Jet came crying to him, he flew into a rage and flung a rock at Tom that came near ending his life. Ever after that Tom was Noan's enemy, and he swore that he'd kill Jet at his first chance.

Noan and Jet dodged him for a long time.

It was on the banks of the Catawba, at the great freshet, that they next met. It had rained for many days, and the river was swollen forty feet, and more than a mile wide.

A large crowd had gathered on the bank to watch the drifting logs and objects of all kinds.

By some means Jet had gotten away from Noan, and Tom Buff saw his chance.

In a moment he had the dog in his hands, and with one swing sent him far out into the foaming depths. Noan saw this only too late. He heard the dog give one pitiful cry, then he saw it go down. He saw it come to the surface a moment later further down the current, half drowned, but striving desperately to make the shore.

Noan looked at his only friend one instant, called strangely to it, then gave a wild sad laugh, and before any one knew it, leaped into the stream and his frail body was lost to sight. Presently he came to the surface in a whirling pool of logs and trash. He stared around wildly. His eyes fell on Jet, who by this time had reached the bank and was howling piteously for his lost master. The swift current had taken him far down the stream now. He called once to Jet, gave a weird, rattling laugh, and was drawn to the bottom by the mighty current never to rise again.

### A REAL COUNTRY DEBATE.

AGGY THOS.

Did you ever go to a real country debate, where the debaters wore high rusty boots, held their meetings in a dark, dingy room, and spit tobacco juice all over the floor? Well, if you have not, there is something yet to live for.

The debate of which I am going to tell you took place in a little old brick cabin sitting out in a large field, six miles from any railroad. Unpretentious as was the external appearance of the house, still less so was the interior. Arranged in straight rows across the room were wooden benches built with an eye more for use than comfort, with backs so straight and high as to push one nearly off the seat, while around the speaker's position were grouped a table grown old in service, a cracker-box brought from a cross-roads store, and a long bench with no back. Sitting on the end of the box, the secretary, by the light of a smoke-bedimmed lantern, records the proceedings of the meeting. Another lantern, hung to the wire which supported the stove-pipe, shed its feeble rays over the audience, giving just light enough for one to distinguish, by close scrutiny, the faces of those sitting nearest him.

Now it is time for the debate to begin. The president slowly rises, and after looking meditatively over the audience for a moment, says: "Wall, I guess the society'd better come to order." Then changing his quid to the other corner of his mouth, he continues: "Mr. Secretary 'll read the minits of the las' meetin'."

"Mr. Secretary" read the "Minits" and announced the

subject for discussion—"Resolved, that reading is better than observation to educate a man. First speaker, Ike Broom."

Mr. Broom arose and with a great burst of eloquence said:

"Mr. President, honorable judges, ladies and gentlemen of the Cartertown Debating Society: This is a momentuous question. But I don't think that we need any judges to decide this thing, fer our side's bound to win. But as I said, this is a momentuous question. Reading of course will edicate a man quicker'n observation, or wher'd I be? If I had er depended on observation fer my edication, I wouldn't er knowed no more'n none of the rest un you; but I read, I did, and you see what it have done for me. I thank you for your attention." This last was said as if learned by heart from some speaker's manual, and amid much applause and shuffling of feet Mr. Broom sat down.

The next speaker was Mr. Jephtha Kiles. "As for me," he said, "observation is the thing I want. The little edication that Ike over ther got, didn't do him no good,—jest made a fool outen a good farm-hand. I tell you observation are a great thing. If twan't for observation we couldn't see. And what is reading but observation? And yet they gits up here and says readin' is better'n observation. You can observe 'thout readin', but you can't read 'thout observation. And there's a pint, lemme tell yer, yer can't tech. Do yer suppose the wise men of the East would er ever found Jesus in the stable if they had only read about a star and not seen it?"

Here some one of the other side jumped up excitedly and exclaimed: "Gentlemen, ther's a pint agin him right

ther. 'Fore he goes any farther. How'd he know about that star and wise men, 'ceptin' he read it in the Bible?"

"Ladies and gentlemen, I never read it in the Bible; I seen it last winter in a magic lantern show," replied the victorious Jephtha, amid the shouts and cries at his opponent's defeat.

The next speaker, Mr. Bud Kirk, arose and said that readin' was the greatest thing in the world. "Now, by settin' down and readin' a few minits a man could tell how much fertilizer to put on an acre of land; he could then read the dictionary and newspapers that told of things that happened millions of miles away a few minits after they had happened."

The next speaker was Mr. Peckude, who arose with an air of great learning. "Ladies and gentlemen, the Latin derogation of the word will tell us that observation is the thing we need. 'Observation' comes from two Latin words, obsi, to see, and verto, to understand, and these taken together must come before readin'."

When the final vote was taken, probably on account of the learning displayed in the last speech, it was found that 'observation' had won, and amid great applause from the winning side, the meeting adjourned until the following Tuesday night.

## KID RICKMAN'S GANG.

C. P. W.

The sun was setting. One by one the shadows trooped into the little sequestered valley. The big hoary mountains stood silhouetted against the declining fiery orb in pristine grandeur.

Upon the outskirts of the little hamlet a cavalcade of men were seen silently approaching. At the sight of them the windows were quickly barred, the children ceased their play in the yards, and assuming the stern countenances of their elders, repeated softly, "Kid Rickman's gang!" It was long since this detested horde had flung themselves down upon the little village and terrorized its peaceable inhabitants, but the past visitations remained fresh in their memories, and they shuddered.

The cavalcade halted before a low log hut, and announced their arrival by firing several shots through the door. It opened, and in the light that streamed from the lightwood torch a man stood.

"Well," he said, "what'll ye hev?"

Then, perceiving the sullen demeanor of the men, he added:

"Oh, it's you, is it, Kid? That blame torch blinded me. 'Light and come in."

In a moment the room was filled with men, and Abe Stearn was setting before them his best whiskey.

The men drank in gulps, like deer famished in the chase. Again and again they emptied their glasses and with oaths called for more. At last, however, their thirst was slaked and they filed out the door and sprang on their horses.

"Now," cried the leader. A cracking of pistols awoke the echoes, and the stallions, as if partaking of their master's spirit, began a headlong race through the village. The shooting became one long roll.

The rising moon looked down on the scene, and, as if an unwilling witness, hid its face behind a neighboring cloud.

Suddenly a figure appeared in the middle of the road, and a flash told that it meant resistance.

A cry, and a man went down in the saddle. Then another and another. And then the figure in the road went down with a groan.

The wild horses drew back on their haunches, and one horse sniffed familiarly the figure in the road.

The moon came out again, and in its light four men lay stark and cold.

Kid Rickman knelt over the figure in the road. Then with a curse he drew back.

"Damme, if it ain't Jim Hawkins. He swore he wuz goin' ter be civilized when he broke with the gang, but I never believed him."

Already the three dead men of the gang were thrown across their empty saddles, and the men were preparing to return to the hills.

"Wait," said Rickman, huskily, and he drew the dead body of the fourth man across the pommel of his saddle and laid his head against his breast.

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RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

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WHEREAS, Omniscient God has seen fit to remove from our midst our beloved friend and college mate, Claude Meadows, to a brighter abode in heaven; be it resolved, First, that we, as a student body, feel keenly the loss of this bright and promising young man.

Second, that we sympathize deeply with the bereaved family, who are bowed down with grief over their loss.

Third, that a copy of these resolutions be spread on the minutes of each society, and that a copy be sent to the family, and to the State papers, and the WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

B. W. PARHAM,

A. H. OLIVE,

C. P. WEAVER,

*Committee from Philomathesian Society.*

P. L. NEWTON,

G. S. FOOTE,

J. W. WHISNANT,

*Committee from Euzeilian Society.*

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IN MEMORIAM

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CLAUDE DAVIS MEADOWS,

Associate Editor

OF

The Wake Forest Student.

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Died August 28, 1903.



# EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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## STAFF EDITORS :

DR. G. W. PASCHAL, Alumni Editor.

EUZELIAN SOCIETY.

PHILOMATHESIAN SOCIETY.

G. S. FOOTE.....Editor  
H. L. STORY.....Associate Editor

G. P. WEAVER.....Editor  
J. S. HARDAWAY.....Associate Editor

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## EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

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GASTON S. FOOTE, Editor.

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### The Richmond Debate.

Perhaps no event in the whole college year is looked forward to with more interest than the annual debate with Richmond College. Last year, at Raleigh, with all personalities and ill-feeling cast aside, we enjoyed a debate of the highest order, our two representatives vying with the Wake Forest of Virginia in a friendly contest of skill in argumentation and oratory. This Thanksgiving we are to meet the Virginians on their own territory, and as they have already got a taste of what a victory over Wake Forest means, they are going to spare no efforts to keep the silver trophy in empire territory. Wake Forest, however, tried and known of old, has orators and debaters surpassed by none of any Southern college, and equalled by but a few, and our boys are going to Richmond this year with the determination to repeat the high-class debate of last year, and, incidentally, to bring the cup back to the "sticky" State. In spite of the fact that our speeches last year were strong and thoroughly prepared, it is well realized that

we had too little time between the selection of the speakers and the night of the debate. What our boys need this year, and are going to do, is to "take time by the forelock," make early preparation for the debate, and when they go to Richmond they may well carry the Virginians the advice of Judge Womack, "Look well to your laurels, O Richmond, Wake Forest is after them this year."

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College  
Spirit.

A student the other day, thinking to expose a fault of Wake Forest, unknowingly paid her a glorious and appreciated compliment. "Wake Forest," he said, "is fast imbibing the spirit of big colleges and universities." Now an almost total absence of such spirit here has long been felt, not only by the Wake Forest boys, but by the boys of other colleges and universities. Since inter-collegiate foot-ball has been eliminated from Wake Forest sports, college spirit has been decidedly on the decline, and it was only until last year that any immediate action was taken to bring it again into the ascendancy. Two important steps were taken to start this revolution: First, the Faculty, seeing the need of such a stimulus, indirectly struck at the root of the evil by inaugurating the custom of assigning the chapel seats by classes. This, of course, promoted class spirit and class pride, and it will be only a short while before the class spirit will grow into organized college spirit; second, the publication of an annual by a corps of boys whose every feeling was one of college spirit and whose every desire was to inspire a like feeling in every Wake Forest boy, was one of the greatest things ever done for student life here. Financially, *The Howler* was not a success, but

from every other point of view it was, and it filled a long-felt want. The first *Howler* of course calls for a second, and every student here, from "prep" to "post" should put forth every effort to assist the editors in getting out an annual for 1903-'04 that will fall short in no way of the annual of 1902-'03. With the liberal support of the student body, the annual can be made a financial success and a potent remunerative agent to the literary societies. One other action of our Faculty is going to be no little factor in the advancement of the aforementioned spirit, and that is the new order of management of the ball team. For the future, the team will be in charge of a committee from the Faculty, and they have already made two important and wise provisions; first, a greater number of games on the home diamond; and second, the elimination of games with high schools, whom it is no honor for us to defeat, but a disgrace for us to let score. Now the last step for the advancement of college spirit rests in the workshop of the Trustees, and we are patiently and eagerly looking forward to the time when they shall add that step with the words, "Get on the gridiron, boys, and let your whole record be one of touchdowns and goals."

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Death of  
Claude  
Meadows.

It was the source of deep regret and grief when a telegram came to the Euzelian Society announcing the death of one of her loyal members, Claude Davis Meadows;

but this loss was mourned not only by the members of his own Society, but by every person at Wake Forest that knew him. Of handsome physique, possessed of a strong intellect, of gentle and affectionate disposition,

honest and sincere in all his actions, endued with all the characteristics of a gentleman, Claude soon won the confidence and respect of the Faculty as well as of the entire student body. With a bright mind added to diligent application, he entered the Sophomore class of 1901. He had no difficulty in keeping up with the class, and he would have easily graduated this year in the front ranks. As an English student he was best known, and to show what confidence was had in his ability, he was elected associate editor of THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT from the Euzelian Society without an opponent. He was also elected by the Faculty last year to assist in classifying and indexing the books in the library. In his death THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT has lost a competent editor, the College a useful and valuable student, and his friends a delightful companion. We will not intrude upon the family in their hour of bereavement, but it may not be out of place to say that they have the love and sympathy of the entire College.

## EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.

C. P. WEAVER, Editor.

### The Chateau in Spain.

There is something in the autumn air that causes one to feel that, after all, air castles are not mere phantasmas of a vivid imagination. The forests are clad in the gaudy attire in which only Mother Nature knows how to bedeck her offspring, and a feeling of pride seems to enter into the oaks as they wave their tall arms to and fro in the golden sunlight. The thickets and groves seem immense palaces where man may enter in and behold glories to which the splendors of the kings of the earth are as moonlight unto sunlight. The symphonies which echoed through these halls have hushed, but there remains a delicious silence which only lovers of the woods know how to appreciate. The cornfields stand laden with the fruit of hard toil, beckoning to be gathered, and the luscious grapes exude an intoxicating fragrance which permeates and invests the atmosphere with its richness. One can almost see Pan leading his throng of satyrs from vine to vine and hear their rollicking songs in the evening twilight.

As the shadows draw closer the firelight sheds a feeling of comfort about the room, the air grows crisper and the fields white with the hoar frost, and one sees the outside world, for the most part, behind window-panes, the chateau draws nearer, and takes up its abode in the glowing coals of the fireplace. The palace is aflame with light; one dreams for one short moment he is king, and awakes from his reverie with renewed hopes and loftier ambitions.

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### The Young Man in Fiction.

The decadence of the hero in modern literature is the theme of an article by G. K. Chesterton in the *August Critic*. "There are some words," says Mr. Chesterton, "which remain in current use like fossils of some primeval epoch embedded in a later deposit.

One of them, of course, is the word, 'hero.' To a young man of bewilderingly feeble character, to a young man who can not decide which of three ladies he is in love with, or which of six friends has been his moral ruin, who covers trifling sins with transparent lies and a coarse vanity with a crude philosophy, who loses his faith in God when he reads half a page of German, and loses his faith in

his wife when he hears half a sentence in a club, to this watery Reuben of modernity it is still correct to apply the most tremendous title of Sigurd or Achilles." The modern hero he stigmatizes as a thing grotesque, inverted, as if in the legend the dragon always ate St. George, and King Erytheus was compelled to prepare a brand-new Hercules for each of the twelve labors.

Underneath the apparent irony of this brilliant young Englishman a great truth is expressed. As one compares the hero of modern fiction with Beowulf or Hercules or Hector he is prone to repeat the words uttered by the ghost of Hamlet's father, "Oh Hamlet, what a falling off was there!" The age of dragons is over; the present is rather an age of microbes. The forests are felled, the wild beasts destroyed or relegated to the confines of the zoological gardens. The struggle of to-day is ethical, not physical; but the attributes of a manly man remain essentially the same. Men have not ceased to be heroes; nor does physical strength constitute all the attributes of a hero; and the literature that hopes to win immortality, must come to appreciate this fact.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

J. S. HARDAWAY, Editor.

It is refreshing to turn aside from the historical novels of the day and read something entirely different. In his delightful little book, "Wee Macgregor," Mr. J. J. Bell has told the story of a little Scotch lad of "Glesca," petted and humored by an indulgent father, who feeds him on "talbet," disciplined and corrected by an adoring mother. In spite of his pamperings the lad shows many admirable traits of character. In the last chapter the author introduces a little love story in which Wee Macgregor shows a childish affection for a neighborhood lass, named Katie, but the incident is barely more than a hint, and we are lead to suspect that the author intends to develop it further in a sequel volume. The book is written in Scotch dialect, and while a bit hard to understand, abounds with Scotch wit and humor which is inimitable.

In "The Two Vaurevels" we have another of Booth Tarkington's charming stories with the same touch of purity and sweetness which we expect from the author of "The Gentleman from Indiana" and "Monsieur Beaucaire." The whole plot of the story hinges on a misunderstanding in the beginning on the part of Bettie Carewe as to the real owner of the name "Vaurevel." While the real Vaurevel is the hero of the book the character of Crailey Gray is wonderfully well drawn—so well drawn indeed that the tragedy of his life and death is positively depressing. The story contains several striking scenes, vividly described, that of the burning of the warehouses and the marvelous appearance of Miss Betty on the roof deserving special notice.

It is not often the case nowadays that we see a novel written from a play; the reverse is so common that it really seems a new departure when Mr. . . . . brings out "Tom Moore," a story founded on the play of that name which was quite popular several winters ago in New York. The hero is, of course, the real Tom Moore and the story of his struggles and difficulties in reaching the goal of his ambitions is told in an interesting way. One can not but enjoy the raising of the curtain which reveals the every-day life, the joys and sorrows and loves of a real historical character, especially if that character be a struggling young writer. The heroine is the Bessie Dykes, of fact—a thoroughly charming and beautiful girl

with decided strength of character. The book contains a quantity of Irish wit, which is, however, not always the most refined. One also sees and deprecates the unfortunately prevalent style of modern writers—the pointed profanity which did not once seem necessary to make a novel true to life.

Dashed with the salt spray of the waves, Justin McCarthy's little story "Marjorie," though short in chapters and in point of time as well, is full of stirring incidents and exciting scenes; naturally so, since the ship which carries both hero and heroine across the sea also chances to be carrying among its passengers pirates in disguise. Under the trying circumstances which follow the fair-haired Marjorie shows herself a heroine indeed and the reader is thoroughly in sympathy with the ardent declaration of love which is made to her at a time not unlike that recalled in Davis' "Soldiers of Fortune"; certainly the occasion is one of great danger. The closing pages are beautiful—just enough is told; the writer knows evidently when to drop the curtain; so one closes the book with a delightful impression of the beauty and reality of love.



# WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

H. L. STORY, Editor.

- '03. Messrs. Hugh Johnson and T. A. Allen are with us taking law.
- '03. Mr. B. T. Falls will be in charge of the Shelby school this fall.
- '03. Mr. S. G. Hasty is principal of a school in Stanly County, N. C.
- '97. Rev. S. J. Beaker is canvassing for the *North Carolina Baptist*.
- '03. Mr. E. M. Harris will attend the Theological Seminary, Louisville, Ky.
- '03. Mr. A. C. Sherwood is principal of Leesville Academy, Wake County, N. C.
- '03. Mr. S. A. Ives is principal of the academy at Siler City, Chatham County, N. C.
- '97. Mr. S. E. Hall, in addition to his law practice, is editor of the *Winston Republican*.
- '03. Mr. W. H. Pace is studying law at the University of North Carolina this year.
- '03. Mr. H. E. Craven has accepted the position of principal of the Selma Graded School.
- '01. Mr. J. B. Powers is at the University of Columbia continuing his course in medicine.
- '03. Mr. E. L. Green is principal of Liberty Associate High School, Wallburg, N. C.
- '91. Mr. S. M. Brinson has been re-elected county superintendent of Craven County, N. C.
- '03. Mr. A. C. Gentry has a position as assistant teacher in the Yadkin Valley Institute.
- '98. Rev. J. D. Larkins has accepted a call to the First Baptist church of Henderson, N. C.
- '03. Mr. I. A. Horne is superintendent of a graded school at Swan Quarter, Hyde County, N. C.
- '03. Mr. Eugene S. Green is at the University of Pennsylvania taking a course in dentistry.
- '03. Mr. H. P. Scarborough will spend this year at Johns Hopkins, taking a post graduate course.

'92. Mr. O. J. Peterson, editor of the *Argus* of Lumberton, is getting out a very readable paper.

'03. Mr. J. B. Royall is with us again pursuing the M.A. degree also Mr. Gilbert Stephenson, ('02).

'03. We are glad to welcome with us this year Mr. T. W. Brewer as assistant professor in Chemistry.

'03. Mr. E. B. Fowler, assistant in English last year, will be principal of the Monroe Graded School.

'86. Rev. J. A. Campbell has a new building and is now doing a great work at Buile's Creek Academy.

'02. Mr. H. H. Powell, Jr., has a position in West Virginia as surveyor for the Norfolk and Western Railroad.

'97. Mr. A. F. Sams, principal of Cary High School, has recently passed the law examination of the Supreme Court.

'03. We also heartily welcome as assistant in Latin Mr. D. A. Covington, who will take the M.A. degree this year.

'01. Mr. E. W. Timberlake, Jr., who taught last year at Oak Ridge will read law at the University of Virginia this fall.

'00. Mr. G. A. Foote, having taken a course in the University of Chicago, is now Bursar of Shorter College, Rome, Ga.

'92. Mr. R. L. Moore, president of Mars Hill College, has been elected county superintendent of Madison County, N. C.

'88. Dr. J. W. Lynch filled Dr. Poteat's pulpit in Philadelphia the last Sunday in August and the first two Sundays in September.

'94. Mr. R. F. Beasley, county superintendent-elect of Union County, has made several excellent educational addresses during the summer.

The following alumni have recently passed the Supreme Court: S. A. Newell, ('03), C. C. Pierce, ('03), W. S. Privott, ('03), O. M. Mull, ('02), J. C. Sikes, ('02), W. N. Keener, ('02), L. T. Vaughan, ('02).

'97. "Mr. W. M. Stancell has been chosen principal of the graded school at Greenfield, Tenn. He graduated at Wake Forest in 1897 and was principal of the Weldon Academy last year."—*Biblical Recorder*.

'89. The *Raleigh Times* has the following remark about Postmaster C. T. Bailey: "Postmaster Bailey is to be congratulated upon his continual improvement of the postal facilities of this city. A Northern gentleman who was in the city a day or two ago stated that he had visited many postoffices in his travels, and that the Raleigh postoffice was one of the best arranged and best managed that he had ever seen."

'81. Dr. E. M. Poteat, who resigned about the same time from the Memorial church, will close his work October 1, that being the fifth anniversary of his pastorate. We do not wonder that the friends of Furman University, the full charge of which he then assumes, are delighted while we are filled with regret. Dr. Poteat without exception is one of our most suggestive speakers. Clear, incisive, poetic, spiritual, he never speaks that he does not implant thought and impart stimulus. The pastorate loses in having him retire from its ranks but Christian education gains an inspiring force that will be heard from in the days to come.—*Dr. P. L. Jones, of Philadelphia, in The Boston Watchman, July 23, 1903.*

'93. On last Sunday the Olive Street church called to its pastorate Rev. Sam. J. Porter, of Fayetteville, N. C. Brother Porter is a most amiable, able preacher of the simple gospel of Jesus. He has been with the church three Sundays and the people are delighted with him, and he is delighted with the church. He has accepted the hearty, unanimous call extended him and will begin his work October 1st. At that time we shall have more to say concerning him, and hope to present our readers with a good likeness of him. It is sufficient to say now that he is a graduate of Wake Forest, and a typical "tar heel" in the old gospel. He will be given a royal welcome in Missouri and will be one of the first preachers in our great state. We rejoice to have our pulpits of this great city filled with such men as Brethren Porter and McConnell.—*From Word and Way, Kansas City, Missouri.*

# IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

C. P. WEAVER, Editor.

GOLF!

TENNIS!!

FOOTBALL!!!

WHAT a fine crop of newish.

MISS MARY RAY, of Raleigh, was the guest of Miss Lizzie Caddell a few days last month.

MRS. R. L. HARDISON, of Wadesboro, nee Miss Bessie Pritchard, spent several weeks on the Hill with her parents.

MISS MARGARET BOWMAN has returned to the Hill, and will resume her duties in the millinery department of Dixon Bros.' store.

MISS FENDER, of Valdosta, Miss Ellis, of Savannah, and Miss Waddell, of Columbus, Ga., were the guests of Misses Powell last month.

IN THE absence of Dr. J. W. Lynch, who was in Philadelphia, Dr. Joseph C. Masee, pastor of Tabernacle Church, Raleigh, preached two excellent sermons August 30.

THE class officers for the class of 1905 were elected as follows: James D. Proctor, President; T. D. Kitchen, Vice-President; W. H. Price, Secretary; W. M. Johnson, Treasurer.

DESPITE the postoffice scandals which Uncle Sam finds rather expensive, he has presented us with a "nobby" new sign to point the wayfarer to the "mansion" where he may get his mail.

MR. HARRY COOKE has gone to the University of North Carolina, where he will pursue a pharmaceutical course.

THE faculty has been augmented by the addition of two new instructors—Prof. Darius Eatman to the Chair of Education, and Dr. Rankin to the Chair of Pathology. THE STUDENT extends to them a hearty welcome.

ON ACCOUNT of failing health, Dr. W. B. Royall has been compelled to give up his department in Greek and seek to regain his strength in travel. During his absence abroad, his work will be carried on by Dr. Paschal.

THE moot court has been reorganized, and will try cases each week in Williams' Hall. W. A. Dunn was elected judge; T. Allen, solicitor; E. D. Pierce, sheriff; T. A. Allen, clerk; G. R. Faircloth, coroner; C. S. Bell, crier.

A LONG-FELT want has been realized in the organization of a college glee-club, under the direction of Prof. Darius Eatman. There is good material in College for a glee club, and when the organization is completed, a series of concerts will be given in some of the nearer cities.

THERE is something which the *Alma Mater* imparts to her sons which makes them want to return at the opening of her doors. Among the alumni who visited the Hill during the opening days were Messrs. Henry Powell, George Foote, Will Pace, Arch. McMillan, Edgar Timberlake and Buck Sawyer.

BASEBALL games in the fall are something unusual, but two were played on the home diamond last month, one with Wakefield and one with Raleigh. Wake Forest was successful in both, winning the former by a score of 10 to 1 and the latter by a score of 10 to 4. The games

have served to show that we have some promising mettle for next year's team.

THE first meeting of the General Athletic Association was held in the small chapel September 5. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Mr. B. W. Parham, President; J. D. Proctor, Vice-President; J. S. Hardaway, Secretary and Treasurer; R. G. Camp, Manager Baseball Team; B. J. Ray, Manager Track Athletics. Every student in the College is considered a member of the Association, and contributions are to be substituted in the place of fees.

THE FAILURE of one associate editor of THE STUDENT to return to College and the death of another necessitated the election of two new editors for the staff. Mr. J. S. Hardaway was elected from the Philomathesian Society, and Mr. H. L. Story from the Euzelian Society.

THE class of "Naughty-four" met in the Euzelian Hall Wednesday evening, September 2, and elected the following class officers: Mr. E. F. Ward, President; J. W. Whisnant, Vice-President; R. R. Fleming, Secretary; Houston Vernon, Treasurer. It is hinted that instead of the proverbial cap and gown, it will be a "senatorial graduation," with Prince Alberts and beaver hats.

IT WAS with a feeling approaching personal bereavement that the student body learned of the sad and premature death of Mr. Claude Davis Meadows, which occurred on the 28th of August at his home in Dunn, Harnett County. From the time of his entrance into College his life was one above reproach, and his unassuming nature won for him a large circle of friends. His popularity was manifested last spring when, as a candidate for associate editor of THE STUDENT from the Euzelian

Society, he was elected without a dissenting vote, and THE STUDENT feels that in his death its editorial staff has suffered a distinct loss. A committee from each of the societies accompanied the body to Louisburg, where the interment was made.

AS A RESULT of the recent Supreme Court examination, twenty-one shingles bearing the sign "Attorney-at-Law" will soon be rattling in the wintry winds and the law dispensed "fully, completely and without needless prolixity" to those who may be in need of it by as many promising young lawyers. The class was twenty-six strong, but five were insufficiently acquainted with Blackstone. The following gentlemen were successful applicants for license: Allen, T., Dillon, S. C.; Averitt, H. S., Collier, J. L., Cumberland; Dunn, R. C., Dunn, S. A. Halifax; Gilreath, C. G., Wilkes; Keener, W. W., Lincoln; Larkins, E. L., Pender; Lyon, F. H., Wilkes; Lyon, W. H., Wake; Moore, S. J., Craven; Mull, O. M., Cleveland; Morris, R. E., Rutherford; Newell, S. A., Franklin; Pierce, C. C., Nash; Privott, W. S., Chowan; Reavis, W. H., Yadkin; Sams, A. F., Wake; Ritter, C. D., Moore; Sikes, J. C., Jr., Union; Vaughn, L. T., Halifax.

# WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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No. 2.

## REASSURANCE.

BY H. F. PAGE.

No dream—but sad as any dream  
The scenes receding from my view,  
A gleam—a fading, dying gleam,  
O, years far-flown, adieu!  
They now are gone;  
Yet deep within my soul remain  
The triumphs, joys, the woe and pain,  
That were my own.

The past—yet more than all that's past  
Breaks in upon my shrinking soul  
So fast, the shadows swift and fast  
Around me darkly roll.  
Shall life be vain?  
O, God! But ere I ask, a ray  
Far-sent, reveals some fairer day—  
I hope again.

A dream—yet what may be no dream  
Unfolds where shadows vanquished fail;  
A rift of dawn—auroral gleam—  
O, years to be, all hail!  
In faith I turn  
To where the guilty darkness dies,  
And lo! A Star burns in the skies—  
And still shall burn.



Beyond—but shall it loom beyond  
Forever thus—the star-lit goal  
Of all that I may hope to be,  
While quenchless longings fire my soul  
Unceasingly?  
From where illumined vistas rise  
A voice, loud, vast, far-heard, replies,  
“It shall not be!”

## EDEN.

BY CHARLIE DARWYN.

This, dear reader, is the story of an old king who lived in the long, long ago, in prehistoric times. This king was unlike any of the kings you ever heard of or read about in the story books; in fact, he was not even a man; this was before man was invented. However, like all his subjects, this prehistoric king resembled man very closely, in personal appearances, at least, and but for the fact that he was the possessor of a long tail—just like a monkey's—the resemblance had been complete. Then, too, unlike the kings of the story books, this king did not live in a palace; no, he lived and ruled in the forests, the jungles, with the lions and elephants and snakes and other things that creep and growl. Yes, he could climb trees, like his cousin, the monkey, and hang from the branches by his long tail. His name, dear reader, was King Pi, and the land over which he ruled was known as the land of the Pithecanthropoi. He was a very good king except when he became angry and then all his subjects were terribly afraid of him and would stop up their ears and run away and hide, because he stamped and screamed and thundered at them.

Now good King Pi had a beautiful daughter who was much admired by the youth of the land of the Pithecanthropoi. But the great soothsayer and court-counselor, Stek, had made a prophecy that from the marriage of the daughter of King Pi there would spring a race more powerful than that over which King Pi ruled, and that should cause his fall from the empire and the overthrow of the race. Therefore, His Majesty forbade

the marriage of his daughter and decreed that any suitor who paid the least attention to her should suffer the severest punishment. The beautiful princess was desperately in love with one of her suitors, and was deeply grieved because of what the king had said. But to all her pleadings the stern king turned a deaf ear and was only the more wroth.

"Know'st thou not of the prophecy of the great and good and all-wise Stek?" he would growl out. "Surely thou hast heard of it. Thou hast my decree; obey it."

Then the beautiful princess would go down by the water brooks and talk to the butterflies and sing to the daisies of her lost love.

But one day this suitor came wooing when His Majesty was away in the land of the Kadites waging a deadly war with their king. Seeing that the dread one was absent the suitor said to his love:

"Come, let us break the king's decree and live as one."

"Well spoken," assented the beautiful princess; "thou art ever wise and resourceful."

With great pomp and merry-making the two lovers, followed by those that carried the palm branches, went down into the Valley of the Flowers, and there amid the sylvan scene of cedars, and the pine and fir trees, on a mound of nameless flowers, were married. But, alas, just as they were about to escape into the land of Elis, where the sharp law of their native land could not pursue, they heard the shouts of returning victors ringing through the valley, and on turning their heads they beheld, to their horror, standing before them His Majesty, followed by his army of a thousand and twenty and three Pithecanthropoi. Overcome with awe they fell down on their faces and begged forgiveness; but

when His Majesty had been informed of what the two lovers had done he was very wroth, and cursed and shrieked and stamped.

"Thou fiend, thou devil, thou hated one, thou who hast stolen from me my daughter, my treasure, my life, my all; may the curse of that God whom we worship be upon thy head and upon thy children's heads and thy children's children's heads. May serpents entwine thee forever and devils haunt thee eternally. And thou, who wast my daughter, but who art not my daughter, may the curse——" But the grief-stricken king could not utter it; his heart was broken—"Fathers, put not your trust in daughters. There's no more of life; we crawl to our grave in sadness."

By this time great multitudes—ten thousand and three score and twelve, having heard the great commotion in the valley, rushed down to learn the cause thereof, and when they had perceived the great humiliation and shame of the two unfortunate ones they laughed and screamed and mocked.

"Take these two," began His Majesty, with renewed anger and determination, "and follow me! I am the king! I am the king! The king must be obeyed." The soldiers obeyed the command, and followed by the jeering, mocking multitudes, took the two culprits and followed the muttering, half-crazed king. On they marched, till they came to that tree which is the tallest of all the forests, and there they stopped.

"See ye that tallest branch of the tallest tree of the forests?" thundered His Majesty.

"We see," responded the two culprits.

"Because of this deed you have done and the grief you have brought upon me, the king, and the shame you cast upon my House, it is my decree that you both shall

climb to that tallest branch and hang down ten minutes by the tail. Climb!"

The two lovers climbed the tree and hung down as they were commanded, while the multitudes laughed, and screamed and mocked for delight.

"Now," said His Majesty to the attendant who had brought the culprits through the forest, "it is my further decree that the tails of those that have done this terrible deed shall be smitten off. Take, therefore, this two-edged sword and execute the king's command. I am the king!"

The attendant obeyed the command of the king, and the rebels fell to the ground without any tail, while the multitude laughed and screamed and chattered for delight. But so haughty and proud, and so determined not to let any of those that mocked know of the great humiliation they felt, were the two lovers, that they held their heads high and walked on their hind legs.

"I further decree," continued His Majesty, "that the two who have done this terrible deed against the king shall be banished from the kingdom forever."

Then the old king gave way to his grief. "Curse them, ye Gods. Come Death! I defy you! I am the King!" he muttered, and fell on his face and Death was King.

The two lovers wandered and wandered through forests and plains, over mountains and rivers, all the time walking on their hind legs. Now, one day they came to a high mountain, higher than any they had yet encountered, and they proceeded to climb the mountain, but before they reached the top night came upon the earth and they fell asleep. But early next morning the woman arose to see the beautiful sunrise. She looked to the east and, lo, before her eyes there lay a

beautiful garden set in the valley below. In the flood of the morning sunlight it burst on her vision in all its beauty and glory. Out of the ground grew every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food. And a river wended its way through the garden and watered it; and from thence it was parted and came into four heads. In joyous enthusiasm she straightway awoke the man, saying, "Look to the East!"

"Blessed be the Gods," said the man, beholding the beauty of the garden. "The curse which our father muttered is not accomplished! Come, let us go down and take possession of this land, for it is indeed beautiful."

Going down they took possession of the land as the man had said. And there they found also that the gold of the land was good and that there were the bdellium and the onyx stone. And the name of the land was Eden.

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#### THE RECRUIT.

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He was a military man who sought for raw recruits.

"Will you enlist?" he said to her.

She raised her eyes in sweet demur,

"If I may wear the boots."

## EDGAR ALLAN POE.

BY EDWARD DELKE PEARCE.

Edgar Allan Poe, whose pathetic life is even more thrilling than romance, and who is both the greatest American genius and poet, was born in Boston, January 19, 1809.

General David Poe, the poet's grandfather, was of Irish descent; a distinguished veteran of the American Revolution, a devoted friend of LaFayette and quarter-master-general of the American forces in Baltimore.

David, the eldest son of General Poe, an actor by profession, was the poet's father. David Poe's wife, Elizabeth Arnold, was the daughter of an English actress. Elizabeth, who was the mother of the most elfish, the most unearthly of poets, was born in mid-ocean while her mother was on a voyage from England to America. David Poe's ability as an actor was confined to the ludicrous and burlesque, while Mrs. Poe was praised greatly for her acting of Ophelia and Blanche and for her musical talents.

Three years after the family's arrival in Boston the mother, with three children, abandoned by her husband, was ill, destitute and dependent upon the charity of the ladies of Richmond. Her health would not allow her to work. She was cultured, refined, neat, and remained a lady to the last. Upon her death Edgar was adopted by a wealthy Scotch merchant, John Allan. Mr. Allan, who had married an American lady, was childless. They both took naturally to this brilliant and beautiful boy, treated him as a son and gave him their name.

In 1816, in order to give the boy a more complete education than the schools of Richmond offered, he was taken to England. After making with his parents a

tour of Scotland, Edgar was put to school at the Manor House, in the suburbs of London. These were five impressional years of Poe's life; their effect is seen in the coloring and setting of many of his later prose tales, such as "William Wilson" and "Ligeia."

Returning to Virginia, Poe resumed his studies in the school of James Clark. Here he was the best athlete and might have stood first in scholarship had he not been lacking in close application. He was not popular among his mates, they being averse to his leadership, partly on account of his inferior birth and his own melancholy disposition and restless nature.

In 1826 Poe matriculated at the University of Virginia, entering the classes of modern and classical languages. Being given "to sports, to wildness and much company," he plunged into the tide of mock mirth, grew careless, led a gay and seemingly aimless life, paid little attention to his work, drank much and gambled heavily. Nevertheless, his abilities and unique manner enabled him to hold a highly respectable position in the eyes of both professors and college mates. Mr. Wertenbaker says: "Among the professors Poe had the reputation of being a sober, quiet and orderly young man, and to them his deportment was uniformly that of an intelligent and polished gentleman. The records of which I was then, and am still, the custodian, attest that at no time during the session did he fall under the censure of the faculty."

Poe mustered up sufficient courage to take first honors in French and Latin before the close of the term. He did not return to the University. Between Mr. Allan and Edgar there now arose a lack of that secret understanding which springs from love alone. Poe was placed in a counting-room, but breaking from restraint



he started that wandering which is characteristic of all his later years.

In 1827 he went to Boston, where he published his first volume—"Tamerlane," "Al Aaraaf," and other poems. These poems received little attention. Yet, despite their mistiness and obscurity, they show a world of order in formation. Realizing neither fame nor financial profit out of his first literary venture, and being in poor circumstances, he enlisted in the United States Army as Edgar A. Perry. He served in the army two years and won respect by prompt discharge of duties.

In 1829 he received an honorable discharge, and was appointed to a cadetship at West Point. In this institution he now entered with new hope and determination and an honorable career opening before him. After being a student there for only six months he was under arrest for failure to comply with regulations and was court-martialed and dismissed.

In 1830 he went to New York and published a second volume of poems, containing "To Helen," "Lenore," "The City in the Sea," "Israfel" and others of his very best poems. The next time we see Poe is in Baltimore, where he won a literary prize from "A MS. Found in a Battle." This brought friends and a local reputation.

In 1829 Mrs. Allan died, and shortly afterwards Mr. Allan took a second wife, a Miss Patterson of New Jersey. Heirs were in due time born to the estate which Poe, had he been less given to folly and more far-sighted, might have inherited. Poe was left without inheritance. His Celtic pride of disposition did not waver. He went to Richmond and edited "The Southern Literary Messenger." After eighteen months, resigning this position he went to Philadelphia, where he became editor of "The Gentleman's Magazine." His

drinking had made him unreliable and infirm, and now he rarely retained long any position. Nevertheless, his reputation as a writer was recognized throughout his wandering, dissipated life.

Not only as a poet but also as a prose writer, Poe's reputation grew steadily. His stories divide themselves into two classes—first, those that deal with the grotesque and terrible; and secondly, those dealing with the weird and supernatural. Examples of the first are "The Gold Bug," "The Black Cat," "The Murderers in the Rue Morgue," and "Tell-tale Heart"; examples of the latter are "Ligeia," "A Tale of the Ragged Mountains," "William Wilson" and "The Fall of the House of Usher." The last is held by all critics to be the greatest short story ever written in America, possibly the greatest short story in all literature.

In both classes of tales Poe shows his rare genius as an adventurer into the unknown and supernatural realms. No other writer has gone so near the heart of things and further from the spheres of conventionalities and sham in the dream world, unless it be that weird and witching master of the English tongue, Thomas DeQuincey. The latter and Poe have striking characteristics and sayings—such as the thoughts found in DeQuincey's "Confessions of an English Opium Eater," and elsewhere. To say the least, Poe was a profound thinker, whose world of thought is not measured by narrow boundaries, and he shows himself to be a philosopher, romancer, artist, and critic, as well as a poet. "The Haunted Palace," in which, perhaps, we may read the history of the poet's own soul, can not be surpassed.

"In the greenest of our valleys,  
By good angels tenanted,  
Once a fair and stately palace—  
Radiant palace—reared its head."

"And all with pearl and ruby glowing  
Was the fair palace door,  
Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing,  
And sparkling evermore,  
A troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty  
Was but to sing,  
In voices of surpassing beauty,  
The wit and wisdom of their king."

"And travelers, now, within that valley,  
Through the red-litten windows see  
Vast forms, that move fantastically  
To a discordant melody,  
While, like a ghastly rapid river,  
Through the pale door, ..  
*A hideous throng rush out forever,  
And laugh—but smile no more.*"

Even this brief sketch would be incomplete without some account of Poe's love intrigues. While visiting his aunt, Mrs. Clemm, in Baltimore, during the year following his dismissal from West Point, Poe fell in love with "Mary." Poe was a handsome, fascinating young man who "wrote poetry." "Any girl would have loved him," and Poe's Mary did. Mary says: "Mr. Poe was about five feet eight inches tall, and had dark, almost black hair, which he wore long and brushed back in student style over his ears. His eyes were large and full, gray and piercing. He was then entirely clean-shaven. His nose was long and straight, and his features finely cut. The expression about his mouth was beautiful. He was pale and had no color. His skin was of a clear, beautiful olive. He had a sad, melancholy look. He was slender when I first knew him, but had a fine figure, an erect, military carriage and a quick step. But it was his manner that most charmed. It was elegant. When he looked at you it seemed as if

he could read your very thoughts. His voice was pleasant and musical, but not deep."

Little Virginia Clemm carried the notes that passed to and fro between the lovers—a lovely violet-eyed school girl of ten, who loved her cousin even then. Poe proposed marriage to "Mary," but his penniless condition stood in the way of the match. Ere long the inevitable lovers' quarrel took place, brought on by jealousy of a supposed rival, and by chance indulgence with some West Point cadets in a glass of wine.

Finally Poe married Virginia Clemm. In 1844 she died from rupturing a blood vessel while singing. This threw another and yet deeper shadow of terrible gloom over the threshold of Poe's life, which increased the morbidity of his temperament. "For," says Mr. Woodbury, "few men have ever been more devoted and faithful husbands than was Poe to his beautiful but frail Virginia." Balzac, the great French novelist, says: "A letter holds beneath its seal a human soul. It is so faithful an echo of the voice that speaks too far away to be heard."

Then no clearer insight could be given of a man's character than is found in Vol. XVII of James A. Harrison's works, which contains the most of Poe's letters which passed between him and his contemporaries, relatives and friends. The most touching are those to Mrs. Clemm and to his "Sister Annie." In a sonnet he speaks of his mother-in-law—Mrs. Clemm—his "more than mother," who was

"—dearer than the mother I knew  
By that infinity with which my wife  
Was dearer to my soul than its soul-life."

The most pathetic letter he ever wrote is one to his wife, Virginia, which is found in the Griswold collection.

In 1849 Poe left Boston for Richmond, took delirium tremens in Philadelphia, remained to recover, then took the pledge of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks and proceeded to Richmond, where he was to have become the literary editor of "The Examiner," a new Democratic newspaper. Says a writer: "I have a vivid impression of Edgar Allan Poe as he was the last time I saw him on a warm summer day in 1849, clad in a spotless white linen suit, with a black velvet vest and Panama hat. He was a man that would be notable in any company. I met him in the office of 'The Examiner,' with its editor, John N. Daniel. His sad face—it was the saddest face I ever saw—seemed to brighten a little as a new purpose and fresh hope sprang up in his heart."

On coming to Richmond in 1849 Poe spent some months happily with friends, who, not regarding his being ostracized from society, "took to him." They had him to deliver a lecture. "The Poetic Principle" was composed for that occasion. With the proceeds of this lecture Poe went to New York to settle affairs, expecting then to return to Richmond. During this interval he was to have married a woman who might have drawn him from the depths step by step and finally have saved him had not the old, sad tragedy of his life begun anew. Stopping in Baltimore en route he attended "a birthday party." Being pledged with wine by his beautiful hostess he refused. It was wine and beauty. Despite his pledge he quaffed the contents of the glass. That sip was like a spark of fire to powder. A few days later he lay dead in Marine Hospital. His last words, says

J. J. Moran, his physician, who was at his bedside when he died, were: "*Lord, help my poor soul!*"

"It is not a matter of indifference," says Goethe, "by which door we enter life." This proves true of Poe, who had unfortunately inherited a lack of self-control, and it was against this weakness in will-power that he fought with varying success and failure all his mature years, until at last he yielded to his fatal weakness and sank down in the shadows of utter despair.

"And his soul from out that shadow  
Shall be lifted never more."

But who shall judge harshly of the dead? "Mercy benignantly tempers the divine justice, and to this justice we commit his spirit." The sudden quenching of such a light, at such a time, is a tragedy too deep for words, and the loss to American literature by his untimely death can not be estimated.

Now that the grave has made Poe famous, in the eyes of the world he is considered the most complex, as well and as the most brilliant figure in American literature. As to his life and works, there exists a vast diversity of opinions. Mr. Woodbury says that he is first an artist, then a poet.

James Russell Lowell says:

"There comes Poe with his Raven, like Barnaby Rudge,  
Three-fifths genius—and two-fifths sheer fudge."

Mr. Mabie lets him share the primacy in American literature along with Hawthorne.

By foreigners Poe is justly criticised. Mr. Swinburne considers the American writers besides Poe as "Linnets and Wrens." Mr. Matthews says that in the eyes of foreigners that he is the most gifted of all the authors of America.

Poe is the only writer of his time with a completely new style in both form and composition. This should mark him a genius, for he comes at a time when but little genuine originality could be found. In poetic imagination this home-sick soul fervently longing to come face to face with the principle of light and truth catches sight of

"The light that never was, on sea or land."

"In the Bells" he gives a sense of the awe, the vastness, the grandeur, the gloom—in fact, in most of his poems runs a subtle vein of melancholy; thus in the sad melody of "Lenore."

"Ah, broken is the golden bowl!—the spirit flown forever!

Let the bell toll!—a saintly soul floats on the Stygian River."

It is hard to conceive of more beautiful poetry than the most famous stanza of "Annabell Lee,"

"For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams,  
Of the beautiful *Annabel Lee*;

And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes  
Of the beautiful *Annabel Lee*—

And so all the night-tide, I lie down by the side  
Of my darling—my darling—my wife and my bride,  
In the sepulchre there by the sea,  
In her tomb by the sounding sea."

"To Helen," the poem written when the poet was only fourteen, shows much grace and symmetry. It contains no withered hopes, no heart blighted—

"Helen, thy beauty is to me  
Like those Nicean barks of yore  
That gently o'er a perfum'd sea,  
The weary, way-worn wanderer bore  
To his own native shore," etc.

Those graceful lines from "To One in Paradise" are quite as remarkable for their beauty—

"And all my days are trances  
And all my nightly dreams  
Are where thy dark eye glances,  
And where thy footstep gleams—  
In what ethereal dances,  
By what eternal streams."

In his master-piece, "The Raven," we see a bereaved lover yearning for things, he scarcely knows what. He leads us to a door, over which is written the unique refrain: "Nevermore"; *we enter*, but he never leads us out. In this yearning for vain and intangible things Poe resembles Shelley, with his stanzas "On a Faded Violet."

"The odor from the flowers is gone  
Which like thy kisses breathed on me;  
The color from the flower is flown,  
Which glowed of thee, and only thee."

or those to "Mary":

"My dearest Mary, wherefore hast thou gone,  
And left me in this dreary world alone;  
Thy form is here indeed a lovely one—  
But thou art fled, gone down the dreary road,  
That leads to sorrow's most obscure abode."

\* \* \* \* \*

"O Mary dear, that you were here;  
The castle echo whispers 'Here.'"

Eleonora, tranquilly dying, promises Poe if such were possible of the souls in Paradise that she would return to him visibly in the watches of the night. "The promise of Eleonora was not forgotten; for I heard the sounds of the swinging of the censers of the angels; and at lone hours when my heart beat heavily, the winds that bathed



my brow came unto me laden with soft sighs, and once—oh, but once only! I was awaked from a slumber like the slumber of death, by the pressing of spiritual lips upon my own. But the void within my heart refused, even thus, to be filled. I longed for the love which had filled it to overflowing." The latter thought brings to mind the verse of a recent poet, "My Silent Guest"—the perfection of sad, sweet melody:

"In the still night she comes,  
And clasps her hands in mine;  
We speak not; Silence has  
A language more divine."

With Poe this yearning is for a beautiful woman to whom he had been devoted in youth, and whose death had made a lasting impression on his susceptible heart, filling his soul ever afterwards with feelings of sadness and longings.

The raven sitting over Poe's door seems to interpret his very thoughts. "The beast" has his eye on Poe's heart, eating out his soul. The poet tries to release himself—go back—but "the beast" leaves him "Nevermore." For "disaster"—

Followed fast and followed faster  
Till his song the burden bore—  
Melancholy burden bore  
Of "Nevermore," of "Nevermore."

Hope is gone; all is gone but this tormentor. He drugs his memory but can not forget, like Lady Macbeth, as she tries to free her hands of "spots that will not out." With her sin had left its scar; with Poe death had robbed him of his first love—of the things he loved. To him the world was full of shadows, a dominion of sadness and regret. "For of all beauty

that of a beautiful woman is supremest; her death the saddest lost."

In "The Raven" we see a man typified; whose life means nothing to him; love is a dream. He says: "We are nothing come from nothing, going nowhere; death is written over all—hope is gone, all is gone." A demon follows the poet like the albatross in "The Ancient Mariner." Coleridge does let the mariner awake, see, understand and say:

"He prayeth best, who loveth best  
All things both great and small;  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all."

But for Poe there was no awakening. His life was tinted with gloom. He spoke often of himself as "*Vame perdue*."

All that Poe wrote is good; there is nothing "slipshod" in all his works. He has perfection of form. With his "Cheap John Learning" he won immortal fame. It was his glory and his misfortune to be unique. He did his work to perfection or threw it away. Yet it is believed that he never gave complete utterance to the poetry which kindled his imagination and stirred his soul. "Poetry," says Poe, "has been to me a passion—not a purpose."

Poe was not a cynic, not a scoffer; nor on the other hand he does not seem to have had deep and abiding religious convictions. Still, there is not the slightest suggestion in any poem or story that he ever wrote. To such a man vice could not be made beautiful. Still, ruin, ruin in some form is the burden of his song. He prates of death and never once does he paint a single living character. His men and women are cold and destitute of feeling. Pygmalion so loved Galatea, the

creation of his chisel, that the gods inspired the cold marble with life to satisfy the yearnings of the sculptor's heart. Poe does not seem to have that life-giving feeling, and his characters are all conceived in the head, not in the heart. They are born of the intellect. He makes them mathematical problems. He goes so far as to try to reduce Deity itself in "Eureka" to a mathematical formula.

By his intellectual characteristics Poe seems to have appealed to the foreign reading public with special force. And while France was the first foreign country to discover Poe's unique genius and claim him to be the one literary man of America, Germany, Italy and England have been quick to own that his style is flawless.

With all his faults Poe was a magnanimous lover of the pure, the virtuous, the generous and the beautiful. While treading life's shadowy lanes and paths of pain, he shared its joys and griefs, smiles and tears, orange blossoms and funeral wreaths, sunshine and shadows, surprises and shocks of horrible calamity. He sipped too often from the glass of pleasure. Finally he drank from life's cup its bitterest draughts.

Whatever has been said, or remains to be said, the literary world acknowledges that Edgar Allan Poe, the martyr of American literature, was great in his genius, unhappy in his life, wretched in his death; but that in his fame he is immortal.

## LITTLE JEFF.

BY MORTIMER E. FORREST.

The sun was just going down behind a leaden bank of clouds, which for a whole week had hung over the land, causing freshets the like of which even those old farmers who had reached their three-score years and ten had never seen.

On a little hill just above the railroad sat a little negro cabin, whose door was almost hidden from sight by a thick growth of honeysuckle that clustered about it. A big fire was burning on the hearth inside and a kettle was simmering in its midst. A long, lean hound lay stretched out before the door motionless except when he raised his head to snap at a fly that was tickling his spotted nose. A little bare-footed, kinky-headed negro boy was running around the yard before the cabin catching lightning-bugs and putting them into an empty bottle, never heeding their blazing protests.

Suddenly a large, broad-faced old negro woman, her head tied up in a red bandanna handkerchief, and arms akimbo, appeared among the vines at the door and began in no uncertain tones:

"Yo', Jef', yo' git rite out'n 'mong dem flowers. I haint gwinter wuk my po' ole se'f to def ter mek dis yard look purty an' yo' tramplin' all 'mongst hit. Didn' I 'sot out dem sunflowers an' dem roses, an' dem pertaters, an' all sich myse'f?" she said proudly, "an' now yo' wants ter 'nock 'em all down. I tells yer I hain't gwinter have it. Git!" and she sallied forth flourishing a broken broom-stick in her big black hand.

"Yas'm, haint I er gittin' out," cowered Jeff, as he dexterously dodged a blow that struck the rickety little

fence and almost threatened its destruction. "Sides I wa'nt er trampin' on dem flowers nohow. I wuz walkin' jes as kerful!" "Whar's dad, mammy?" said he, cunningly changing the subject.

"I dunno whar he is, chile. I jes' 'spec' he's gone an' got drunk agin. Hit gwinter kill yer po' ole mammy ef her ole man doan stop drinkin'. De railroad comp'ny dun tole 'im dey wuz gwinter tu'n 'im off ef he didn' let dat cussed stuff alone," she said sorrowfully. "Dar onct wuz a time my ole man wud mos' died afo' he'd tetch a drap uv whiskey. Dem railroad niggers sot 'im ter drinkin'. Haint dat 'im comin' yonder, honey?"

"Yas'm, dat's him," replied Jeff, craning his neck, "an' I doan b'lieve he's drunk neither."

"Thank de Lawd," sighed the old negress.

Little Jeff was right. It was old Uncle Jake, and he was not drunk, it is true, but that was all that could be said of him. He had not had enough to make him drunk, but as he would say, "Jes' enuf ter mek me feel good." In fact, the liquor he had taken had not yet had time to take effect on him.

Uncle Jake's case was a peculiar one. A month before the people of the little town in which he lived would have been more surprised to see Uncle Jake intoxicated than the village preacher, who was declared by every one to be a saint. Uncle Jake had been known for his sobriety, his devotion to his family and his steady effort to lead an honest life throughout the community, negro though he was. He was one of the old "ante-bellum" negroes who lived quietly in his little cabin and tended the few acres of ground stretching out behind it, which his old master had given him for his faithfulness. However, he had been employed by the —R. R. Company to light the switch-lights near the village, and here he had fallen in with

a rough set of negroes, and in a short time drank as heavily as any of them in spite of his gray hairs. Old Aunt Martha, his faithful "ole 'oman," and little Jeff, the pride of his life, had begged him to stop and he had promised, for he loved them, but the next day would see him as drunk as before. Now he was plodding slowly homeward, carrying his old hat in his hand, as if trying to cool his brain before he reached home. It was already quite dark.

"Whar's Jef", ole 'oman?" he asked kindly; he was never harsh even when drunk.

"Here I is, daddy. Hit's time ter light de switch-lights," said he, appearing at the door.

"I knows hit, honey. Yo' git dem lanterns an' come on. We's got ter hurry. Hit hain't bin rainin' all dis week fur nuffin. I tells yo', honey, hit's gwinter be dangerous fer a train ter come 'crost dat ribber ternight. Hit ain't none too safe, nohow. Tek hold er my han', honey, yer ole daddy's eyesite hain't so good ternight. Yo' knows I hain't drunk, caise I kin walk as good as yo' kin," he said apologetically, as he stumbled along holding little Jeff's hand.

Indeed it was as Uncle Jake had surmised. It had been raining steadily for a whole week and all the creeks and rivers in the surrounding country had long since reached their high-water limit. The river bridge at A—— was none too strong, and had been condemned, but the company had not yet had a chance to attend to it.

Uncle Jake and little Jeff hastened down the track toward the switch. By this time it was all Uncle Jake could do to get along, although he still persisted that he was not drunk. Jeff had all the work to do, but he did not mind it, for he had come many times with his

father to light the lights and he could do it quite well. He had lighted all but one, and that was on the other side of the bridge.

"What mus' I do wid daddy?" he thought to himself. "Ef I carries 'im on dat bridge he'll fall in sho'. I'll haf ter leave 'im on dis side der bridge an' den"—suddenly he thought of the fast train, No. 22, that was already due. "Lor', what mus' I do?" he said, as he looked up and saw his old father staggering beside him. "He'll git kilt sho' as I leave 'im over heah. But I'se got ter go. Dat oder lite hain't lit yit, an' dat train dun due heah."

By this time he had reached the bridge. How those angry waters were roaring and whirling and tugging around the pillars underneath! The water was almost up level with the cross-ties and was rising the whole time. It made Jeff's heart beat quick as he gazed into that murky, plunging flood.

"Daddy, yo' stay rite heah," he said, as he led him to an old log beside the road and made him sit down. "Ise gwinter go an' lite dat oder lante'n. Doan yo' go 'bout dat bridge, yo' stay rite heah."

Old Uncle Jake was too drunk to talk, but sank down on the log. Little Jeff, with the two lanterns in his hand, started across the bridge.

"Good Lor', hain't dem waters er risin'," he muttered, as he stepped carefully over the cross-ties, through which he imagined he could see the raging flood below. "Dis ole bridge hain't gwinter stan' long. Dat fas' train oughter not cum 'crost heah ternight. Good Lor', what wuz dat?" he said, as he heard a crash behind him. "Mus' be de ole bridge am er givin' 'way. O Lor', doan let my ole daddy get kilt. I knows he's drunk; he cain't he'p it. Dem railroad niggers got 'im drunk."

O Lor', kill me 'stead uv 'im," pleaded Jeff, as he stumbled on across the bridge.

"Heah's dat post at las'," he murmured, as he hastily put the light in its place. In a moment more he was hurrying back over the cross-ties. "Hain't dis ole bridge er rockin? My Lor'!" he exclaimed, as he came very near falling off into the black, empty space before him, "part uv de bridge dun an' washed er 'way," and he drew back in horror as he heard the black, writhing, hissing in front of him where the other part of the bridge should have been. Terror came over him. Then suddenly a faint, far-off sound came to his ears above the roar of the surging water. He listened. It was the whistle of the fast train, as it came splitting the darkness.

"Dar comes dat fas' train," exclaimed Jeff, as he balanced himself on the end of the bridge, which was swaying frightfully in the clutches of the water. "O Lor', w'at mus' I do? Doan let de bridge go yit," as he grasped the lantern tightly in his hand and waved it back and forth. "Doan let hit go yit. Mebbe I kin stop dat train. Lor', I mus' stop hit," he sobbed frantically, as he saw the head-light gleaming in the distance. "Hain't hit gwinter stop? Lor', mek hit stop for little Jef'. Doan let hit run in ter de ribber. O Lor', doan let my ole daddy git kilt. Giv 'im 'nother chance. Good Lor', hain't yo' ever gwinter stop that train?"

There was a grinding and crashing of brakes and a jolting and smashing of cars, and No. 22 came to a stand-still, puffing like some monster, fifteen feet from the fatal bridge. Soon lanterns were flickering everywhere, and the train crew came running up and peered into the darkness. Nothing but the madly-rushing,



roaring water met their gaze. The bridge, which a few moments before had spanned that raging flood, was either floating away miles down the stream, or was resting on the bottom, where the body of little Jeff lay, scarcely recognizable under its iron weight.

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Old Nature wept and wept, and would not be consoled.  
"Why dost thou weep?" the people cried.  
Old Nature shook her head and sighed,  
"Because—because—I'm growing old."

## THE TURKEY GOBBLER'S FATE.

BY JO. PATTON.

O, Mister Turkey Gobbler, you better gobble fas';  
Won't be no time ter gobble w'en Thanksgivin' done  
an' pas';

Caze ebery niggah figgerin' on er rousin' barbecue,  
An' dey hungry eyes am hankerin'—

Des' atter you, atter you.

De water soon be bilin' an' er risin' in er cloud,  
So, Mister Turkey Gobbler, you better gobble loud:  
O, yer days am done an' numbered an' dey gwinter soon  
be froo—

Kaze de nigger's mouf am watterin'—

Des atter you, atter you.

O, Mister Turkey Gobbler, you needn't roost so high,  
Wid yer fedders all up ruffled an' yer head up in de sky;  
Dough de chickens roostes lower yit, you knows dat  
dey wont do;

Fer de nigger's eyes am hankerin'

Des atter you, atter you.

You've been struttin roun' in glory an' been livin'  
mighty fas',

But de las', you know, am fus', an' de fus' gwine sho'  
be las';

So, Mister Turkey Gobbler, git ready fer de stew,

Kaze de nigger's mouf am watterin'—

Des atter you, des atter you.

## HOW FORT BAXTER WAS TAKEN.

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BY G. J. S.

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It was in the summer of '63. Norfolk had been taken by the Federal gunboats commanded by Admiral Davis, and the following day the Admiral started on toward Elizabeth City as the next most desirable point to be captured and held.

The news of his coming had reached the town long before the fleet had entered the river. Everything was in great confusion. People wildly excited were running here and there up and down the streets. Piles of merchandise lay scattered here and there in front of the stores, with their excited owners frantically trying to haul them all away at one load. Crowds of women and children were standing on every corner crying and wringing their hands, knowing not what to do nor where to go.

Captain James Johnson, not a soldier, but only a brave old sea captain, who had weathered almost as many storms as he had hairs on his head, hastily called together a band of about one hundred men, and threw up a rude fort on a small peninsular called Cobb's Point, two miles below the town.

Five eight-inch howitzers constituted all the heavy armament. These were placed in position, and then the men ceased their work and patiently awaited the coming of the Federals. They had not long to wait for in a few minutes a long line of smoke was seen rising from around a bend in the river. Slowly the Federals rounded the bend, and then cautiously sounding every foot of the way, they drew nearer and nearer. When abreast the fort they formed the familiar circle

of attack and began to move slowly round and round. The flag-ship opened the bombardment, but the first shell flew wide of its mark. Several more followed in quick succession, and these came nearer, showing the gunners had evidently got a better range.

Fort Baxter replied with all five guns, and each shot took effect. The pilot-house of the Nantuck and the smoke-stack of the Texas were carried away, and by chance a stray shell cut the flag from the masthead of the Admiral's ship. Notwithstanding all this, the fleet gradually worked in closer and closer, and each ship opened up a broadside as it in turn came opposite the fort. But the Rebels replied with such telling effect that the fleet retired, much discomfited.

Admiral Davis dropped down the river a short distance and sent two hundred and fifty men ashore with orders to make a circuit around a wood near by and come up in the rear of the fort and take it by storm.

At Fort Baxter all were in high spirits, thinking they had completely beaten the enemy without the loss of a single man. Suddenly they heard a shout at their backs. They turned, and not three hundred yards distant they saw the Yankees coming with banners held high and Old Glory shimmering in the evening sunlight.

"Boys," shouted Colonel Johnson, "let every man do his duty. Hold your fire until they are close upon us."

He had scarcely ceased speaking when he fell pierced through the heart.

But on the Federals came. The little band within the fort were dismayed by the death of their leader. Fear for a moment seemed to seize them, and general disorder followed. The fight was on. Men were falling thick and fast. Leaderless and with ammunition

almost gone, they were thinking of surrendering. But on looking toward the west a small moving speck was seen. One of the men snatched up a glass and fixed it upon the rapidly moving object. It was only a lone horseman.

But look! He is coming with such terrific speed. He is now seen by the Federals. Whose friend is he? Is he bringing help to the band of Rebels, or is he a Federal courier? He rises in his saddle and waves his sword. He is now within one hundred yards of the outer line of Federals and his speed is not slackened. On he comes.

"Out of the way," he shouts.

The Federals, thinking he is some messenger from their commander, quickly open a passage for him. But he does not stop. On and still on he rushes, right on toward the gate of the fort. He is now in the open space between the Yankee lines and the fort.

"A Rebel! Kill him. Shoot him down!" the Federals shout.

A cheer goes up from the little band of Rebels in the fort. The gate flies open and horse and rider are safe within the walls.

"Rouse up, men. Remember your wives and children at home. Fight for your fireside and little loved ones," rang out clear and strong the voice of the strange, new leader. Now in one place urging the men on to do their duty, now in another cheering them on where the bullets flew thickest and the danger was greatest, he went.

The Federal fire slackened for a moment. They have retired in order to form for a charge. Through the smoke the gleam of their bayonets is seen and the indistinct commands of their officers can be heard. Now they are ready. On they come.

"Every man do his best. Remember your wives and sweethearts. Remember the little ones playing around the door waiting for you to come back."

Now and then such words as these could be heard above the roar and din of the struggle. But the Federals are upon them. A few breathless moments of agony, and their terrific onslaught is checked. They waver, they break, they retreat. When the smoke had cleared away, only eight were left alive in the fort. But their dark-eyed leader rallied them once again.

"Up men. Let every one who can use a gun shoot this time. Perhaps you are fighting your last fight, but fight it well."

The Federals formed again and came forward in one long glittering line. They were met with only a feeble resistance this time. A few straggling shots and all was silent. Over the walls the Federals poured. But what a sight met their eyes! Not a living man did they find opposing them. The dead were scattered here and there, mangled and torn beyond recognition.

"Where is the leader of these brave fellows?" asked the Federal commander.

"Here, General, I think this is he. I recognize him by the stripes on his sleeve."

"Well, boys, we must honor the brave wherever we find them, be they friend or foe. And his face is so young and tender, it is almost feminine in form," observed the captain, bending over the dead body and removing a little gray cap worn by the dead hero. As he did so, a mass of golden hair fell out to the breeze. The General started back in amazement.

"What! Is it possible? Could a girl have defended this fort so bravely. Soldiers, we must bury her as

befits a hero. She shall have all the military honors of a soldier, and a brave soldier, too."

Slowly and sadly those old battle-scarred, weather-beaten soldiers in blue with their bayonets hollowed out for her a grave.

"Here is the flag for which she fought and died. Perhaps she would wish it to be buried with her. Wrap it around her gently."

And then as tenderly as the rough old soldiers could, they wrapped that dear old flag, the stars and bars, about her body and then almost reverently they placed her in that rough-hewn grave. A little mound was raised, a volley fired over it, and another unknown hero lay in an unmarked grave.

# STORIETTE DEPARTMENT.

## LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON.

BY GEORGE A. PEEK.

It was about the middle of one of those drowsy days in Indian summer. The wind which had been blowing all the morning, at a brisk rate had now completely lulled. The sea-gulls could be seen flying in from sea, circling around overhead and then alighting on the rocks. The sea was perfectly calm, and the tiny waves which chased one another across the bar off Rocky Point seemed to tell of some disaster in their song.

In front of the life-saving station at Rocky Point, Captain McLaughlin, with his men around him, stood with his glasses carefully scanning the horizon. He stood in such a position about ten minutes when he turned to his men and said:

"Boys, you see that muddy streak of cloud back yonder in the sou'west? By night it will be a terrible sou'wester, and woe to the poor fellow who falls in its path."

The men paid the strictest attention to their captain for they knew that when he spoke on such a subject something was going to happen.

It was nearly night. The sun was hidden by a dark cloud. Back in the southwest could be heard the low rumbling of thunder, now and then a flash of lightning darted across the sky. About eight o'clock the wind sprang up, driving on the storm at a terrific speed, and rain fell in torrents.

In the life-saving station Captain McLaughlin waited, with his men in readiness to help any foundering ship that should need aid. Just as the storm appeared at its worst a gun was heard at sea, then another, and another in rapid succession. Each man knew what it meant and ran to his post of duty. Some ship was foundering.

"Man the life boats, men," came the quick order from Captain McLaughlin. The waves rose mountain high and it seemed every minute that the band of rescuers would perish; but they with that daring and bravery which none but a life-saver possesses pressed onward. Before them was the mad Atlantic in one of its wildest ways, darkness, and chances of instant death if capsized; behind them was firm land and shelter; but a life-saver's duty is to go forward, not backward.



When Captain McLaughlin reached the ship he found that she had not obeyed the order of the light-house, telling mariners to beware of the bar, and as the result of this, she was sinking.

The crew and passengers had been taken aboard and Captain McLaughlin had given the order to make for the shore when a boy, leaning on a crutch, appeared at the railing. To take any more aboard meant all to be lost—and conscious of this fact Captain McLaughlin turned to his men and said: "Boys, take care of the boats the best you can. I am going to take this boy aboard and risk swimming ashore." With these words he plunged overboard.

On the following morning the sun rose bright and clear. The beach at Rocky Point was strewn with wreckage. Across a spar with his face turned upward Captain McLaughlin was found lying—dead.

That evening a crowd composed mostly of men dressed in oilskins and "down easters" gathered around a newly-dug grave. Opposite the new one was one bearing the inscription, "J. W. McLaughlin, killed July 3, 1863." As the last gleams of sunlight disappeared behind the trees the body of Captain McLaughlin was lowered in its grave, and an old gray-haired man back of the little gathering was heard to murmur, "Like father, like son."

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### THE ORDEAL OF TOM.

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BY PEARL D. MANGUM.

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"Nellie, will you kiss me just once? I may get killed, you know, and then you would never see me again." On hearing these words Nellie's eyes filled with tears. "O! Tom don't you say that or you will break my heart, for you know how much I care for you." At the same time she held up her lips to be kissed. Tom at once put his arm about her waist with passionate tenderness and kissed her full upon the mouth. She let her head rest upon his shoulder, and smiling up into his eyes said, "We are both so young, Tom, I shall pray that all will come out right and that you will come back to me from the war."

It was a bright morning in June of that memorable year 1863 when so many of our boys were going away to join the Confederate Army and fight for their country and homes. The flowers were in bloom and the birds were singing in the trees near the mansion. It was one of those old stately Southern homes with the wide-spreading lawn and graveled walks lined with beautiful shade trees, while in the distance the river could be seen winding in and out

among the trees like a silver thread woven in a garment of green. But Nellie and Tom saw none of this as they stood there at the gate speaking to each other a tender farewell.

Nellie would not attract your notice if met in the street or in the passing throng, but standing there that morning with her face transfigured with love, the unconscious simplicity of her dress and manners, her sad, brown eyes that could look so tender, you could not help but feel that she was one of those girls made to love and be loved, God's greatest gift to man.

Tom Long was tall and broad-shouldered, which was made more noticeable by his military dress. He had a fine, intelligent face, honest and open. There was none of that bravado of the coward revealed in it. He had responded a few days before this to the call of his country, and now as he held Nellie in his arms, he promised her to live a good boy in the army. After a while he released her, mounted his horse and rode away to join his company. . . .

Time passed on and he fell in with a wild crowd of young men in the army who led him to drink. The habit grew on him until one day he came out on dress parade drunk. The officer ordered him to be arrested. Tom heard the order given and started to leave his place in the ranks when he was confronted by the major and in a drunken rage he knocked him down. He was caught soon after this and sent to the guard-house. The next day he was tried and sentenced to be shot for assaulting an officer.

A few minutes after the trial the army was suddenly attacked by the enemy and all day the two armies struggled for the mastery. During the day the Captain happened to pass the place where Tom was chained. As soon as Tom saw the Captain he began to beg that his chains be taken off and to let him fight one more time with the boys before he was shot. But the Captain told him it was impossible to do that. Tom, however, continued to beg every officer that passed him that morning to take off the chains. Along towards night it looked as if the enemy would gain the victory; our forces were hard pressed when someone dashed to the front and gave a cheer as he rushed on towards the breastworks. The dispirited troops, encouraged, sprang after him. He rushed on, climbing upon the breastworks, tore the flag down and waved it above his head as he called for the boys to come on. His action saved the day and the enemy were soon routed. Tom then went over to the Captain and said, "Put the chains back on me, I am ready to be carried to the rear. I could not stand to stay back there while the boys were being shot, so I chopped off the chains with an axe and came to the front."

The Captain told someone to take him to the guard-house. The next morning he was sent for at headquarters. When he was

brought the Captain began to read him the death warrant: "Sentenced to be shot until dead." When Tom heard these words he broke down and said, "Captain, I know I did wrong when I knocked down the major. I respect him as much as any man in the army. I know it is just for me to die, but it does seem hard. Captain, will you let the boys of my company shoot me? I would rather they would shoot me for they know and understand while strangers would not. And, Captain, will you send this ring to Nellie and just tell her I will never come back to claim her? Tell her to meet me in the sweet fields of Eden. And Captain, for God's sake don't let her ever know I died this way. And please tell my mother it was drink."

"Hold on, Tom, you did not let me finish. The Commander-in-Chief has pardoned you for meritorious conduct on field of battle, and you are also promoted to Lieutenant." When the Captain had finished reading the dispatch the company went wild, lifting Tom on their shoulders and carrying him to his tent. Instead of the ring Tom sent a telegram to Nellie, telling of his promotion.

Not long after this the war is over and Tom is back. They are standing again at the gate. Nellie is older looking but she is just as beautiful as in the olden time. Tom has changed, too, he has more of sober manhood about him, and the experience of life is reflected in his face. There is not so much of youthful ardor in their love-making now. But even the chancer-by can see the deep, full happiness reflected on their faces. And only God knows how large and full that love has grown. It has been refined in the crucible of war.

When I stole away Tom was again looking into Nellie's face, as they spoke to each other the words that only lovers know how to speak.

## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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### STAFF EDITORS :

DR. G. W. PASCHAL, Alumni Editor.

#### EUSELIAN SOCIETY.

G. S. FOOTE.....Editor  
H. L. STORY.....Associate Editor

#### PHILOMATHESIAN SOCIETY.

C. P. WEAVER.....Editor  
J. S. HARDWAY.....Associate Editor

W. C. BIVENS, Business Manager.

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### EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

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GASTON S. FOOTE, Editor.

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"God's in His heaven  
All's right with the world."

The  
Protracted  
Meeting.

For two weeks in October the Hill enjoyed one of the most delightful meetings ever held here. The people—town people and students—were in need of just such a revival, and under the simple, prayerful preaching of Dr. W. C. Tyree, God sent upon us showers of blessing and gave to the number of young converts such peace and happiness as they had never known before. The meeting was of the highest order, free from the sensational, without excitement and without any features that would cause undue emotion, except the simple expounding of God's truths. It was a season of prayer and prayer-meetings. The married ladies of the Hill held afternoon meetings, likewise the young ladies, and just before each evening service the students held a meeting in the little chapel, praying for God's presence in the service above; and the prayers were answered. God was at all the meetings, they were His and He directed them for His glory. After the services were over, dormitory prayers were held, and it was

an inspiration to hear boys who before the meeting had made light of religion and God, get up and pray for their friends who were still in the dark and testify before their fellow students and before God that never before had they experienced such peace and happiness. Others would get up and with tears in their eyes acknowledge their sins and ask for the prayers of every boy in the room that they might be saved. Some acknowledged that they had gone to the meetings to scoff and criticize, but had remained to pray, and when they left the building they were "safe in the arms of Jesus." Brother Tyree left here with the love of everybody, especially of those whom he pointed to Christ and to whom through Christ he gave hope of life everlasting.

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**The College  
Magazine.**

It is the desire and aim of the present staff of STUDENT editors to make the WAKE FOREST STUDENT a distinctly college magazine. Any magazine or publication, or any enterprise for that matter to be a success must devote its attention strictly to the purpose that it set out to accomplish and adhere strictly to its line of work. If it digress into fields other than those of its own sphere, why then it does not accomplish its original object, and in that much it is a failure. The *Literary Digest* would hardly be as popular if it devoted its pages to other than what one would expect to find in a publication of such a name, while the *Biblical Recorder* would be a sad misnomer if it should devote its attention to fiction, sporting news, etc. Now the college magazine has a field of work peculiarly its own, and which can not be filled by any other magazine. A college magazine worthy of the name should, as nearly as possible, devote its atten-

tion to that which relates to college and college life. It should reflect college life in all of its phases, fasten and perpetuate the traditions and place itself in a strata that shall be separate and distinct from that occupied by any other than a college periodical. Now there is only one way that the WAKE FOREST STUDENT can reach its true standard. It is not through the editors. There are only four of these, and it is impossible for them to give a panoramic view of college life. They see possibly only one phase of it, and the veriest bird's-eye-view of that. The student body makes college life, and it is only in the power of the editors to record it as they see it. The editors are elected to represent the students, but how can they represent them or get out a magazine without their assistance? The editors could very easily go to other magazines, have some essay or current topic reprinted; put in selections from some classical writer; get articles that are dry and out of date, but if they should do that, would the magazine be a success as a *college* magazine? It would be of interest to none. No student would read it. He reads enough of such stuff in text-books and newspapers. To have a college magazine, it must be filled with contributions from the students, and then it will be of interest to everybody. Of the three hundred boys in school, the total number that writes for the STUDENT aggregates scarcely over a dozen, and it is like pulling eye-teeth to get a contribution from them. We should think that if the boys have not enough interest and pride in their only college publication to write for it, they would write for it from purely selfish and pecuniary motives; for every student knows that handsome medals are awarded every year by the societies for the best piece of fiction and the best essay. We were in hopes that we could for one year

get out the magazine without having to make a public appeal to the students and expose the difficulty which we have in filling our pages every month; but if the boys wish an appeal, we do most humbly beg them to arouse their college spirit, take an interest in their magazine, write for it, and let us have a magazine unequalled by any in the South.

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"Once a Wake Forest boy,  
Always a Wake Forest boy."

Wake Forest  
at the  
Reunion.

This fact was emphasized at the reunion of non-resident natives of North Carolina at Greensboro, and in a way, too, peculiarly gratifying to the College. The hero of the occasion, the orator of orators and thinker of thinkers, the man who was heard from the first utterance to the last of a discourse that was powerful, eloquent and soul-lifting, was a Wake Forest man, and one of whom the institution is justly proud. Dr. A. C. Dixon, the man referred to, delivered the reunion sermon on Sunday afternoon, and for sixty-five minutes he held an audience of about three thousand people spell-bound. Every inch of standing room was filled, and many had to be turned away. Near the close of his sermon, a synopsis of which we have not room to give, he referred touchingly to his life in North Carolina; related how he was called to the ministry; and spoke tenderly of meetings of his early pastorate, in one of which Governor Chas. B. Aycock was converted. In a private conversation he spoke feelingly of his life at Wake Forest, warmly commended the noble work of our beloved President, and paid the literary societies here a glowing tribute, ranking them second to none in all the land. To them he attributes largely the success of all

Wake Forest men, and claims that through their instrumentality the College can boast of ministers, lawyers and statesmen the foremost in this country.

On Tuesday of the reunion speeches were made at the Guilford Battleground by eminent educators, statesmen, authors, ministers, and editors—all Tar Heels but non-resident. Dr. Dixon represented North Carolina from Massachusetts, and from the instant he rose upon his feet he was easily master of the situation and occasion. Of handsome physique, the model of grace, hypnotic eye, a voice of wonderful melody, he quickly had the people with him, clinging to every word and eagerly awaiting his next utterance. It was with pride, possibly tinged with selfishness, that one Wake Forest man could turn to another and say, "*He* was educated at Wake Forest."

Among other visitors to the Wake Forest headquarters was a gentleman from Baltimore. He was at Wake Forest three years, leaving in his last year before graduation on account of lung trouble. He said: "When I went to tell dear Doctor Taylor good-bye, he took my hand and said, 'My boy, you will find the same God in Colorado that you found at Wake Forest.' Those words acted as an inspiration to me, and since that year I have cherished them and carried them with me. I have a boy I hope to send to Wake Forest in a short while. We have good schools at home, but I want to send him to Wake Forest for the moral training, for the wholesome influences, for the God-laden atmosphere; for it is certainly the best at Wake Forest of any school I know. The intellectual discipline is also unsurpassed, but even if my boy did not open a book, I should want to send him for the moral effects." Not only the alumni, but all who were students here, even if for a short while



only, spoke lovingly and appreciatingly of the College, and their words of commendation and encouragement and loyalty made one feel that it was good to be at the reunion, and still better to be a student at Wake Forest College.

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Good Accom-  
plished by  
Advertising.

A spirit of progression and advancement has taken hold of Wake Forest and is evincing itself in the form of advertising. Such a movement was bound to come sooner or later, it was inevitable, and it could not have come at a more opportune time than the present. In this day of competition and progress any concern to do a good business must let the people know where it is and what it is doing, and this can best be done by advertising. The time is now ripe for Wake Forest to take such steps. This fall witnessed the most felicitous opening in the history of the College. Following this opening came the reunion at Greensboro, where the College made a profound and favorable impression. Although what alumni we have in Greensboro and Guilford County are prominent men and men who reflect great credit upon the institution, their number is pitifully small; and in consequence Wake Forest is not as widely known in that section as we should like. This reunion, however, brought us into greater prominence, and we left feeling that we had accomplished lasting good for the College. Our headquarters were tastily decorated with the familiar old gold and black bunting, and across one side of the building extended an old-gold sign with "Wake Forest Headquarters" upon it in black letters. The room was filled with pictures of the College buildings, pictures of the different classes, some of them dating as far back as the seventies, and with liter-

ature of our faculty and also of some of our eminent alumni. Doctor Paschal and Doctor Sikes represented the College, and to say that those two scholars and gentlemen were there, itself speaks in the highest terms of the College. Visitors saw the type of men that compose the Faculty here, and that added to words of information concerning the College reminded the people that Wake Forest has always been, is, and always will be in the front ranks of education in North Carolina. We should like to suggest that on all such public occasions the College have similar headquarters, a kind of bureau of information, and by sending members of the Faculty to take charge of the headquarters the College will make new and influential friends.

But another advertising feature of as equal importance as the above mentioned, is the College Glee Club, composed of sixteen voices. Professor Eatman, the exponent of college spirit, in addition to his strenuous duties as professor, has kindly organized the club, and a master director, he has given his spare time to its training "without money and without price." It is his aim to take the club to various towns in the State, giving concerts, and by the excellence of the program and the demeanor of the boys stimulate other boys to enter Wake Forest College. Besides being an advantage to the College (no college is complete without one), the Glee Club is a source of great pleasure to the members and the students in general, and Professor Eatman should have the hearty co-operation and appreciation of every man in College.

## EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.

C. P. WEAVER, Editor.

Thanks-  
giving!

What a variety of thoughts surge into the brain at the word. One recalls our Puritan ancestors tossed about in their frail barks over a treacherous sea, landing in an inimicable land, wresting from its virgin soil their first harvest and overflowing with gratitude to their Maker they raise their hearts in praise for His bounty. The pioneer hunter has been out in the great forest all the day previous and returned at nightfall with a fine wild turkey and a fat doe which the good housewife cooks to a turn on the hanging crane. In the crisp New England morning they don their best apparel and turn their faces toward the sequestered log hut where religious services are held, and in their simple way praise God for His manifold mercies, singing the songs of dear old England.

The day, however contemplated, is one of hilarity and rejoicing. The humblest peasant, partaking of his simple fare of bacon and corn bread, feels that his lot might be worse; the farmer, surveying his bursting barns and his well-filled larder, experiences a feeling of pride and satisfaction; the multi-millionaire reads his lengthy menu with something more than usual interest, and thaws his shrewd reserve enough to tell his wife she retains her beauty to a remarkable degree and to hand the butler a five-dollar tip, with a sly wink at the sideboard. The laborer enjoys his holiday at home, contentedly smoking his pipe, discussing the profundities of politics with his neighbor across the back fence, or making some needed repairs on the thatched roof. The athletic inclined resort to the gridiron and watch with intense enthusiasm the battle of brawn which rages between the two goal posts. The college man is profoundly grateful for a twofold blessing—a holiday and a box of good things from home. Only the turkey heaves a profound sigh and drops a burning tear on the dawn of Thanksgiving Day, and if by the toss of Fate his neck remains intact beyond the fateful hour he lifts his voice in sincere gratitude to high Jove and draws a deep breath of relief.

### II.

There is always, however, "a day after," and this *en verite* is the turkey's thanksgiving day. It is then, too, that the foot-ball

player, after taking a careful inventory of his various bruises, breaks and knocks, thanks his stars that he has need for the doctor and not the undertaker. The produce merchant, surveying his empty boxes and coops, pats affectionately the fat roll of bills in his money drawer, and watches with pleasure his bank account expand into six and seven figures. The Thanksgiving bazaar has been a total success and the poorer element reap with glad hearts the philanthropy of their altruistic church friends.

The practice of giving thanks is of American origin and a strictly American institution, characteristic of men whose hearts did not quake at undertaking to conquer a primeval forest, and to establish a great nation, and truly no nation has more cause for thanksgiving.

## EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

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JOHN S. HARDAWAY, Jr., Editor.

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The first issue of the *STUDENT* of each successive year rarely, if ever, contains an exchange department, owing to the fact that our magazine is always one of the first out. However, as a general thing, the editors are flooded with exchanges about the first of October. Not so this year. Never have the different college magazines been so slow in coming in before. October is nearly past and not more than half a dozen exchanges have been received so far. Just what the cause is, we are unable to say, unless it be due to the slowness of editors in getting their magazines out, or probably the business managers have lost their exchange lists.

As a general criticism we will say that the magazines have too few pages, and the matter contained is not up to the standard. However, the editors are at a great disadvantage for contributions to the first issue of their college magazines, and the first issue can not be considered a just criterion of merit.

Some of the exchanges, particularly the smaller ones, are very poorly arranged, after having advertisements placed at random along with the reading matter, which not only detracts from the neatness of appearance, but shows a lack of taste which is disgusting. Quite a number contain no table of contents. The idea must be wholly original, for we have seen no first-class magazine college or otherwise without a table of contents.

The editors of *The Emory and Henry Era* have made a very creditable start in their October issue. "The Ragged Peacemaker," we think, however, is hardly worthy of publication in a magazine with as high a standing as the *Era*. Its style is uneven and incoherent, more becoming a boy in a high school than a college student. "My Emancipation" is fairly good—the story is simple but well-written. "His Plea" is an ante-bellum story of some merit, but this particular theme has been worked over so much that it has grown monotonous. The department of "Athletics" is nicely got up, as is that of the "Locals." There is a generous supply of verse, which

is very commendable. No magazine is complete without it. We would suggest to the editors that they put in a few "clippings." They always add life and attractiveness to the reading matter.

*The Hampden-Sidney Magazine* for October is very neatly bound, and its pages are filled with very readable matter. There is a variety of work; an essay, a story or so, a short poem, together with the usual editorials, alumni notes and the like, but there is not enough of it. One story is not sufficient, nor is one essay; there should be several. Then, too, a magazine is not complete without a certain amount of verse. On the whole the magazine is good.

We always expect something good in the *Vassar Miscellany*. It has, in years past, won an enviable position among college periodicals. It is one of the best, if not the best, exchange that comes to our table. The October *Miscellany* is well up to their standard of excellence. "In Silence With All Subjection" is an admirable piece of fiction; the only criticism that could be made, is that the ending seems rather abrupt. "The Modern Beowulf" shows careful study. The author has developed it into a splendid essay. "Begun Among the Pines" is the romantic little story of the reconciliation of two lovers in a most unusual way. One can catch the odor of the forest in every line. The editorials, personals, and college news are in keeping with the quality of the magazine.

We beg to acknowledge receipt of the following exchanges: *The Trinity Archive*, *The Central Collegian*, *The Baylor Literary*, *Red and White*, *Pine and Thistle*, *Davidson College Magazine*.

## CLIPPINGS.

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### AS I LIKE IT.

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When first I asked her for a kiss,  
She then was quite a little miss,—  
A mald of ten, or so; ..  
I knelt and tied her dainty shoe,  
And then demanded as my due  
A kiss, she answered: "No."

When next I asked her for a kiss,  
It did not seem to me amiss  
To see the ruddy glow  
That spread across her dimpled face  
And added doubly to her grace,  
And yet, she answered: "No."

Last night, once more, I begged a kiss,  
And pictured to myself the bliss,  
My heart with doubting swollen,  
And stately belle, she answered: "No,  
Such things are—sometimes—stolen!"



Tempus fugit  
Likewise pecunia  
Let 'em fuge.



Willie had a little jack,  
Whose ears were long and slim,  
And when he received a problem hard,  
He simply called on him.

The jack was so wondrous wise,  
So wondrous wise was he  
That Willie rode him on exam.,  
And made one hundred and three.—Ex.

## "CO-OPERATION."

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,  
 Killing a stiff Exam.,  
 By the help of a neighbor  
 He avoided all labor,  
 "What a student," he pondered, "I am."—*Ex.*



## BEFORE.

There are meters of accent  
 And meters of tone,  
 But the best of all meters  
 Is to meet her alone.

## AFTER.

There are letters of accent  
 And letters of tone,  
 But the best of all letters  
 Is to let her alone.



## A LAY OF ANCIENT ROME.

Oh! the Roman was a Rogue;  
 The erat was, you bettum,  
 He ran his automobiles,  
 And smoked his cigarettum;  
 He wore a diamond studibus,  
 An elegant cravatium,  
 A maxima cum laude shirt,  
 And such a stylish hattum,  
 He loved the luscious hic-haec-hoc;  
 And bet on games and equi;  
 At times he won, at others tho'  
 He got it in the nequi;  
 He winked (quo usque tandum)  
 At Puellas on the Forum;  
 And sometimes even made,  
 Those goo-goo oculoram.—*Ex.*



## FELIS ET MURES.

BY GREENE KENDRICK.

Felis sedit by a hole;  
 Intenta she, cum omne soul,  
 Prendere rats;  
 Mice cucurrerunt trans the floor,  
 In numero, duo, tres, or more,  
 Obliti cats.

Felis saw them oculis;  
 "I'll have them," inquit she, "I guess,  
 Dum ludunt;"  
 Tunc illa crepit toward the group—  
 "Habeam," dixit, "good rat soup;  
 Pingues sunt!"

Mice continued all ludere;  
 Intenti they in ludum vere,  
 Gaudenter;  
 Tunc rushed the felis into them,  
 Et tore them omnes, limb from limb.  
 Violenter.

## MORAL.

Mures, omnes, now beware!  
 Of hungry felis have a care,  
 Nox et die;  
 Si hoc facis "verbum sat;"  
 Avoid a huge and hungry cat,  
 Studioso!—*Ex.*



## HE WAS A FRESHMAN.

"The boy stood on the burning deck,  
 So far as we could learn;  
 Stood there in perfect safety, as  
 He was too green to burn."

# WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

H. L. STORY, Editor.

'89. Mr. H. M. Shaw, a prominent attorney of Oxford, spent a day on the hill recently.

'98. Mr. R. C. Lawrence is in partnership with Stephen McIntire practicing law in Lumberton, N. C.

'93-'97. Rev. D. M. Pressley began October 1st the pastorate of the Baptist church at East Macon, Ga.

'85-'90. Mr. June L. Allen is growing in popularity as agent for the Seaboard Air Line at Wake Forest, N. C.

'87. Mr. E. J. Justice, a member of the Senate in our last Legislature, has moved to Greensboro to practice law.

'00. We also congratulate Mr. A. W. Cooke, a prominent attorney of Greensboro, on his position of honor in the Reunion.

'81. Rev. N. R. Pittman, St. Joseph, Mo., is growing in years as in usefulness. His daughter was married October 13th.

'90. Mr. L. H. Battle, a prominent banker in Greensboro, has taken a very active part in the late Reunion of North Carolinians.

'98. Rev. Archibald Cree, of Gaffney, S. C., has recently declined a call to Goldsboro in order that he may remain in his present field.

'81. We notice in the Recorder that Rev. L. N. Chappell, of Lilesville, N. C., has been doing a great work at Polkton, Hamlet and other places.

'80. Dr. Charles S. Farriss, Professor of Greek in Stetson University, DeLand, Fla., has been appointed Dean of the faculty, pending the election of a president to succeed Dr. Forbes.

'99. Rev. W. F. Fry, who has served efficiently as financial agent of the Baptist Female University, accepted the call of the Goldsboro Baptist church, and took up his work there October 1st.

'81-'84. Dr. Len G. Broughton, of the Baptist Tabernacle, Atlanta, Ga., has been called to the Clarendon-Street Baptist church, Boston. This is the church of which the famous Dr. A. J. Gordon was pastor.

'80. We are glad to say that the patient, quiet, zealous efforts of Rev. W. B. Waff, of Reynoldson, N. C., in his community are, and have been, meeting with wonderful success. He is indeed a power for good in Gates County.

'74. Rev. A. C. Dixon, of the Ruggles-Street Baptist church, Boston, preached the principal sermon at the late Greensboro Reunion of North Carolinians living in other States. That was a distinction worthily bestowed. On the same notable occasion Dr. A. T. Robertson ('85), of the Louisville Seminary, was asked to respond for the State of Kentucky.

'88. Brother W. R. Rickman writes: "Please change my address from Stevensville, Mont., to Hamilton, Mont. We enjoy the Recorder and its weekly visit does us good. The work here is very difficult, but yet the Lord has blessed our labors. We leave Stevensville to give place for another worker in this large field. We wish you great success in the temperance work. We are in the midst of a similar battle here."—Biblical Recorder.

'78. From gentlemen who are themselves distinguished in North Carolina, we learn that the speech of Hon. Walter E. Daniel, of Weldon, Acting Solicitor in the Haywood-Skinner case in Raleigh, was the ablest which has been delivered in that court-house for many years. It is described as "overwhelming." From the same source we have the judgment that the strongest argument on the defence was made by Mr. J. N. Holding ('80), of Raleigh, N. C.

We wish to congratulate the following alumni for their patient endeavors and crowning success in their several schools: Mr. J. B. Brewer ('71), of the Franklin Female Seminary, Franklin, Va. ('69) President J. C. Scarborough, of the C. B. F. Institute, Murfreesboro, N. C. ('71) President Hobgood, of Oxford Female Seminary, Oxford, N. C., and ('72) President R. T. Vann, of the B. F. University, Raleigh, N. C. All of these schools are in a flourishing condition and confer credit upon their presidents.

'96. Brother E. J. Harrell, of Woodland, and Miss Anna Erekson will be married October 21st, at Mt. Carmel church. Brother Harrell is one of our consecrated young ministers, and he has established himself in the esteem and affection of the people in the West Chowan Association. Miss Erekson is likewise a consecrated servant of the Master, being President of the Woman's Missionary Societies in the West Chowan. The Recorder takes particular pleasure in the happiness of these friends and fellow laborers, and we are sure the brotherhood will join us in sending them best wishes.—Recorder.

# IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

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C. P. WEAVER, Editor.

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FAIR!

HALLOWEEN!!

THANKSGIVING!!!

BOXES from home.

THE class in surveying have been trying their hand on the campus.

REV. J. S. HARDWAY, of Oxford, was one of last month's visitors.

MR. WALTER W. KEENER spent a few days on the Hill about the middle of October.

MR. W. A. SEGRAVES, of the class of '03, paid his *Alma Mater*(?) a visit during October.

REV. CHARLES L. GREAVES, pastor of Reidsville Baptist Church, was a visitor last month.

MRS. ANNIE McDOWELL BOND, of Edenton, spent a week in October with her sister, Mrs. Geo. A. Foote.

MISS MAMIE ROYALL STILLWELL, of the B. F. U., was the guest of Miss Rosa Powell a few days in October.

AN EFFORT is being made by the two societies to arrange a debate with Furman University or Davidson College, to be held some time in the spring, probably Easter.

A PLAN has been suggested by which an annual can be gotten out again next spring. It is to be hoped that the plan will be taken up seriously and carried to a successful issue.

PRESIDENT TAYLOR has accepted an invitation to read a paper on "Immortality in the Light of Modern Science" before the Baptist Congress at its annual meeting this month in Philadelphia.

THE ponderosity of precedent! Instead of a senatorial graduation, as has been intimated, the Senior Class have decided to follow the "beaten paths of their ancestors" and graduate in caps and gowns.

TENNIS is quite the vogue now-a-days. A tennis tournament will be held early in the month, and the victorious player will be presented a handsome racket, and it behooves all lovers of the sport to get in trim. Entries are open to all.

A DELIGHTFUL series of meetings was conducted last month by Dr. W. C. Tyree, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Raleigh. It resulted in the conversion of many souls and the reclaiming of many more. About thirty united with the church and were baptized.

MR. CHARLIE HALL, who was carried to the Rex Hospital, in Raleigh, to be operated on for appendicitis, died from the operation Tuesday, October 14, and the body was laid to rest in the family burying ground. Mr. Hall was twenty-nine years old, and was respected and esteemed by all who knew him. He leaves a number of relatives to mourn their loss.

Drs. SIKES AND PASCHAL from the Faculty, and Messrs. Proctor, Foote and Weaver from the student body, represented the College at the reunion of ex-resident North Carolinians, held in Greensboro, October 12-13. The College had headquarters fitted up for the benefit of visiting Wake Forest alumni. A local alumni association was organized of all alumni living in Guilford County.

THE members of the Glee Club have been selected, as follows: 1st tenors, Dr. Cooke, Davis and Whisnant; 2d tenors, Foote, Leonard, Bland and Brewer; 1st basses, Bagley, Coggin, Poteat and Weaver; 2d basses, Powers, King, Weatherspoon and McDaniel. The first concert will be given on the Hill, and afterwards several tours will be taken over the State.

THE Richmond debate is now the all-absorbing subject of conversation. The query selected by a joint committee of the two colleges is as follows: "Resolved, that deportation is the best solution of the negro problem in the United States," and Wake Forest will defend the affirmative. In view of the short time for preparation the societies have each elected six of their best speakers to speak in a preliminary, at which time the two representatives of the College will be selected. The men who will speak in the preliminary from the Philomathesian Society are: Messrs. Olive, Allen, Loftin, Bland, Parham and Howard; those from the Euzelian Society: Messrs. Whisnant, Jenkins, Fletcher, Newton, Whitehead and McDuffie.

# WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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No. 3.

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TENNYSON.

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BY G. W. PASCHAL.

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Sweet Tennyson, it was thy work to show  
What music dwells in common English speech  
Attuned to English thoughts and deeds; to preach  
The hopeful, quiet English faith, whence grow

Strong English men; to mark the brooks that flow  
Through English scenes; to limn the wolds, the beach,  
The tuneful lanes, the ancestral oak, the reach  
Of park and pale, and England's sunset glow.

And other meeds are thine, for thou did'st bring,  
As chief, the richest thoughts of Greece and Rome  
To flow in English verse; and thou did'st sing

The loves and jousts of Arthur's Table Round;—  
Forever hence that story lives at home,  
In England, where thy name shall e'er resound.

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ÆSCHYLUS.

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BY DAVID A. COVINGTON.

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Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides have been aptly called the "tragic triad of immortal fame." Of these, Aeschylus was first at least in point of time, and for a number of years he held against all competitors the palm of tragic composition. In passing judgment upon these three great names of antiquity, later generations have in some cases discriminated against Aeschylus, but we should remember that it was a much greater stride in the history of tragedy to pass from the productions of Pratinas and Phrynicius to those of Aeschylus, than to raise the Aeschylean drama to the perfection it attained under the master-hands of Sophocles and Euripides.

The materials for a life of Aeschylus are meagre and scant. It is only through a perfect knowledge of his works that we gain a deeper insight into his true nature, for in these his life and character are most manifest. The period of his life extended from 525 to 456 B. C., and was in part co-extensive with the Age of Pericles, the so-called Golden Age of Greece. It is a significant fact that in this particular time of material prosperity the dramatic art should have received so powerful a stimulus, and we can even trace in the writings of Aeschylus some of the leading characteristics of the age—the spirit of adventure so manifest in the colonization of Greek cities, and the spirit of resistance to oppression, whether the oppression was that of a tyrant or the invasion of a foreign army.

Doubtless both the birthplace and parentage of Aeschylus exercised a potent influence upon his after life.



His early youth was spent at the home of his father in Eleusis, the seat of the famous Eleusinian mysteries connected with the worship of Demeter, the old earth-mother; and whether or not ever formally initiated, still we may be sure that the local influences remained with him throughout life. We know not what was the exact nature of these mysteries, but that they contained much that was purifying and uplifting is readily seen from the following testimony of Pindar:

"Blessed is he who having looked on them,  
Passes below the hollow earth, for he  
Knows life's true end, and Zeus-given sovereignty."

By birth Aeschylus belonged to the class of Eupatrids, one of the old noble families of Attica, and from his ancestors he inherited in a marked degree aristocratic tendencies. But the aristocracy in which he believed was not of wealth. It was rather an aristocracy of blood and more especially an aristocracy of brains and merit. This tendency which he acquired by birth became second nature with him, and contributed more largely than anything else toward shaping his political ideas. In politics he may be classed as a thorough-going conservative. Tyranny in any form was repulsive to him, whether the tyrant was an individual or the whole people, and consequently we find him attaching himself to the conservative parties of Aristides and Cimon, as opposed to the liberalism of Themistocles, and later the great leader of democracy, Pericles. Surely to one with so much intensity of feeling the rapid rise of the democratic spirit was repulsive, and we can but regard it as a wise provision that it was not until after the death of Aeschylus that Pericles and his party attained such great prominence.

Aeschylus' career as a dramatic poet began early—in 499—and covered a period of forty-one years, during which time he was a most prolific writer. He waited fifteen years for his first victory, but before his death he had won no less than thirteen. His literary career did not end with his defeat by Sophocles in 468, but for ten years thereafter he continued to excel in dramatic art. And with equal truth it may be said that his victories did not end with death.

Several times during his life Aeschylus had visited the court of the tyrant Hieron, in Sicily, and here it was also that he spent his last days and met his death. If the account be not altogether mythical, an eagle flying with a tortoise, thinking to drop the shell of his prey upon a stone, let it fall upon the bald head of Aeschylus. Thus was the oracle fulfilled, "A blow from heaven shall slay thee." Not only had Aeschylus won fame as a poet and tragedian. He had become renowned in early manhood at Marathon and Salamis as a defender of his native land, and this alone does he mention in his self-composed epitaph:

"This tomb the dust of Aeschylus doth hide,  
Euphorion's son, and fruitful Gela's pride.  
How tried his valour Marathon may tell,  
And long-haired Medes who knew it all too well."

But we must proceed to consider more definitely the improvements made by Aeschylus in the Greek drama. So far did he advance beyond his predecessors, if indeed he may rightly be said to have had any, that many have vouchsafed to call him the father of tragedy, and even the most conservative have agreed in regarding him as its second founder. His dramatic innovations extended equally to the structure, the spirit, and the external

appearance of tragedy, and combined they succeeded in raising it from the embryonic stage in which it had been left by Thespis and his successors, and gave to it a fixed and definite character.

Perhaps the most significant innovation of Æschylus was the introduction into his plays of a second actor. The drama had its origin in connection with the worship of the god Dionysus, and as such was composed almost entirely of long choral odes. Later Thespis had improved it by introducing an actor to hold conversation with and address narratives to the chorus. And now Æschylus was enabled, by the introduction of a second actor, to have dialogue independent of the chorus, to represent rather than to have narrated the conflict of opposing forces, and thus imparted to the drama that energy and vitality in which it had previously been lacking. The development of this principle becomes evident from a chronological study of the extant plays of Æschylus. In the earliest of these the chorus is the principal figure, but gradually, as his art attains greater perfection, dialogue becomes predominant, narrative is replaced by conversation, and the dramatic overshadows the lyrical.

In their spirit, the plays of Æschylus are widely separated from the half-sportive productions of his predecessors, and are characterized by a grandeur of conception and loftiness of purpose not manifested by any previous poet.

But by no means of less importance nor less numerous were the improvements made by Æschylus in the external appearance of the drama. He, himself an actor, in order to make the performance of his plays correspond in impressiveness to their spirit, raised the height of his actors, increased their size, made use of ..

masks, and in short invented a special form of dress for tragic actors. In addition to these things, he enlarged the stage, increased in various ways the spectacular effect, and brought to its highest perfection the art of choral mimicry.

We have said before that the drama originated in connection with the worship of Dionysus, and hence the subjects treated of were usually legends connected with this god. But Aeschylus, though still dealing mostly with mythological subjects, took them from a greater variety of sources, and covered almost the whole field of mythology. "Twas he who first—

"Presented Thebes or Pelops' line,  
And the tale of Troy divine."

Indeed, it was his delight to penetrate into anything which savored of the mysterious or remote, and only once did he abandon myth for the treatment of an event of contemporary history. Unlike the modern drama, his plays are examples of the simple mode of composition. They contain almost no plot, no complexity or variety, and yet so great a master was Aeschylus in the arrangement of episodes, that the charge of monotony can not justly be brought against him.

Quite in keeping with the lofty tone of his plays are the characters which Aeschylus employs. He peoples his stage with ideal creations, gods and heroes, and takes delight in representing all that is weird and supernatural. In his writings the commonplace is very seldom admitted, and then it is only to relieve the monotony which would result from too long a continuance of this high level. Indeed, so striking a characteristic of Aeschylus is this, that some one in comparing him with Sophocles has described the one as the poet of the gods,

the other as the poet of mankind. At any rate it is true that divine agency forms the leading idea in the plays of Æschylus.

Such being the facts with regard to the spirit of his plays and the characters introduced, the language of the poet possesses just the characteristics which we should expect. Perhaps we may best describe it by saying that his "language is a fitting vehicle for the expression of his mighty conceptions." In the history of tragedy he was the first "to build the lofty rhyme," and at times his style has even been characterized as bombastic. Naturally of an imaginative turn of mind, he did not hesitate to coin words, and employed metaphors, similes and other figures with a frequency and ease which point to the days of Homer. But notwithstanding the possession of such command over language, his very style seems to indicate that he found even this utterly incapable of giving fitting expression to the vast and lofty conceptions with which his soul was teeming. Perhaps to this fact more than anything else may be attributed the seeming obscurity of some of his passages.

But we can not close a discussion of Æschylus without a brief reference to his theology, his religious and moral ideas. Æschylus was pre-eminently a religious poet. As we have said, divine agency forms the leading idea in his plays. So sublime is his conception of Zeus as the supreme ruler of the universe, that it seems almost monotheistic in character. True, he recognizes the rest of the Olympian deities, but merely as servants and ministers of his will, each with a definite office to perform. But does Zeus, this supreme ruler, move and act according to his own caprice? No, there is a Fate, an eternal destiny which even he, who knows no supe-

rior, is compelled to obey. Fatalism enters very largely into the creed of Aeschylus. With him "there is no issue from a doom decreed." In his theology there is very little room for free agency in the true sense of the word, but still his fatalism is not of the most absolute kind.

In connection with this point, we must notice the opinions of Aeschylus as to the inevitable punishment of sin, and the certainty of the retribution which follows crime. This fate or destiny of which we have spoken is the universal law of justice in accord with which Zeus rules the world, and which, however slow, will eventually prevail. The conception of Aeschylus corresponds to that of the Hebrew, in that the sins of the fathers extend even to the third and fourth generation—a theory foreshadowing the modern theory of the transmission of hereditary qualities. But, as we have hinted, he does not deprive man of all power to resist these effects of hereditary guilt. According to his view, a man does not inherit ancestral sin, but a tendency in this direction, and if committed, this new sin, combined with the former one, brings about the continuation of the curse. In like manner he believed that prosperity often leads to ruin, not that it is in itself a source of evil, but because it so often begets pride and insolence, which in turn bring ruin and desolation. Aeschylus also makes clear, far in advance of his times, the principle that very often "pain is gain," and that the punishment of guilt may be a moral discipline by which men

"May rise on stepping stones  
Of their dead selves to higher things."

More than any other writer, Aeschylus brings into prominence the Cthonian deities, the gods of the lower

world, and makes a striking contrast between them and the upper Olympian deities. The one party represents the spirit of inexorable justice, the other the newer spirit of mercy, and these two conflicting forces Aeschylus endeavors to reconcile. He whose part it was to represent upon the stage the conflict of opposing principles, in this instance took it upon himself to reduce to one harmonious principle the government of the world and the laws of nature.

It is supposed that in all Aeschylus was the author of about ninety plays, and it is a source of regret to the literary world that only seven of these have been preserved—the Suppliants, the Persians, Seven against Thebes, Prometheus, Agamemnon, Libation-Pourers, and the Eumenides. The so-called Oresteia gives us the only example of what is known as a trilogy, but it is probable that a number of the other plays were combined in this form of composition.

The popularity of Aeschylus with his contemporaries is attested by the victories which he won, and by the decree of the state after his death, offering to equip a chorus for any one who would reproduce his plays. We have seen, however, that in the latter part of his life, with the advancing tide of democracy, the spirit of the age was changing, and this change became even more marked after his death. Men began to prefer the realism of Euripides or the emotion of Sophocles to the imagination of Aeschylus. But when we view Aeschylus in connection with his predecessors, we shall have no hesitancy in assigning him a higher place in the history of the drama than either of his famous successors.

AMBY.

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BY J. H. CAMPEN.

---

After his usual morning farewell to his mother, Vic darted through the door and was gone to his work. As he went he began to sing cheerfully:

"The great biggest engineer in the land,  
I'm going to be when I'm a man."

The little air was simple and crude, but it filled Vic with joy, and revealed to those who heard him his great ambition.

His mother stood in the door watching him until he had passed out of her sight, then turning back she began her morning's housework. One could see that she was deeply troubled and was studying about something. She had begged Vic time after time to quit working in the mill around that dreadful machinery, and why did he persist in doing so? Not six months had yet passed since his father had been brought home dead, his head crushed into a shapeless mass by the end of a breaking belt. And her little Vic, the only support God had left her—she had prayed for him every night since then. Her pride in his ambition was boundless, but oh! she dreaded—dreaded—what did she dread? She knew not. Apprehension had overcome her.

But is Vic meditating thus? No. It is now nearly time for the saw-mill to begin work. The hands are gathering, laughing, joking, cheerful and fresh after their night's rest, and taking their respective positions. The hustle and bustle of everybody, and the hissing of escaping steam in the boiler-house, seems to cast a feeling of unrest and eagerness to begin work on everything. The foreman is taking his morning rounds.



Amidst the machinery and in the engine-room all is a rush. Vic is flying from one place to another, oiling the many shafts and filling the lubricators of the engines; the chief engineer comes in and tells him something about starting an engine and is immediately gone again. Presently the work-whistle blows. The engines are set to going, the intricate and dangerous machinery throughout the mill takes on life, until at last it seems the whole mill is on fire with energetic desire to make another great day's record.

The morning hours pass quickly by. Noon comes. An eager rush is made for dinner. Again all is activity. The afternoon wears on—too swiftly for Vic, but only too slowly for the other hands. Quitting-time is approaching. The sun is slowly nearing the western horizon. Eager ears are listening for the first sound of the whistle. At last it is heard like sweet music to the ears of the weary laborers, who plod homeward to rest another night with their families in homes, some comfortable, others scarcely to be called homes, so destitute are they of nature's necessities.

Thus did Vic work on and on, day after day. Going home at night he would find some old book on engineering or life's success, and read until his eyes for want of sleep would fail him.

Pay-day would come, and then Vic would bring his scanty pay and place it in his mother's hands, that she might better provide for them.

They owned nothing but a few pieces of dingy and inelegant household stuff. Sometimes Vic would go to his meals only to be disappointed. But never did he turn away with a sad face, but after spending a few spare moments with his mother, he would rush again to his work, singing his favorite little ditty.

But Vic had another name, a nick-name. He was only fourteen years old now. People seemed to see the word *ambition* stamped in bright letters on his forehead. Through his faithful application to his work, his constant cheerfulness and his promptness in everything, he won an enviable and cherished place in the hearts of those who knew him, both white and black. And as a synonym of their esteem for him, they were wont to call him "Amby." Only his mother called him Vic.

When Vic chanced to have any spare time in the mill, he would take his seat near one of the large engines and fix his gaze upon it. The powerful, half human and regular strokes of the center-crank, the great revolving balance-wheel, the screeching and hissing of escaping steam, and the very atmosphere around him seemed to possess for him a delightful and fascinating charm.

But time was flying. One year passed, another, and then, after reluctantly complying with his mother's wishes, Vic left the mill and went with her to a little farm in another state. The parting from the old mill and his fellow-laborers was sad.

Three long years were spent on the farm. Seemingly things went on all right. Only one thing marred the mother's happiness, and that was Vic's lack of his wonted cheerfulness. Despite her efforts and encouragement, she could not arouse his interest in farm work. A struggle seemed to be going on within him. At night he would lie awake in deep study. One night he would dream of seeing himself standing again beside a massive engine. The sound of the exhaust, the driving-belt, the governor, as with arms outstretched, it gave orders to the invisible energy seeking entrance into the steam-chest, and all conveyed to him the melody of heavenly music. Another night he would dream of inventions, wealth, fame.

Another year passed, and one day Vic, unable to stand the struggle any longer, spoke to his mother. "Mother, I can stay on this farm no longer." There was determination in these words. Back to the mill they went, he to act as second engineer in a larger mill than he had ever worked in before, his mother with great apprehensions. Vic took on his cheerfulness again, and never forgot to sing—

"The great biggest engineer in the land,  
I'm going to be when I'm a man."

He felt that he had again struck the flood-tide that leads on to fortune. Bright visions of the future appeared.

\* \* \* \* \*

One day many years afterwards an old gray-haired man was passing through a beautiful cemetery. Suddenly he was struck with the beauty of two tall, majestic and magnificent monuments standing together, and approaching one of them he read this singular epitaph:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

VIC ADAMS,

INVENTOR, CAPITALIST, OWNER OF THE GREAT BERKSHIRE HALL, UNIVERSALLY RECOGNIZED AS

THE GREATEST AUTHORITY ON

ENGINEERING, AUTHOR,

WHO CAME TO HIS DEATH IN AN EXPLOSION AT HIS  
LARGE PLANT, WOONSOCKET,

AT THE AGE OF FORTY,

JULY 20TH, 1903.

"The great biggest engineer in the land,  
I'm going to be when I'm a man."

"Yes, it is little Amby." Turning to the other monument he tried to read the epitaph there. He read only one word, "Mother," and then with tears in his eyes and choking voice the old man went silently away.

EVELYN'S IDEAL.

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BY RAYMOND C. DUNN.

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As he sat waiting in the parlor, Frank Carver admitted that he was nervous, and his nervousness was not lessened when he heard the rapid click of high-heeled boots in the hall outside, for did he not know that this was the last time for months, and perhaps for years, that he would hear the joyful sound of that footstep, or see the face of the one about to enter the room? Evelyn Cameron was to leave this morning to enter the University, just completed at Ralston, and to be opened for the first time the next day. Since childhood she and Frank Carver had been fast friends, and she had granted him the privilege and pleasure of spending a last half hour with her, and of accompanying her to the station. He was waiting in the parlor long before the appointed hour, and thousands of thoughts of things to say to Evelyn were running through his excited mind. The sound of the high-heeled boots came nearer, his heart beat faster, but all his nervousness was over as the door opened and a rather slim figure entered the room. Frank advanced to meet her with outstretched hand.

"Evelyn," he said, "I'm so glad to see you."

"Why, Frank, you foolish boy; as if you didn't see me until nearly twelve o'clock last night!" she responded, giving his hand a cordial grasp.

"But you know I won't see you again in nearly a year, and possibly not then; and I do hate to see you go where I can't see you. You'll promise to come out to the Carolina-Arleigh foot-ball game that's to be played in Ralston on Thanksgiving, though, won't you? That's

the only chance I'll have to see you until next June, and I think you might come," pleaded Frank earnestly.

"Why, certainly I shall come to the game, and I hope we can give a reception to the two teams that night," she replied.

"But all that is too remotely distant to be thinking of now, and especially when there is more important business on hand. Come, sit here on the sofa, Evelyn. I have something I wish to say to you," said Frank, suddenly changing his tone and becoming very serious.

"Judging by the look on your face, it must be something terrible, Frank, and you haven't much time to devote to 'sad tidings,' for the train won't wait, you know," cautioned Evelyn as she took her seat beside him on the sofa, knowing full well what the "something terrible" was.

"Do be serious for one time, Evelyn, and listen to me. There's no need for me to tell you that I love you, for you already know that, and I've told you so a thousand times. Is there any chance that you will ever care anything for me in the way I wish you to? Be frank, and tell me what you think of me," urged Frank.

"I will be frank. I like you better than any boy I have ever seen, I have the utmost confidence in you, and I trust you implicitly in everything, knowing that you are a perfect gentleman. But, Frank, I shall not tell you that I love you until I really do, for I do not think it is right to tell falsehoods even in 'love affairs,' and I shall never tell a man that I love him until I am sure that I do, and when I tell him so, he may well believe it, for I will truly love him. Now, Frank, do be satisfied with this, trust me, and whenever and whoever I may love, I will tell you of it. Can you do this?"

"Indeed I can, Evelyn, and I thank you for your high opinion of me. I shall wait patiently, loving you whatever happens, and you may always depend on me as your true friend," warmly responded Frank.

"I know I can, Frank, and I shall not hesitate to call on you. Now, let's go to the depot."

\* \* \* \* \*

Frank Carver, in his junior year, was the most popular man at Arleigh College. Tall, straight as an arrow, with broad shoulders and well-shaped limbs, he was the picture of perfect health and the trained athlete. Industrious, quick to learn, with a remarkable memory, affable, kind-hearted, and of a frank, open nature, his college course had been one of repeated successes and continued popularity. Towering as far above his classmates in mental accomplishments as he did above his rivals in athletic contests, he was, indeed, the "giant figure" of college life. Frank Carver as a student presaged what Frank Carver as a man would be. In contests of all kinds he allowed neither himself nor his friends for him to take any unfair advantage of his opponents. In the social life of the Hill, he was called handsome by those whom he liked, while those whom he regarded with a characteristic indifference styled him as "passable." There was a certain indefinable charm about that broad forehead, those laughing brown eyes, and that bristly black hair which fell in uncontrollable locks over either temple in an apparent endeavor to reach his handsome face, that even his enemies could hardly resist. His Senior year was only a continuation of the success of the other three, and as captain of the foot-ball team he was making a record for himself and

college. To-morrow, however, the hardest game of the season was to be played, when the eleven from Arleigh was to meet the 'Varsity team on the gridiron in Ralston. To-night the young ladies of Ralston University are tendering a reception to the members of the two teams.

It had been two years since Frank had last seen Evelyn Cameron at the station that morning, when she had taken her departure for the University, and it was with no little pleasure that he greeted her that evening as she entered the Society hall. She was indeed beautiful as she appeared in evening dress of white chiffon over white taffeta, and with a scarf of white tulle thrown carelessly around her, and no ornament save a tiny rosebud nestling in her hair. Her eyes sparkled with unusual brightness, and upon her cheek there was the ruddy glow of perfect health. The matchless whiteness of her shoulders showed to better advantage through the folds of the filmy scarf, which she gracefully drew about her with tiny hands and fingers long and tapering. Added to her many charms of personal beauty, was a disposition of unlimited sweetness, a character of unbounded nobleness. From the first day of her life at Ralston until now she had found friends among the girls, and had kept them, and by all of them she was conceded the most popular girl with the students of the State University, which was situated on the other side of the city, as well as with the "eligible" young men of the town, and from both these sources she had received marked attention, so far as the stringent rules of the Ralston University would permit. She was a friend to everyone deserving of such a friendship as hers, and her nature was such as to make her a special

confidante, to whom girls and boys alike entrusted the secrets of their "love affairs." Always willing to hear others talk of their loves and lovers, no boy had yet found it an easy task to approach her on the subject of their love for her, and all admirers had received from her hands none but impartial favors, though she was generally credited by her girl friends as being "crazy" over George Dalton, the handsome full-back of the University team, whom she had met soon after coming to Ralston, and who had shown her especial attention. But if the girls were correct in their surmise, George Dalton would doubtless experience a pang of jealousy could he see her in the Society hall now, as she sits near the piano with her elbow gracefully resting upon it and listens intently to what Frank Carver is saying.

"Of course we expect to win," he says; "but I know that it will be the hardest fought battle of the season. By the way, Evelyn, do you remember the fellow who tramped it to Texas with me several years ago? Well, I had almost lost sight of him, and now it happens that he is the very man I am to fight hardest to-morrow; but it is comforting to think that I will meet a gentleman, for no truer man ever lived than George Dalton. He is—but what's the matter, Evelyn? Why such a tell-tale blush? Does the mention of that name bring all the color to your face? Why, I didn't know you knew him, except from what you had heard me say of him?"

"Yes, I met him when I first came here, and he—he's been awfully nice to me, too. I liked him from the first, for I had heard you speak of him so often, and you had told me how noble he was, and how honorable, and he has, indeed, proved himself a friend to me since I've



been here," replied Evelyn, her face suffused with blushes, which she in vain tried to conceal.

"And you are sure that he is no more than a friend, Evelyn?" questioned Frank, eagerly.

"You have no right to ask such a question of me, sir, and I shall not deign a reply to it," answered Evelyn in a rather indignant tone.

"I most sincerely beg your pardon, Evelyn. It's true I had no right to ask such a question of you. However, you promised me the last time I saw you, that if you ever loved any one at any time you would tell me of it, as one friend would tell another. I don't want you to do this, for it would be unjust to you and to the one whom you love. You could not love a man who is more what a man should be than George Dalton. He is the very soul of honor, handsome, talented, and heroic, and any woman should be proud to have him for a husband. I see that you care more for him than you can ever care for me, but I shall not let that make any difference in our friendship, Evelyn, nor in my friendship for Dalton. Neither shall I commit suicide because of it, for you well know that I am not of that kind. I shall not give up the fight until it's at an end, and then—well, no, I shall not be content unless I win you, but then I guess I'll manage it somehow. I hear the bell ringing, which I suppose means that the reception is over. Well, good-night and good-bye, Evelyn. I'm very sorry that I made you mad by my question, and hope that in time you'll forgive me for asking it. You'll be at the game, I suppose?" he asked, as he released her hand.

A simple nod was all he received in answer to his question, and he was gone. Had he looked more closely, though, he perhaps would have seen a trembling lip

and possibly a small, a very small tear. But he did not look.

Three thousand people lined the bleachers and filled the grandstand that Thanksgiving afternoon. The white and blue of Carolina flaunted defiantly in the air, and the crimson and orange of Arleigh answered the defiant wave. The "Yackety yack" that rose on the air from the University supporters found its echo in the "Hi! ho! heigh!" of the Arleigh rooters. The air was cold and crisp, just the day for foot-ball. The whistle blew, the teams trotted forth, Arleigh won the toss, the kick-off was made, and the two teams were lined against each other in battle array. Backward and forward they push and strive. Down the field they rush for gain, now a loss is scored against them. Now the University is hopeful, now Arleigh is encouraged. Carolina scores a touchdown, but fails to kick goal. The whistle blows. The first half is over and Carolina is ahead. Head and shoulders above them all, Frank Carver is seen among his men, encouraging them, coaching them, begging them to win. The whistle sounds again, and the two mighty forces rush against each other. Carolina gives way, and Arleigh advances. Inch by inch they struggle for the ground, but Arleigh goes steadily towards the coveted goal. Over the twenty, the fifteen, the ten-yard line they push. The five-yard line is reached. They line up, they rush, and two yards are gained. Another rush, and they are within one yard of the goal. They line up for a mighty effort. Squirming, pushing, fighting, struggling, the mass of tangled humanity falls, and the goal is reached. The score is tied. Back into the middle of the field again, and the same struggle begins anew. This time Carolina carries the

ball far into the enemy's territory, and things look black for Arleigh. But ten yards stand between Carolina and victory. Another rush makes it four. Now is the crucial moment. A fumble, and the ball goes to Arleigh. But what good will it do them? Will not Carolina force them across the line? Arleigh lines up. "11-16-25-44," comes the signal, and suddenly around the right end of the Carolina line a crimson figure is seen making its way. Frank Carver, with the ball under his arm, is speeding down the field. Carolina recovers and is after him. On and on he runs, line after line he crosses, and in the infinite distance, it seems to him, he sees the last white line. The Carolina line bears down upon him in one solid rank, and close on its heels the Arleigh boys are speeding. The grandstand and bleachers are still; not a sound can be heard save that of the rushing teams. Frank sees the line near at hand. Only a moment more and he will have crossed it. He is within six feet of it. He stumbles, he falls, he rises to his knees, he crawls a foot, he throws out his hands still grasping the ball, and then all is darkness. That mass of struggling humanity fell forward and both teams went down upon Frank Carver. The whistle blows. The game is ended. But who has won?

One by one the players untangle themselves until twenty-one have risen. The other figure lies motionless, almost a shapeless thing, there upon the ground. But his hands still grasp the ball, and firmly, though unconsciously, hold it well beyond the line. Frank Carver has won his game, but has he lost his life?

"MONTE VISTA, COL., April 10, 1902.

"DEAR EVELYN:—It has been almost six months since that awful Thanksgiving day, and since that, to me, more awful night when you became so indignant at my question. I suppose I should not write to you now, but as I have left the world and all its pleasures since my awful mishap, and will very probably never see you again, I will write, even at the risk of your displeasure. Had I not been killed as it were that day, I would have stayed in Carolina and fought a manful fight for your hand. But as soon as the doctors told me that I would be a hunchback for life, I knew that all was over. What can a woman care for a man who is a shapeless mass of flesh and bone? How can a woman love a hunchback? She would be ashamed of his distorted figure, she would laugh at his deformed shape. I could not stay and face you as I was. I loved you too well to ask you to share my unhappy life. I hope you will marry Dalton, and that you will be happy. He is not a man as men are, but as they should be. He is a gentleman, and that is the best thing that can be said of any man. \* \* \* When I was under that mass of players my last thought was of you, while I was unconscious I thought that you were by my side, when I regained consciousness you were the first one of whom I thought. When I die you will be last in my thoughts as you will, while I am living, be first in my love. Now, Evelyn, please do not be angry with me for having written as I have, for friendship alone prompted it, and I want you to receive it in a friendly way. Good bye, Evelyn, and may God bless you is the prayer I shall always pray.

"Sincerely yours,

FRANK CARVER."

"Oh, why did he ever leave me like this? What do I care for his hunchback, just so I have him? What does it matter if he is misshapen and deformed? I'd love him all the more for it. And he asks me to marry George Dalton. If he only knew how I love him, and have loved him all the time, he would not be so cruel. What made me treat him as I did that night? What a fool a woman makes of herself when she tries to make a man jealous! I tried it, and now I have lost him. Shall I write to him and ask him to come to me? How

I would like to, but this foolish pride of mine will not let me. How I love him! How I want him now! Frank! O, Frank!"

They were indeed bitter tears that Evelyn Cameron wept that night—tears of sorrow, of love and of loss.

It was commencement day at Ralston University, and the auditorium was packed to its utmost capacity. Seven sweet girl graduates graced the stage in front, and behind them the grand chorus of the University stood. The President's address had been made, and now the essays of the graduates were to be read. One by one they were cheered as the audience heard their productions. The last one is called by the President and comes to the front of the stage. With long, flowing gown of regulation make and color falling gracefully to her feet, with the jaunty four-cornered cap resting lightly on her head, and the white collar peeping above the gown and lending it effect, Evelyn Cameron on her graduation day made a pretty picture.

In low tones she began her essay, announcing as her subject, "Woman and Her Ideals." One by one she took up various ideals and discussed them from a woman's point of view—her ideal work, her ideal scholar, her ideal life, her ideal woman, and woman's ideal man. It was on this last phase of her subject that she reached the climax of her essay. Her voice became clearer, her tone more convincing. "Woman," she declared, "seeks her ideal man not in the feminine face of the prattling sissy, nor yet does she expect to find him in the garb of a dressy dude. Woman is a rational being, and looks deeper than the outward show; looks into the very heart and soul and character of man, and there she must find her ideal. A handsome face has fasci-

nated her, but without character back of it, it has never won a true woman's love. Distorted, misshapen, deformed in body he may be, woman may yet find her beau ideal in him when such a man is endowed with character, nobility, manhood, courage and intellect. Picture to yourself the college athlete—tall, straight as an arrow, with broad shoulders and well-shaped limbs, affable, kind-hearted, industrious, gentle, noble and true. He stands before the world the very embodiment of manly strength and courage. The day comes when his college calls him to do his best for her, and in the midst of the struggle he goes down, maimed for life, but victorious still. What true woman would turn aside from such a man because of his affliction? What manner of woman would it be to refuse him her hand because his form was slightly bent? The frame is slightly scarred, the man is still the same. Away with those fallacies of fiction which credit woman with none but a superficial ideal! Could man but reach her mind's ideal, he would be a man indeed. A woman's love is a sacred thing, and none but a true man is deserving of it. Give a man honesty, give him courage, give him gentleness, and kindness, and unselfishness, endow him with intellect, with capacity, with will; and to all these add character, and in this person woman will find her ideal man."

It was adjudged the prize essay, and Evelyn Cameron's production appeared in the daily papers throughout the State. What if a copy of a paper in which it appeared happened to make its way to a far off Colorado town? Surely there was nothing strange in this. What if certain sentences in the essay were marked with blue lines? Editors and authors often do this. Yes; Frank

Carver, now almost straight as ever, saw, and read, and understood. That morning the operator at the little town of Monte Vista was unusually busy, and the first messages for a week were passing over the line.

Evelyn Cameron sat in her room reading a message. "Am I to take hope? Did you mean me? May I come?" it read; and hours afterward Frank Carver was on his way to Carolina, and as he sat by the window of the car he read for the hundredth time a telegram bearing the simple word "Come."

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DECEMBER

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BY GERHARDT.

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The brook is asleep 'neath the icy thrall  
Of winter's sovereign sway;  
The broom-sedge waves o'er the myriad graves  
Of the violet beds of May.  
The trees stand bare in the crispy air  
Against the landscape drear;  
In the darkening sky the stars declare  
The twilight of the year.

## ECHOES FROM SUNNY CUBA.

BY JAMES M. JUSTICE.

The world has paid Cuba little attention up to the last decade, but to-day it is regarded by many as the most fertile spot of land of its size on the globe. The island measures from east to west seven hundred and fifty miles, and averages sixty in width. For the most part it is rolling, but there are mountains in the eastern part almost equal in size to those of Western North Carolina, and they are in some respects more beautiful. This is to be accounted for from the fact that they are covered with tall grass, royal palms and mahogany. It is passing grand to view from one of the peaks some distance inland the ocean as it rolls its breakers on the coast for a stretch of twenty-five miles.

The vegetation is luxuriant. It is not an uncommon sight to see the grass as high as your head on horseback. For cattle-raising the country far surpasses Texas. The production of sugar is the leading industry. The finest tobacco of the world is grown here. Bananas, cocoanuts, oranges, mangoes and many other fruits grow in abundance. Wood is very scarce, being worth eleven dollars a cord. Cooking is done altogether on little grates with charcoal. Lunch is served at seven, breakfast from eleven to one, and dinner between five and seven.

The natives are very ignorant, indolent and proud. In the country they live in bark houses with thatched roofs, dirt floors, chickens, pigs, dogs and children all dwelling together. You may frequently see a man ride into a store on his horse to be waited upon. Many of the poor natives sleep in hammocks strung to the raft-



ers of their houses. This makes covering unnecessary, as they do not disrobe themselves. They have few books to read, no lights, and literally go to sleep with the chickens.

The people are divided into four classes—the pure-blooded Spaniards, the African negroes brought here as slaves centuries ago, the mulattoes and the white Cubans. The Spaniards are a very proud and conceited people. They absolutely refuse to be taught by Americans, but rather think that they should teach us. The young ladies are very fond of flattery. Their highest and only ambition is to get married, and they don't know how to say "No." If an American makes love to them they are all the happier to smile upon him. When a girl reaches fourteen her school days are over. She has reached the age when she should be wooed. Her suitor is kept on the street the first year talking through the bars of the window. Then he is allowed to come on the inside, but he must do all his courting in the presence of the family. Never is he allowed to be seen on the street with his "*dulce bien*" unless they have a chaperone. After two years they may become engaged. Four years more and he gets his Rachel. Woe unto him if he is found playing a part, for Spanish chivalry permits no such thing. When the engagement is made it is celebrated with a feast and made public. After the marriage the mother-in-law and all the relatives for two generations consider themselves at liberty to come into the home when it pleases their mind and stay as long as they choose.

The cities are built in solid blocks, according to the Moorish style of architecture. The streets are very narrow and the sidewalks barely wide enough for one.

The windows all have bars, and look like so many prisons. The houses are beautifully furnished. Each city has from one to three little parks called plazas. They are very pretty, and at early twilight the people "dress all in their best" and throng hither to hear the music and to promenade. This is the place to see gay colors in dress and an abundance of powder. Often you may see well-dressed people riding about the city in a cab at evening whom you know to be very poor, and have gone without their supper, all to impress you that they are wealthy.

The island is beginning to have fairly good railroad facilities. When you start out for a trip through the country you take your horse with you on the train as far as you can go, paying the same fare for your pony as for yourself. If you want to be sure of a shelter at nightfall it is necessary to carry your machete, with which to cut the grass to build the house.

The people are proud of their independence, and are greatly pleased at their manifest ability to govern themselves. The United States did much for the country during the four years it held it, in the way of building roads and laying sewers. The Cubans will never forgive us for making them clean up, but they are not allowed to let things become untidy again. The government is very well administered, but the taxes are unfair. Land is not taxed at all, consequently the poorer classes have to pay the revenue to run affairs. It speaks well for them that as yet there have been almost no robberies or scandals.

At times politics are exciting. There are two parties—the Liberals, who are very conservative, and the Radicals, who are very extreme, their cry being "Cuba

for Cubans." It is impossible to say what the will of the majority is with reference to the annexation of the island to the United States. Many views prevail, and it will take time to tell what is best for the people. If the loan of \$35,000,000 is secured the army can be paid and prosperity will reign in the land.

The school system started by our government is well kept up, but the teachers are inefficient and backward. There is a bright future for this country. It is sure to produce the cattle for eastern America in the future, as well as much of the sugar and honey. Land sells from ten to twenty dollars per acre. Both American and foreign capitalists are investing rapidly. Religiously the outlook is very encouraging. The natives hate Spain and all that is Spanish. The war left the country in chaos. Just now is a transition period. The priests are frequently called buzzards, though they are beginning to regain their hold on the people. The Baptists have by far the strongest hold on the island. They have the work under way in all the cities and in many of the small towns. The only hope of the people lies in the children, consequently most of the efforts to help them are made through the Sunday schools and house to house visits. Many more want to join the churches than are received. They do not realize what it is to be converted, but get repentance confused with pennance in the Catholic church. Our missionaries are trying to do their work while it is day.

THE BIG LEAP.

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BY CLEMENT T. GOODE.

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The upper portion of Broad river valley, though greatly changed from its primeval state, still presents many scenes mildly and picturesquely beautiful. Not far from where the river flows from out the mountains it passes on its left bank a stupendous rock which rises almost perpendicularly from the water's edge to the height of one hundred feet or more. Being easy of access from the landward side it has become famous as a resort for pleasure parties. At its base the river bed is covered with fragments of rock of almost every conceivable shape and size. Over these the current of the river runs swiftly, and at times makes rather a peculiar sound. Sometimes when the wind is high the sound approaches very near to a human wail.

A few centuries ago the country thereabout was the home of a tribe of Indians, a branch of the great Cherokee nation. Just above the rock mentioned above, called by them the Big Leap, was a village some two hundred strong. Of an evening after the day's hunt was over, you might have seen near the centre of the village a group of braves sitting around their chief, discussing the day's hunt and laying plans for the morrow. Grouped around them were the lads of the village, some nearly old enough to participate in the chase themselves, all listening eagerly to the conversations of their elders. Then if you had cared to leave the group to themselves and walk quite out to the edge of the village, there you would have seen, doubtless, a young Indian sitting alone by the door of his hut. If I judge you rightly

you could not but have stood in wonder and admiration at the beauty and comeliness of his figure, and the thoughtful, solemn air pictured on his face.

This young Indian, Moquan, was never seen with the other lads as they listened to the huntsman's talks, though doubtless he longed for that privilege. Nor was he prohibited by any order in council; his sensitive nature told him that something else was necessary first. For a slight offence his father had been disgraced and driven from his tribe, so he felt it his duty to erase, by some great deed, the stigma upon his father's memory. He was confident in his powers and but waited an opportunity; for he had been reared by skilled and loving hands—hands that knew full well the requisites for an Indian brave. With this careful training, together with his great natural ability, he was easily the peer—and so the ideal—of his companions. To be sure he had no lack of companions. To give credence to their stories he could almost beat the arrow shot from his own bow. In wrestling, the old black bear himself was afraid to try a bout with him; and when the toes of their own moccasins had knocked to the ground the stick poised upon the heads of two of the tallest warriors, over which they were trying to jump, he would tell them to raise the stick to arm's length, and with all ease he would clear it at a bound. Of course, such prowess could not long be kept secret. It reached the ears of the old chief. He, always eager to increase his list of warriors, summoned all his people to the rallying grounds to witness the contests of the young Indians in feats of strength and agility. To these games Moquan came; and, as he walked down the lines, many a murmur of approval went up from the admiring crowd.

Without giving in detail the history of the games, suffice it to say that Moquan came off victorious in all. The old chief was pleased beyond measure. The old disgrace of his father seemed forgotten altogether. The chief invited him to visit his tent as much and as often as he saw fit.

The old chief had one beautiful daughter, Wanita. Moquan in visiting the tent met the lass. They became well acquainted. Evening after evening they might have been seen chatting gaily inside the tent, or more often roaming up and down the little nearby stream that ran but a short distance to the river itself. As might be expected, they became very much attached to each other. One evening they sat on the banks of the little stream until the nearly-setting sun shone full upon them; neither one gay, both thoughtful and earnest, they, in their own Indian way, which was doubtless all the more sweet to them, pledged to each other that divine passion that is no more a stranger to the red man's breast than to the white's.

With no other thought than that of approval, Moquan approached his chief to make known his desire to him. The chief was at first surprised, for he had long harbored the thought that he would give Wanita to a neighboring chief to insure peace between the two tribes. Then, calling to mind the disgrace of Moquan's father, with the thoughts of being baffled in his purpose, he gave himself over to a fit of passion. In his rage he pronounced a double disgrace on the young Indian, and bade him leave his tribe forever.

Days passed away. Moquan was being forgotten. In the meanwhile Wanita had been closely watched by her father. By and by she began to chafe under the con-

straint. The confinement was telling on her health. Fearing for her, the old chief gave her a little more freedom. One evening she escaped his vigilance altogether and wandered back to the little stream. She sat down on its bank where many a time she had sat with Moquan. In the deep desolation that seemed to settle down upon her she began to chant a wild, weird song, the substance of which was an invocation to the Great Spirit to watch over and care for Moquan. The song ended, she stood up, and by her side once again stood Moquan, with the same old look of tenderness that she had noted from the very first. Her first thought was for his safety. "Fly!" she cried. "Let not my father see you here!"

At mention of the word "father" his countenance changed, a crimson flush came over his face, for he had not forgotten the stinging words of the old chief. However, the change was but momentary. Standing up straight and tall, with one arm stretched toward the west, he answered, "Moquan goes, and when gone the North Wind shall blow warm before he returns. But does not Wanita long for Moquan? Will she not go, too? How is the arm of Moquan weak that it can not shield? Where the great sun rests on the earth the race of Wanita and Moquan might live and be strong. Will she not go?"

For a minute the girl looked on almost in wonder without saying a word. Then grasping his arm she pointed to the woods, into which he strode with her still clinging to his arm, neither speaking a word.

They had been gone but a short while when Wanita's absence from the village was noted. Two or three traced her to the bank of the stream, where they saw

that other tracks were mingled with hers. The circumstance was plain enough. The disgraced Indian had returned and taken her away with him. A hunting party was quickly organized and started in pursuit.

Moquan expected pursuit, so he took measures to cover his flight as much as possible. Making a short circle through the woods he returned to the little stream and waded down it to the river; thence he proceeded on down until Wanita was almost worn out with walking on the rough river bed. He climbed upon the bank, but had hardly set foot upon dry soil, when he heard a shout from up stream. He knew that his pursuers were coming down stream, a party on either side. Snatching up the tired Wanita in his arms he started on the run for the Big-Leap. He reached it in safety, laid down his burden, and turned to confront his pursuers. A shout of triumph went up from them as they saw him thus cooped. They began to taunt him. "Dog," said they, "did you think to steal the beautiful Wanita from her people?" "Coward, that takes a woman to share his fall."

Wanita had sprung to her feet and was clinging to Moquan. He bent his head to her for an instant and whispered. She shuddered and bowed her head as if in assent. Throwing his left arm around her he raised his head proudly and said, with a smile of scorn:

"Vultures, do you think Moquan's body is for you? Yes, you would even tear the flesh of the beautiful Wanita. The Great Spirit wills it otherwise. Look and see."

And with a triumphant wave of his right arm he leaped backward over the edge of the rock into the water below, still holding in his arms the beautiful Indian lass.



Despite the rage of the old chief a cheer long and loud went up from every throat. He was no longer their enemy; he was again their loved comrade and leader, and she his beautiful Manitou.

They rushed to the edge of the rock and peered over in time to see Wanita raise her arms but once and let them fall. She had fallen across his body as if on purpose by him, that his own body might feel the cutting rocks first and deepest.

The swift water soon bore their bodies down stream. In so doing it gave forth the wailing sound that at times is repeated till this day.

## CHRISTMAS AMONG THE DARKIES.

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BY JO PATTON.

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Hit's Christmas times in de quarters, de tools done put  
in de shed,  
De punkin pie lookin' temptin', while de wine am er  
sparklin' red;  
De rabbits am friskin' an' dancin' in de snow w'ats  
fallin' deep,  
An' Mr. Coon am kwiled up in de gum stump fas'  
ersleep.

Santa Claus am comin' at midnight jes fer sho,  
Ter fill de chilluns' stockings' dat am hangin' in er ro';  
O, ebey ting am happy, haint nothin' gwine wrong  
W'en its Christmas in de quarters wif its hallujah song!

Den fetch down de banjo, Caleb, an' let us hab er chune,  
Fer hit's time ter git ter dancin' wif de risin' er de  
moon;  
Take down de dusty fiddle an' rosin' up de bow,  
Pull off yer coat, roll up yer sleeves an' let dat music go!

Fall into line, you niggers, an' *walk fas'* fer de cake,  
Twel de ceilin' split wide open an' de earf get skeered  
and quake;  
Den ketch yer true love by de arm an' swing her roun'  
an' roun',  
Twel de roosters crow fer mornin', w'en de fros' shine  
on de groun'!

Den we'll gedder roun' de table whah we gwinter hab  
er fea's,

W'en de banjo done quit talkin' an' de dancin' done an'  
cease';

An' we'll eat an' eat togedder twel we heah ol' massa say,  
"Git out ter wuk, you niggers, done los' er ha'f er day."

You can talk erbout de glory er de manshions in de sky,  
But dey shorely ca'nt tetch Christmas wif its steamin'  
possum pie.

O, ebey ting am smilin', hain't nuffin gwine wrong

W'en its Christmas in de quarters wif its hallujah song.

## HIS FIRST FLAME.

BY GERHARDT.

A mist hung over the great city like a gray shroud. Inside the parlors of the Bachelor's Club the chandeliers glistened like gold in the bright light. A roaring fire added to the appearance of homeliness which pervaded the place, and seemed to deny flatly the assertion that there is no place like home.

The room was dense with smoke, coming from briar-woods, cigars and cigarettes like so many smouldering volcanoes emptying their dense breath into the air. The men were grouped about tables reading papers or engaged in animated conversation over punch-bowls. In one corner a party of four were having a quiet game of whist. In utter contrast to this jolly company a man somewhat younger than the rest of his fellows sat in a secluded spot gazing dejectedly out of the window at the passers-by in the street below.

The wrinkles crept about his eyes and he frowned as he watched the moving mass of humanity. They were all strangers to him. Indeed, he himself was a stranger in his native town. He had left it to go to college, and after graduating he had not returned but gone to a distant State to make his fortune and a name in the legal profession. He had succeeded beyond his most sanguine hopes, and now at the age of thirty-four he stood as one of the legal lights of his adopted State and a promising candidate for political honors.

But what did it all amount to? In his ambition to succeed he had forgotten all save the desire to win wealth and fame, and now that he had them both he was dissatisfied—with himself and the world in general. It was due to this feeling that he found himself on this

dismal Christmas eve night again in his native town. He had hoped to feel again the same joys that he used to know when he was planning his career and saving his small salary to complete his education. And he hoped perhaps to see some familiar face and feel again the warm grasp of an old acquaintance's hand, but they were all aliens in the moving sea below.

He was wholly resolved to throw himself into the hilarious, jovial circle around him, and forget himself totally for the while, when by chance he glanced across the street and observed a bright little face which beamed at him for an instant with a smile of recognition and then disappeared into a hansom which immediately moved rapidly down the street. For an instant his mind was a blank, but after groping around in the misty chambers of his recognition garret he fished out the right name—Elizabeth Barkelew, a girl whom he had half-way believed he loved, but that was long ago, when he was of the susceptible age, and in achieving his ambition he had forgotten her.

The sight of her face had drawn before him so many pleasant memories that he determined, if possible, to see if any of the fires remained smouldering, and so he drew on his ulster and passed out into the street. Some way, he did not know exactly, his feet seemed to be on familiar ground, and after turning many corners and walking for a long time he paused before the brilliantly-lighted house. His heart began to quake as he ascended the steps, for fear that the recognition had been only imaginary, and that he still remained a stranger, but when a moment later he sat in the parlor and saw the same figure on the threshold he knew he was not mistaken.

"Why, Maurice, you don't know how glad I am to see

you; I knew you would come, though when I saw you at the window you looked so woe-begone that I really found myself smiling at you before I knew it. Now, tell me all about yourself and what you have been doing since you have been gone."

It was no hard matter for him to talk to her. In fact, that was one reason he had liked her so; she always made him feel so much at home when he went to see her.

No, she was not married. And he, too, was still single. How funny. And they both laughed.

What a funny old world they lived in, anyway, that it should toss them about for so long a time and then bring them back again this way.

"Would you like to help us play Santa Claus for the children?" she asked, pointing to a gaily-decked Christmas tree in the corner of the room.

"Why, certainly."

They began to unwrap a large pile of packages which lay at the foot of the tree and fasten them to the branches. When they had finished they stood for a moment gazing at its beauty.

"And now, will you let me put a little gift on the tree for you?" he asked.

"Why, yes, if you like," she replied.

He drew from his pocket a dainty little gold heart and carefully tied it on the tree.

"It is a little battered, but still a good heart," he apologized painfully. "It has been yours for a long time, but I did not know it until to-night. Will you accept it?"

A crimson flush spread over her face, and she stood gazing steadily at the floor. "I guess I will have to say it is a good heart."

## THE CAROLINA GUN-POWDER PLOT.

BY WALTER SIKES.

No war of modern times has more adventure and romance than the American Revolution. It did not begin as a national movement, for there was no central power to direct it. The reins of the colonial governments were in the hands of loyalists. Resistance began in localities, and in no locality was this resistance earlier or more dramatic than among the Scotch-Irish, among whom it is said no Tory was found. These people had settled along the Appalachian Range, and large numbers of them had come from Pennsylvania and Virginia into Western North Carolina after the terrible defeat of Braddock in 1755. Mecklenburg County, in North Carolina, was settled by them. Here lived these people when William Tryon became Governor of North Carolina. Governor Tryon was the most remarkable among the colonial governors. Polished, gracious in his manners, affable in his dealings, he formed around him a strong loyal party. But these western counties saw little of their governor, for his capital was more than three hundred miles from them. Consequently in these parts his party was not strong.

Early in 1771 the Regulator troubles began. Men in Orange County and in many other parts of the State complained that the county officers who were appointees of the Governor were cruel and unjust in their exactions. Exorbitant taxes were levied by his Sheriffs, unjust fees were collected by his Clerks, and all these things were done in a ruthless manner. The resistance by the Regulators became so sharp and disturbing that

the Governor's party authorized him to call out troops and march into Orange County and quell these disturbances, to assist the Sheriffs in collecting taxes and the Judges in holding Courts. Governor Tryon took command of the troops from the east and marched toward the scenes of disturbance. In the meantime Col. Hugh Waddell, who was the ranking officer of the colony, was ordered to go into the counties of Mecklenburg and Rowan, take command of the militia and form a conjunction with the Governor at the places of disturbance about Hillsboro. Waddell was well known and much beloved in this section. He had erected and been in charge of Fort Dobbs, near Salisbury.

To carry out the campaign the Governor had ordered ammunition and supplies to be brought from Charleston by way of Charlotte, in Mecklenburg County, to Hillsboro. Col. Waddell was to supply his troops from this store. The wagons brought these supplies from Charleston to Charlotte, but at this place they were delayed. Wagons could not be secured to carry them further. Finally Moses Alexander agreed to deliver the powder. Governor Tryon was marching towards Hillsboro, and Col. Waddell was waiting at Salisbury for its arrival, when he would march to join the Governor.

In that portion of Mecklenburg, now Cabarrus, there was no organized body of Regulators, but there were many sympathizers. It was noised throughout the county, especially in the neighborhood of old Rocky River Presbyterian Church, that the supply wagons were in Charlotte and would soon pass along the highway in that community to be delivered to Col. Waddell in Salisbury. There was a gathering of the neighbors



at a house-raising and log-rolling. Among those who were there were three sons of James White. The company was talking about the wagons, when finally one of the young Whites asked if it would be wrong to destroy this ammunition that the King intended to use to the hurt of their friends. The prevailing sentiment was that it would be treasonable and dangerous. The gathering broke up and the country folks returned to their homes, but the White boys were not convinced that it would be any great wrong to interfere with the transit of these supplies. They talked it over with some other young fellows till finally they agreed to undertake a rather bold adventure. The three White boys, James, John and William, and their brother-in-law, Robert Caruthers, with Robert Davis, Benjamin Cochrane, James Ashmore, Joshua Hadley and William White—son of the widow White—bound themselves by a terrible oath of secrecy not to expose each other and to undertake to destroy these wagons.

They met at the house of elder Mr. White, who was absent, blacked themselves beyond recognition, and started on their expedition. On the way they met Mr. White, the father, who had been to the mill in his two-horse wagon. He did not recognize them. They demanded the horses, but the old man protested that his bags would be destroyed if left there. They promised to return the horses next morning. The bags they threw on the top of some boulders that stand to this day by the road-side, and on their way the "Black Boys" went.

When they came into the great highway leading from Charlotte to Salisbury the wagons had just passed on. It was toward evening; soon the wagons would go into camp at old Phifer camping ground a few miles fur-

ther on, where there was a good spring and large trees. This was the place and time agreed upon for the attack. The wagoners would be caring for their horses, the guard, which was small, would be off the watch making ready for supper, and the capture would be easy. The predictions were true. Some say the attack was made just at dark, while others maintain it was just at dawn. Anyhow, the attack was successful, the guard was not watching, and the whole outfit fell an easy prey to the boys. There was no resistance, for the surprise was too complete.

They broke in the heads of the powder kegs and poured the powder in one great heap, scattered the flints, and tore the blankets into strips and laid them on the heap. Then a long train of powder was laid, the crowd fell back, and James White fired his pistol into the train. The explosion was tremendous, and the neighbors thought it was an earthquake. James White was the only one hurt. A stave hit him on the head leaving a long scar. The wagons and the guards were told to move on, and the boys returned home. Around the old spring to this day the flints may be gathered.

Col. Waddell never received his powder, and determined to march without it. But a council of war was held and he learned that his troops were not in sympathy with his enterprise. Many of them vowed not to fight the Regulators, so he fell back to his camp and took no part in the Battle of Alamance. When this news was brought to Tryon he led his troops forward and defeated the Regulators without the assistance of Col. Waddell, who was doubtless very glad that he was absent.

The secret was so well kept that no one knew for some

time who had been the heroes of such an adventure. The authorities offered rewards, and Moses Alexander, who had charge of the convoy, was relentless in his efforts to find out the guilty parties. An offer of pardon was promised to any of the number who would turn King's evidence. Ashmore and Hadley were half brothers. They were of the same type of character. Each without the knowledge of the other decided to accept the pardon and reveal the other members of the plot. Both met on the threshold of Moses Alexander's porch. Alexander accepted their report and then said of them that by virtue of the Governor's proclamation they were both pardoned, but that they were the first that ought to be hanged.

The Battle of Alamance was fought on May 16, 1771, so Col. Waddell's powder must have been burned about the first of May. On June 11 Governor Tryon issued various pardons, but made an exception of "all those concerned in blowing up General Waddell's ammunition in Mecklenburg County." Eleven days later James Ashmore appeared before Th. Polk and exposed the whole plot in the following deposition, which tells the whole story in a few words:

"The deposition of James Ashmore, of full age, who being voluntarily sworn on the holy Evangelists and Almighty God, voluntarily deposeth and saith that he, this deponent, with a number of other persons, was convened at Andrew Logan's old plantation in consequence of advertisement [set up by James McCaul, as it was said], when and where this deponent was accosted by one James White, Jun., to know whether this deponent thought it any harm to burn the powder then

carrying through the county aforesaid, to the army then under the command of General Hugh Waddell, to which this deponent made answer that according to the Reports passing of the Governor & his officers, that he did not think the bare burning of the powder any harm; and that then this Deponent went Home & the Day following between the Hours of ten and eleven o'Clock, in the forenoon, this Deponent quit work on his plantation "and went to look for his Horses; when about" three-quarters of a mile from his House this Deponent was met by six men disguised in the Road, who in appearance resembled Indians, but after some time was distinctly spoke to by the aforementioned James White, who insisted on this Deponent to go with them, who after some persuasion consented in part & then went Home with his Horses & after returned with Joshua Hadley to a place about half a mile from this Deponent's House where were assembled with himself, to-wit, James White, Jun'r., John White, Jun'r., William White, Robert Caruthers, Robert Davis, Benjamin Cochrane, Joshua Hadley, & William White, son of the widow White, who all went thence disguised to Capt. Phifer's old muster ground where they found & stopped the Waggon and inquired for the powder that was carrying to Gen'l Waddell, where in the wagon belonging Col. Alexander they found the powder & took it out of the Waggon, broke open the Hogsheads & Kegs that contained the powder, & set the same on Fire & destroyed some blankets, leggins, Kettles and other things and then dispersed soon after, having, at this Deponent Joining of them, sworn him to secrecy, as they informed him they all were before, and further this Deponent sayeth not.

JAMES ASHMORE."

"Taken, sworn & subscribed before me, this 22d June,  
1771. THOS. POLK."

—C. R., Vol. VII, 622.

In November 27, 1771, a petition was presented to Governor Martin asking for the pardon of the young men. The Governor refused it on the ground that Governor Tryon had already laid this offense before the King, and that he would await the royal pleasure.

Another petition asking for their pardon was signed by a "number of the Distressed Inhabitants of Rocky River & Coddle Creek Settlement in Mecklenburg County." These petitioners say that the young men without the least knowledge, advice or consent of any parent or friend, did rashly and inconsiderately destroy the ammunition of General Waddell and the property of Col. Moses Alexander, and that their "parents & friends are drowned in sorrows and the unhappy perpetrators truly and deeply afflicted."

The Governor was willing to grant these pardons, and so was the Crown, but the Crown wrote the Governor that the proper way to secure the pardon was for the Assembly, which had already requested the pardon, to pass a bill. So the King, the Governor, and the Assembly were willing to pardon the young men. But as late as 1773 the pardon had not been issued for the reason, as the Governor said, that the Assembly passed a bill which the Upper House rejected because the Assembly had not made so many exceptions as the Upper House wanted. The Governor there added in his letter that it would probably be passed later, but that it was healthful to the administrator of justice to have some danger impending over them.

By this time the Assembly had about ceased to ask

pardon from the King for any offense. But during these years the boys were not permitted to live in peace, with the exception of Ashmore, and probably Hadley.

The rest of the "Black Boys," as they have since been called, had to flee the country. They went to the far South in Georgia. So successfully did they elude the officials that the authorities despaired of getting them into their grasp. Then offers, or rather insinuations of pardon were made, and they returned. When Moses Alexander heard that they had returned he secured a posse and started in search of them. The posse went to the house of the father and surrounded it. Caruthers, the son-in-law, was in the house. The posse gathered and placed a guard at each door and window, but at one door was placed a man who wished Caruthers to escape. All was darkness in the house. This man whispered to Mrs. White that if anyone should come out his door he would not see him. Out into the darkness leaped Caruthers, hot behind him came the pursuers. Caruthers made straight for Rocky River and plunged into it and so escaped them.

At another time the loyalists heard that some of the boys were at work in the harvest field. They set out to arrest them. But there was always in the party some friend who gave the signal, and in this way they eluded the searching parties. At one time they pursued Robert Davis so closely that he leaped his horse over a thirty-foot precipice into a river, swam across, and from the other side defied them to follow him. And so they were followed from covert to covert, but had they been arrested friends would have rescued them, for whenever it was learned that efforts were on foot to arrest, counter moves were made by their friends.

When the final declaration of independence was made, then and not till then were they safe. Each joined the patriotic party, and James White became an officer. He had the pleasure of crossing bayonets with the British when the latter found the Hornet's Nest at Charlotte. He was with Graham and Locke in these sharp, short battles.

As for Ashmore and Hadley, the traitors, the oath-breakers, a watchful Nemesis followed them. The imprecations of the oath were almost literally fulfilled. Ashmore fled the country and died a miserable death, alone and unbefriended. Hadley did not leave the country, but had few friends. He was given to intemperance, and often in his mad moods would drive his wife and children from the house out into the darkness of the night. One night a crowd of men, among whom were some of the "Black Boys," arrayed themselves in the attire of women, went to his house, pulled him out of his bed, drew his shirt over his head, and gave him a severe whipping.

But what a change was to take place in North Carolina soon! Governor Tryon left the colony very soon after the fatal day of Alamance, May 16, 1771, and the very men who commanded his troops on that day organized troops to join the army of Washington in 1776. Some of the very men who had so ruthlessly pursued the "Black Boys," now issued the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, and with them were the "Black Boys."

These "Black Boys" of Cabarrus were the most consistent rebels in the colony. Caswell and the leaders at Alamance put down the Regulator insurrection, and then four years later implored the Regulators to join a

party to resist the Governor and the King. The Regulators refused to join a party that had stood against them, though many did join the army later. But the "Black Boys" in 1776 were fighting for their principles of 1771. Not Alamance nor Moore's Creek nor Lexington, but here in the forests of Middle Carolina was that blade unsheathed that knew not its scabbard till Yorktown had come. Let honor be given to the brave "Black Boys" of Cabarrus.



## STORIETTE DEPARTMENT.

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### RECIPROCITY.

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BY J. P.

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It was down a rocky mountain road that wound its way through a labyrinth of blossoming laurel, that a negro rode, slowly chanting the refrain of "Down in the Cornfield."

His long legs scraped the ground on either side of the scrawny, stumbling beast which he called his "thorough-bred." "Black John" was a negro of the old, antebellum type, and the best cake-walker in the mountains of North Carolina.

John's business was horse-trading. His wife solemnly declared that he was so black that she had to put his head under the pot every morning in order that day might break. Nevertheless he was an absolute necessity at every country frolic, and was sought for miles around.

His beast jogged on under its burden, with tongue extended and head and tail drooping, as if pondering the thoughts of a better world.

"Hello, John!" cried Col. Moore, who had just ridden up.

"Wall ef dat ain't Mars Moore! Say, look heah, boss, I jes traded fer dis critter tudder day, an' hit peer lak he am kinder erristercratick. Peer lak he gotter curryus stomick. S'm-how he don' peer ter rellish co'n stalks an' shucks as he orter. Boss, he am sadly er

needin' some meal er bran. An', ter tell de truf, boss, yer ol' uncle am er needin' some likewise ter put er good taste in he mouf onct mo'. Can't yer help de ol' man er little?"

"Just go along and parch you some corn and eat it, John—I've done it many a time," replied Col. Moore teasingly, as he rode on by.

"Nebber do yer min', massa; I'ze gwinter git eben wi' yer yit, yer jes see 'f I don't." John continued his favorite song, and his nag, the result of the evolution of many a trade, was finally put to rest in his crude stable with the job before it of masticating corn-stalks.

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It was a bright morning a week later. "Old John" was seated on a stump in front of his cabin picking his banjo for the amusement of a lap full of piccaninies, when Col. Moore rode up hurriedly.

"John, I'm clear out of wood. Go down and cut me a little, and I'll give you a quarter." Old John looked up with a broad grin playing around his huge mouth, and slowly replied, "Jes go er-long back an' pick yer up a load er sticks an' burn 'um, boss—I'ze don' hit a many er time." Then he placidly resumed the strains of "Down in the Cornfield."

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## A BEGGAR.

BY ZERO.

For centuries begging has been a profession, and, I might add, a fine art. But its tendency, of course, is to degrade mankind; hence, most large cities have rigid laws against begging, and a conscientious man can not but ask himself, when he has stopped to listen to a pitiful tale, "If I give this beggar money, will he go

to a bakery, or to a bar-room?"—or, "Do I give a cup of cold water or a glass of whiskey?"

A long time ago I felt some doubt about parting with my last dime when a fellow approached me on a crowded street and asked for money. He said that he came to America from England a year before. In less than a month his father had to return to England. Shortly after his father's departure their little home, with all they had, was burned, and his mother was so burned and frightened that she died a day or two after the fire. "When she kissed me good-bye," he continued, "she told me to take care of grandmother, but I haven't been able to get work and father has never returned, and now, sir, we live in a cellar and poor grandmother is dying from hunger and cold. Do help us a little."

I was touched, and fumbled in my pocket for my dime. I slipped it into his hand, but as I did so an iron-faced policeman who stood by, took his arm and marched him off.

For several days the ragged, shivering figure and the earnest face haunted me. But like a dream it all vanished; and, without a reminder of some kind, never would have crossed my mind again. But a month or two months—I don't know just how long afterwards—I was trudging along through the snow, when I struck up with a friend—I took him to be; but for the life of me I couldn't recall his name. Finally, I begged his pardon for not remembering him.

"I doubt if you have ever heard my name," he said. "It is Robert Mason. I was begging the last time we met, and you saw me hurried off to jail."

"Gracious, fellow, did you discover a gold mine in your prison?"

"Not exactly; but when they carried me before the judge and I told him how I happened to be begging, and about grandmother, a kind-looking man in the courtroom seemed to feel sorry for me. He paid my fine and told me to show him where grandmother was. We went and found her dead. I burst out crying and he came and put his hand on my shoulder. After a minute or two he said 'Come along, my boy; we will bury your grandmother, and you shall have a home with me.' He has since said that I must go back to school."

"Well, who is your good Samaritan?"

"Major Truman; do you know him?"

"Major Truman! I know of him. I've heard that there's no end to his money—do you go straight on? I go this way, so good-bye."

"Good-bye."

\* \* \* \* \*

Again I forgot Robert Mason, and the years rolled on. One day, however, I stood with a life-long chum of mine between the tracks at the union station. A Pullman train was standing near and presently a bridal party approached it.

"What a dream the bride is, Joe!" I exclaimed.

"Why, that's Major Truman's daughter. I noticed in last night's paper that she was to marry his adopted son—Mason, I believe it is. He has been somewhere North to college, graduated last spring, and now he and his wife are going to Europe for a year; but a strange match, I must say."

"They're off; and look, look, Joe, at the rice!"

We watched the train round the curve, then I turned to my friend: "Joe, he was a beggar once; let's start out begging."

## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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### STAFF EDITORS :

DR. G. W. PASCHAL, Alumni Editor.

EUZELIAN SOCIETY.

G. S. FOOTE.....Editor  
H. I. STORY.....Associate Editor

PHILOMATHESIAN SOCIETY.

C. P. WEAVER.....Editor  
J. S. HARDAWAY.....Associate Editor

W. C. BIVENS, Business Manager.

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### EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

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GASTON S. FOOTE, Editor.

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Prohibition  
in the  
South.

The reaction against the whiskey traffic at last it seems to have set in in the South, and the prohibition laws are rapidly driving out the saloons and dispensaries.

Among the Southern States this powerful and effective prohibition step progresses more by counties and towns and county localities than it does by states. In this way a prohibition law can be carried out more strictly and more judiciously as it has a larger proportion of public sentiment supporting it. The *World's Work* for November gives the following encouraging and interesting article:

"In Arkansas the manufacture and sale of liquors is prohibited in places where 'no license' has been voted. Where a license may be procured it costs \$800. In 1902, out of 75 counties 43 had declared against licensing. In Georgia, of 137 counties 103 have voted dry. In Kentucky, where, according to one of its most prominent citizens, who is not a prohibitionist, 'it is no longer genteel to get drunk,' the counties may prevent

or regulate the traffic. Prohibition is the law in 47 counties, partial prohibition prevails in 54 counties, and in 18 counties the liquor traffic is unrestricted. Mississippi has prohibition in 65 out of 75 counties. Tennessee has a law prohibiting saloons near school-houses, whether the schools be in session or not. Incorporated towns of 5,000 population may decide by vote whether there shall be license or no license. . . . On September 1st there were 12 counties with saloons and 84 'dry' counties. In North Carolina a new law prohibits saloons except in incorporated towns that vote otherwise. This is to abolish the country gr̃og-shop. For twenty years or more, on the petition of a certain number of citizens, saloons have been prohibited within a certain number of miles of a school-house or church; and thus many neighborhoods have secured prohibition. None can lawfully exist now outside of incorporated towns which choose to prevent them. Mr. J. W. Bailey, a well-informed editor at Raleigh, regards the demand throughout the South for restriction as the first fruit of negro disfranchisement and an evidence of the new independence of the white people. No Southern State could secure a majority for a prohibition law if the negro voted."

Mr. Bailey, it will be remembered, is the able editor of the *Biblical Recorder*, and it is largely to his unflagging zeal that the revolt against the liquor traffic in North Carolina is due; and his work through his paper during the last Legislature stands as a lasting monument to him of his noble efforts for the temperance cause in North Carolina.

The Passing of Santa Claus. With the progress and prosperity of the times comes the undesirable realization that the beautiful myth of Santa Claus is rapidly passing out of vogue, and if it continues to go with its same rapid progress, it will be only a short while before the myth will become only the shadow of a myth. For ages past just the words, "Santa Claus," were full of beautiful and delightful suggestion to the young child, and instantly there flashed before him an image of the kind old man as truly alive to him as the most intimate acquaintance. He could describe him perfectly—a low, fat man with white whiskers, dressed in furs, a man with sweet, beaming countenance, who came in the dead hours of Christmas Eve night and brought innumerable good things to good children, but who left in the stockings of bad children nothing but ashes and switches. The thoughtful child always saw to it that the fire had died down early in the afternoon of Christmas Eve, so that Old Santa would not scorch his feet in the hot embers, and on the following morning he was just as certain that the tracks seen in the fireplace were made by the mysterious old gentleman as he was certain that they were fireworks protruding from the top of the stocking. The weeks before Christmas were passed in joyful anticipation of the crowning day, and the state of ignorant enjoyment and anticipation usually lasted until the child became nine or ten years old, and then was found out who the good old man was, and what a disappointment, what a shattering of a childish ideal. But how much better to have this ideal shattered after several years of enjoyment than to have never had it as so many of the present-day children do not. The child of to-day knows that there

is no such thing as a true Santa Claus before he can talk, and consequently misses half of the pleasures of childhood. It is a sad commentary, attendant as it seems to be, upon prosperity and higher education, that the child of to-day is rushed into maturity much sooner than the child of even ten years ago. Parents now seem to think it a great waste of time and of means for their children to believe in Santa Claus; while a few—a very few, we hope—actually believe that it is a sin to teach children such a myth, and think that it will lead them to be deceitful and untruthful. We are glad that such narrow-minded people are few and far between; and we shall hail the day when Saint Nicholas shall be restored to his quondam favor, for without Santa Claus there is no Christmas for a child.



## EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.

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C. P. WEAVER, Editor.

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The editor's easy chair is the abode of dreams, and the editor, being a dreamer, sat him down to that pleasant pastime, first taking down and filling his meerschaum—the approved instrument of phantasies—with Maryland Club, and with the magic of a Parlor match the trick was done. The smoke began to curl lazily over the editor's head, filling the room with a pleasant intoxicating odor, and the mind of the scribe was off with the Oberon and Puck in fairy land.

All petty cares were forgotten—the bill for clothes at the haberdashes, the society fees, the "incidentals," and the night-mare of final examinations which loomed grimly in the horizon of the future, together with an uncomfortable active conscience which had an unpleasant habit of reminding him of all these things. All were submerged in the cloud of smoke which grew denser and denser, filling every nook and cranny of the room.

The phantoms began to assume bodily shapes, but no sooner formed than they vanished like dry air. At last the moving mass ceased to whirl and there was unfolded before the editor's gaze a bit of Oberon's choice landscape. On a green sward a band of fairies were tugging manfully at a small twig of mistletoe and in the background a large holly bush loomed with a multitude of red berries.

"'Tis most Christmas," piped out a shrill voice, "and I fear there is going to be a mistletoe famine for the lasses will all wear a large twig in their hair so they may be kissed by the laddies, and then there will be church festivals and bazaars, feasts and Christmas trees, and all will have to have their share of holly and mistletoe."

The picture shifted and a brilliantly lighted parlor was seen, its walls green with cedar and bright red with holly berries. In the parlor were the youth and the beauty of the land mingling in pleasant conversation. And in the background, partly concealed by the decorations, stood Cupid, his quiver filled with arrows strung across his shoulder and his bow in his hands. "What fools these mortals be," he sighed, and with a naughty little wink he

placed an arrow in the bow, and taking careful aim at a youth standing he sent it hurling through the air. The arrow went true and the youth forthwith fell dead—in love with a maiden standing near. Then taking another shaft he pierced the maiden's heart and she likewise fell dead—in love with the lad, and stood patiently under the mistletoe while he helped himself to enormous quantities of luscious kisses.

Again the scenery was shifted and there appeared an old-fashioned fire-place with its generous proportions and its brass andirons shining like gold. Along the mantle were strung at regular intervals a variegated assortment of hosliery from a black Shaw-knit to the baby's stocking dangling in very ungraceful attitudes for they were still unfilled. Then of a sudden a big round ball bounded out into the room from the chimney and when it unrolled itself there stood unmasked to the gaze the jolly subject of childish fancy, Santa Claus. With an alacrity scarce to be suspected of such a corporeal personage he soon had the stockings bulging with presents, and then with a smile of satisfaction he darted up the chimney.

The smoke gradually cleared and things once more assumed their natural proportions. The editor arose, yawned, knocked out the ashes and carefully hung his meerscham on the wall.

## EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

JOHN S. HARDAWAY, Jr., Editor.

The Exchange Department, of all the departments in a college magazine, is the least read of any. The reason for this is that few of the students ever see an exchange. The exchange editor gets the magazines, throws them aside, and waits until just before his own magazine goes to the printer. Then he selects several of the best from among the number he has received, and makes some hasty criticisms—usually very hasty.

However, with all this carelessness and neglect, the importance of the department can not be denied. It in reality should take the place of a heart to heart talk between different editors as to what this or that magazine lacks, having for its purpose the general uplifting of college journalism. This, then, is the field to which the department is limited. Any attempt to go beyond this can not but mar its usefulness.

*The Wabash* comes to our table for the first time with the October issue. It is quite a neat magazine, and we regret that it is filled with Commencement addresses and the like, which we do not feel called upon to read.

*The William Jewell Student* begins the new session with an "Editors' Number." It contains a full page photograph of each man on the staff. The idea is a good one, if the editors are "pretty men" like the editors of the *William-Jewell Student*, but wouldn't it be more appropriate to end up the year with such an issue?

The least we can say for the Xmas edition of *The Delineator* is that it is a gem. We had heretofore always associated *The Delineator* with women and fashions, but a careful perusal shows how greatly we were mistaken. The portion devoted to literature is unsurpassed, even by the best magazines of the country. The illustrations are numerous and to the point. There is something of interest for everybody—man, woman, or child. *The Delineator* should be in every home. To criticise it in any way would be going beyond our sphere.

*The University of Virginia Magazine* seems to have lost none of its former excellence, judging from the first issue this year. "The Glass Globe," the best of several pieces of fiction contained, is

as interesting as it is improbable. It affords a striking example of the unlimited bounds of a story writer. "The Dream God" is about the best poem we have seen thus far. The magazine is a model in get-up and variety of work.

*The University of North Carolina Magazine* is sadly lacking in verse. Too much stress can not be laid upon the fact that verse of some kind is absolutely essential. It helps to break the monotony of the solid matter, and adds to the general attractiveness. "Yankee," as the name suggests, is a love story of the Civil War. College students have used the late war as a background for sentimental love affairs until they have completely worn it out. Why not try something in which there is more room for originality?

It is a pleasure to look over the *University of Texas Magazine*. Not only have the editors done their part admirably, but it is evident that they have the support of the student body. "The Governor's Hand" is the best story we have yet seen. The plot is well laid and the style simple. "Wordsworth's Lyric Poetry" shows some study, but like so many essays, is dry and lifeless. "The Coming of the Prince" is a poem of some length, and worthy of notice.

*The Carolinian* for October was very late in coming. However, it is up to its usual standpoint. The general get-up of this magazine is as good as any we have seen. It rings with genuine college spirit from beginning to end—a thing found in so few of the exchanges. On the first page there is a short verse entitled "October." This is an excellent way to begin an issue. "Polly and I" is a breezy little affair, out of the ordinary, and well written. "A Dissertation on the Art of Conversation" may have been quite instructive, but the name alone turned us against it. The editorials, athletic department, and clippings are in keeping with the rest of the work.

"The Deterioration of the Negro" is the first article in *The Davidson College Magazine* for October. The author, whoever he is—he did not sign his name—looks over the subject as it has been done so often, shows us plainly that the negro has deteriorated, and offers the old solution—industrial education. "The Page and the Princess" is a first-class story, but we must confess it reads like a translation. If it is some mention should have been made of it. "There was a Star" and "Fairer than the Fairest" show a striking similarity. They must have been written by the same author. The editors have grasped the fundamental principles in the making of a magazine; however, they can not force the students to write.

The following other exchanges were received: *The Trinity Archive*, *The Howard Collegian*, *Southwestern University Magazine*, *The Georgia Tech*, *The College Message*, *The Academy*, *The Baylor Literary*, *The Criterion*, *Pine and Thistle*, *The Winthrop College Journal*, *Hampton-Sidney Magazine*, *The Journal*, *The Central Collegian*, *The Eatonian*, *Clemson College Chronicle*, *Blue and Gold*, *The Lenoirian*.

## CLIPPINGS.

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His face was pale, his visage sad,  
His look was hard and stony.  
"Is grim death near?" said I to him.  
"No, no; I've lost my pony."—*Ex.*

Her Greek-shaped head was classic,  
Her pose was rhythmic, sweet;  
I thought her lines were perfect  
Until I scanned her feet.—*Ex.*

A William Goat, with low bowed head,  
Rushed wildly forth to butt;  
A moment later he lay dead  
With a shattered cocoanut.  
The fellow that he sought to crush—  
The victor in the fray—  
Turned out to be a center rush,  
Who met the goat half way.—*Ex.*

## SOCIETY DUDES.

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When papa finds I've borrowed this  
I really hate to say  
That though my dues are all paid up  
There'll be the deuce to pay.  
—H. H. S., 1905.—*Ex.*

## A FEW FACTS.

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'T is not the man whose feet are large  
Who makes the swiftest sprinter;  
'T is not the girl with temper hot  
Who best endures the winter;  
'T is not the hen that cackles most  
That makes the steadiest layer;  
'T is not the biggest head of hair  
That makes the foot ball player.

—*Selected.*

ELEGY IN A PARLOR.

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The cuckoo clock proclaimed the knell of parting day,  
 And mother goes astute and tactful she,  
 Then father bedward winds his weary way,  
 And leaves the girl to darkness and to me.—*Ex.*



AT 2 A. M.

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Backward, turn backward  
 O Time in thy flight,  
 So wifey will think  
 It's eleven last night.

—*Times-Democrat.*

LULLABY.

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There floats a cloud so high, so high,  
 My dearie,  
 Its sails are spread as it passeth by,  
 And the wind blows soft as a sleepy sigh  
 To waft that cloud across the sky,  
 My dearie, my dearie.

There blinks a star with flickering light,  
 My dearie;  
 'Tis sleepy time in the sky so bright,  
 And the drowsy stars in heaven's height  
 Are nodding and saying, "Good night, good night,  
 My dearie, my dearie!"

*Edith Brown Gurley, 1904, in Vassar Miscellany.*

THE MOMENT OF CLEAR VISION.

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The blinding sun has set; Earth is sincere.  
 Through the undarkened air sight travels free  
 To hills against the warm sky carven clear.  
 There are no shadows now. The wind is under key—  
 In the pure air lives the pervading light.  
 A moment truth and beauty meet e'er night.

*Marjorie Helen Van Deusen, 1904, in Vassar Miscellany.*

# WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

H. L. STORY, Editor.

'00-'02. Mr. J. C. Little is one of the leading attorneys of Roff, Indian Territory.

'02. Mr. A. W. Honeycutt is taking a course at Furman Fitting School, Greenville, S. C.

'99. Mr. A. J. Bolin is succeeding well as president of Claremont College, Hickory, N. C.

'02. Mr. T. E. Browne is still holding his position in Mr. Sheep's school, Elizabeth City, N. C.

'99-'02. Mr. Edward Hobgood is taking the medical course at the University of North Carolina.

'92. Mr. B. B. Dougherty, County Superintendent of Watauga, has a flourishing academy at Boone, N. C.

'93. Hon. E. Y. Webb, U. S. Congressman from the Ninth District, is distinguishing himself in Washington.

'02. We were glad to have with us a few days ago Mr. A. C. Sherwood, who is principal of an academy at Leesville, N. C.

'98. Reverend A. C. Cree, formerly pastor of a church in Gaffney, S. C., has accepted the pastorate of a church in Louisville, Ky.

'93. Reverend J. A. Wray, for several years pastor of a church at Milledgeville, Ga., attended the late Reunion in Greensboro, N. C.

'01. Mr. John Cole is principal of a flourishing school in Jackson, N. C. His brother Will has charge of a school at Seaboard, N. C.

'99. Dr. J. O. Wilson is reaching wonderful success at Wick Haven, Pa. His income the first year amounted to more than \$3,000.

'81. It was our pleasure to have with us a short while in October Dr. E. M. Poteat, on his way from Philadelphia to take charge of Furman University

'02. Mr. Hartwell V. Scarborough is assisting his father in the C. B. F. Institute, Murfreesboro, N. C. We understand he expects to take a course in farming at the A. and M. College next spring.



'92. Prof. W. R. Cullom, of the chair of the Bible in Wake Forest College, has recently published two pamphlets—one on "The Moral Significance of Christian Baptism," the other on "The Board of Education as a Missionary Agency."

'92. Under Professor E. Vernon Howell the department of Pharmacy in the University of North Carolina continues to prosper. He conducts in Chapel Hill a drug store which is in part auxiliary to the department. He has lost none of his old Wake Forest enthusiasm for foot ball. He sometimes takes a hand—and a foot—with the boys in the games at the University.

'68-'9. Col. F. A. Olds, who represents the State Literary and Historical Association as Chairman of its Committee on the Historical Museum, is to be credited with the present well-nigh unique excellence of the collection in the State Museum. Few, if any, States can show a superior collection better installed. Col. Olds read before the Association at its late meeting a report of the progress during the past year.

'02. On the third Sunday in July, Bro. J. K. Henderson was ordained to the gospel ministry by Oak Grove Baptist Church; Presbytery consisting of Elders F. M. Jordan, J. I. Miller, J. D. Sitton, Sam Moore, Andy Whitmire and J. R. Owen. Brother Henderson graduated from Wake Forest College in 1892. He is a very promising young man, and we heartily commend him to the brotherhood. May the blessings of God attend all his work.—J. R. Owen, Secretary.—*Biblical Recorder*.

Of the five speeches delivered before the North Carolina Literary and Historical Association at its last meeting, three were by the following alumni: '94. Mr. Rowland F. Beasley, late State Senator from Union County and editor of the *Monroe Journal*, made a report November 12th upon "North Carolina Bibliography for 1893." He prefaced the report by general remarks on literary conditions in the State.

'90. Reverend Hight C. Moore, pastor of the church at Chapel Hill, and author of a "Collection of N. C. Poetry," read a bright paper November 12th, his subject being "A Glance at the Poetic Literature of North Carolina." It was published in full in the *News and Observer* of November 15th.

'77. Professor W. L. Poteat, President of the Association, delivered an address on "The Enrichment of Country Life." The excellence of that speech can be judged from the fact that extracts of it have appeared in more than one of our leading papers.

## IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

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C. P. WEAVER, Editor.

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FINALS!

MIDNIGHT oil! Nightmares!

CHRISTMAS! Home!

A NUMBER of new books have been recently added to the library.

SEVERAL boys attended the Thanksgiving dance in Louisburg.

MESSRS. T. E. HOLDING & Co. are erecting a new drug store adjoining the Medlin Hotel.

MISS ANNIE DICKSON spent Thanksgiving in Raleigh with her sister, Mrs. N. A. Dunn.

THE college dinner hour has been changed to 12:50, instead of 2 o'clock, as formerly.

AN inter-collegiate debate has been arranged with Furman University, to take place in the spring.

MISS BESSIE KEARNEY, who has been visiting the Misses Martin, has returned to her home in Louisburg.

MRS. C. M. COOKE, of Louisburg, recently spent a few days with her sons, Dr. F. K. Cooke and Edwin Cooke.

A CERTAIN newish in college has suddenly formed a strange aversion for snipes, and it is hinted that there-by hangs a tale.

To the delight of her many friends, Miss Dozier Scott, of Richmond, is again in Wake Forest. She is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Gill.

MR. J. M. DEVANE, of the J. S. Dill Lumber Company, Baltimore, spent a few days on the Hill visiting his mother.

MISSSES ANNA AND MATTIE TAYLOR, of Norfolk, Va., were the guests of Misses Mary and Janey Taylor several days last month.

DR. EDWIN POTEAT, President of Furman University, and family spent a few days on the Hill, the guest of his brother, Professor Poteat.

IN the tennis tournament, the racket was awarded to Mr. James Turner. The contest lasted a week, and was notable for gilt-edge playing.

REV. L. JOHNSON, Secretary of the State Mission Board, spoke in the interest of State Missions in the Wingate Memorial Hall last month.

MISS JANIE DUGGAN, who has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. C. E. Taylor, left recently for New York, where she will sail for mission work in Brazil.

DR. W. S. RANKIN, of the Medical Department has been authorized by the State Board of Health to extend his inquiry into the prevalence of uncinariasis in North Carolina.

DR. O. E. TAYLOR, of Boston, delivered three exceedingly interesting lectures in the Wingate Memorial Hall on temperance. The series of lectures is delivered under the title of American Citizenship, and his lectures are luminated by interesting chemical experiments.

ANNIVERSARY marshals have been elected, as follows: From the Phi. Society—M. L. Davis, Chief; D. B. Harwell, second; R. D. Johnson, third; from the Euzelian Society, E. L. Davis, Chief; L. D. Henper, second; G. C. Hamrick, third.

PROFESSOR CULLOM delightfully entertained his Bible classes at his residence on "Faculty Avenue." The guests were received by Mrs. Cullom, assisted by Misses Janey and Mary Taylor, Marie Lankford, Jessie Powell, Alice DeVane, Anna Mills, Lally Perry, Maud Freeman and Eugenia Harris. A most delightful evening was reported.

A "PORCH-MARRIAGE" by candle light was celebrated on November 19, after which a collection amounting to \$1.40 was taken for the newly-wedded pair. The contracting parties were "Dr." Thos. Jeffries (col.), of Wake Forest, and Miss ———, of Henderson. The twain were the recipients of many and varied "bride's presents."

A NOTABLE lecture was given before the college by Dr. W. M. Morrison, who represents the Southern Presbyterian Church in their chief mission in the Congo Free State. The lecture dealt with the remarkable progress which the mission—1,200 miles inland—has made since its planting thirteen years ago, the language, customs, etc., of the great tribe in which it is located, and in conclusion of the atrocities and violations of the Berlin treaty permitted by Leopold of Belgium, who is all the "State" there is, and whom Dr. Morrison denounced in the strongest terms. On the preceding evening, Dr. Morrison addressed the students on the choice of one's life work.

ONE of the most delightful social events of the season was in the form of a reception given by Drs. G. W. Paschal and F. K. Cooke, at their charming "Bachelor Quarters," on Thursday evening, November 19. These two model hosts, assisted by Mrs. B. F. Sledd and Dr.

and Mrs. Sikes, received the guests in such a manner that they shall ever look upon it and remember it only as the most pleasant of occasions. Songs sung to the accompaniment of a guitar lent much enjoyment to the evening, and the serving of delightful refreshments was hailed with a feeling of sorrow as well as of pleasure, for it was too well known that at least half of the evening was spent. Quite a number of guests were present from a distance, while the rest were from "The Hill." They were Misses Anna and Mattie Taylor, of Norfolk, Va., Petie, Jessie and Rosa Powell, of Savannah, Ga., Elizabeth Briggs, of Raleigh, Janie and Mary Taylor, Norma Martin, Messrs. Robert Camp, Edwin Cooke, Ben. Parham, Richard Covington, David Covington, Gaston Foote, Talcott Brewer, Leslie Davis, J. M. Carson and Dr. W. S. Rankin.

THANKSGIVING is over, and the cup has returned home, and now rests peacefully in the glass case in the library. Thanksgiving day dawned cloudy, but this did not serve to throw the slightest damper on college enthusiasm, and when the special arrived there were one hundred boys with as many pairs of lusty lungs who boarded the train for Richmond. In the afternoon the gridiron was the source of attraction, but the battle of brains which raged that night eclipsed for brilliancy the battle of brawn in the afternoon. Wake Forest was represented by Whisnant, the calm, argumentative debater, and Loftin, the fiery, eloquent orator. Such a combination proved too worthy steel for the Richmond College debaters, and they went down amid the blood of the arena. The judges were out only a few minutes, and when they returned they rendered the trophy unanimously to Wake Forest. The ovation which these two

representatives received on their return broke all previous records of past victories. When the train arrived they were borne aloft on the shoulders of their enthusiastic comrades and pulled in a carriage decked in college colors by most unusual steeds to the Little Chapel, where eloquence flowed like new-made wine. Speeches were made by every member of the faculty save one, who was absent, and several alumni who were present also contributed to the pleasure of the occasion. It is one that will be long remembered in the annals of college history.

# WAKE FOREST STUDENT

VOL. XXIII.

JANUARY, 1904.

No. 4.

## WHEN LOVE'S ABROAD.

BY GIOVANNI.

There's many a heart in many a breast  
That's heavy and sad with aching,  
Frae a slighted love and a slighted caress,  
Till it eases its pain by breaking.  
And there's many a tear from the fountain of tears  
That's laden with oceans of care;  
And there's many a head, tho' light with years,  
That's loaded with the weight of despair.

But e'en tho' love's arrows cause sorrow sometimes,  
They e'en cause joy, too;  
And e'en happy's the lover's heart when he finds  
His lover's love is true.  
And e'en tho' love's arrow makes a wide rent,  
And e'en tho' the heart sorely feel it,  
Ye'll find it the truth when the arrow is spent,  
A love that's requited will heal it.

## THE MORAL ELEMENT IN SHELLEY.

BY D. H. BLAND.

In order that we may understand Shelley's moral principles thoroughly, it is necessary, I think, that we know something of his nature in boyhood; that we investigate how this nature was developed; that we study the logical process by which his moral creed came to be. For every man either has principles of his own upon which he stakes his existence and hope, or he follows in the footsteps of other men. Shelley, like all thinking men, had principles and deep convictions, and his moral belief and practice are entirely consistent with these convictions.

In his early childhood, we have seen, Shelley was timid and shy. He lived in a different sphere from that of his playmates. Even here we see that principle of freedom manifesting itself, which is to be the leading characteristic of his whole life. Shelley took no part in the ordinary sports of other boys. He wanted to be left alone to enjoy that which pleased him. He thoroughly detested the system of fagging then in vogue in his school. The boys considered him as their "fair prey." But Shelley was resentful. "I have seen him," wrote a schoolfellow, "surrounded, hooted, baited like a mad-dened bull." But he was not naturally spiteful and disagreeable. When well-known, he was kind and considerate.

A little later we see his scientific turn developing. We find him with all kinds of chemical and physical apparatus, and very much interested in his experiments. He was not a rash experimentalist, however. He was



experimenting for the sake of truth. About this time Shelley became very much interested in the classics. He read with a keen interest in the philosophical view of the writers as well as with a delight for the poetry. Lucretius and Pliny were his favorite authors. But the chief masters of his intellect at this time were those eighteenth century thinkers who seemed to bring into a certain harmony the destructive or sceptical criticism of the age, and those boundless hopes for the future which sprung phantom-like from the past. He had not learned the lessons of experience from the facts of the French Revolution, as they developed from day to day. He had accepted Godwin's views with awed and delighted mind. To him there was a vision of endless progress for the human race. Of course, these were dreams of youth, but it may be said that much that has become actual in the nineteenth century has grown out of the visions and aspirations of the age of revolution; much, perhaps, remains to be realized.

As we would naturally infer, Shelley was a democrat. The idea of freedom was ever uppermost in his mind. He believed that man could work out his own destiny politically as well as morally. He did not like the restraints of government. He wanted to breathe the air of perfect freedom. Nor did he recognize law when not in accord with his moral ideas, as is shown by the fact of his leaving his first wife and living with Mary Godwin. But this was consistent with his moral creed, which he held above all law. He left Harriet because he could not live with her. While we would not excuse him, it should be said in his favor that he was following strictly the teachings of his own conscience. Nor would we hardly call Shelley an anarchist. He opposed govern-

ernment only in so much as it was a hindrance to perfect freedom. He would not have all government destroyed at one stroke.

Shelley's great moral principles appear in his poetry. He has written some essays on morals, but it is through his poetry that he is best known. He had a moral code peculiarly his own. From what we already know of him, we should expect him to be a free-thinker on these subjects. This is so true that Shelley is often called the forerunner of free thought along religious lines. His whole moral code may be summed up in one word—*freedom*. He believed that man was capable by himself of working out his own destiny. He opposed tyrannical power, no matter which way it was to be taken. He would eliminate the idea of God, for he felt that God was only a clog in the way of man's destiny. He says of himself, "I was once an enthusiastic Deist, though never a Christian,"—and a Christian he never became in the theological sense of that word. But certainly at a later time he deeply revered the personal character of Jesus. His atheism was a denial of a Creator, rather than a denial of a living spirit in the universe.

Shelley's philosophy may be expressed in the one sentence, "All things exist but as they are perceived." He says in his essay on *Life*, "I confess that I am one of those who am unable to refuse my assent to the conclusions of those philosophers who assert that nothing exists but as it is perceived." He says that the doctrine of mind and matter early led him to materialism, but he soon discarded this belief. It permitted its disciples to talk, but dispensed them from thinking. Man is a being of high aspirations, "looking both before and after"; whose "thoughts wander through eternity"; disclaiming

alliance with transience and decay; incapable of imagining to himself annihilation; existing but in the future and the past; being not what he is, but what he has been and shall be. Whatever may be his true and final destination, there is a spirit within him at enmity with nothingness and dissolution. These contemplations, says Shelley, are only consistent with what he calls the intellectual system of philosophy. Its teaching is that of unity. Nothing exists but as it is perceived. The difference between ideas and external objects is merely nominal. Also the existence of distinct human minds is found to be a delusion. The words, *I, You, They*, are not signs of any actual difference subsisting between the assemblage of thoughts thus indicated, but are merely marks employed to denote the different modifications of the one mind. He says that it is difficult to find terms adequate to express so subtle a conception as that to which our intellectual philosophy has conducted us. We are on the verge where words abandon us, and what wonder if we grow dizzy to look down the dark abyss of how little we know. In this, perhaps, we all would agree with him.

In his philosophy, the relation of things remains unchanged. By the word things is to be understood any object of thought, that is, any thought upon which any other thought is employed, with an apprehension or distinction. The relation of these remains unchanged; and such is the material of our knowledge.

This philosophy led Shelley into a disbelief in a future state. The existence of such a state was to him incapable of proof, and therefore had no place in his philosophy. He says, and with some degree of reason, that nothing but our longing desires could have led us

to imagine or conjecture a future state of reward and punishment. What intercourse can two heaps of putrid clay and crumbling bones hold together? "When you can discover," he writes in his essay, "where the fresh colors of the faded flower abide, or the music of the broken lyre, seek life among the dead."

He observes the mental powers increase and fade with those of the body, and even accommodate themselves to the most transitory changes of our physical nature. Sleep suspends many of the faculties of the vital and intellectual principle. Drunkenness and disease will either temporarily or permanently derange them. Madness or idiocy may utterly extinguish the most excellent and delicate of those powers. In old age the mind gradually withers; and as it grew and was strengthened with the body, so does it together with the body sink into decrepitude. Assuredly these are convincing evidences that so soon as the organs of the body are subjected to the laws of inanimate matter, sensation and perception and apprehension are at an end. It is probable that what we call thought is not an actual being, but no more than the relation between certain parts of that infinitely varied mass of which the rest of the universe is composed, and which ceases to exist so soon as those parts change their position with regard to each other.

It is difficult to conceive the possibility of existence before birth. We have no recollection, nor is there any proof of it. No more can we conceive of existence after death.

In his essay on morals, Shelley defines moral science as the doctrine of the voluntary actions of man as a sentient and social being. The object of the forms according to which human society is administered is the happi-

ness of the individual composing the communities which they regard, and these forms are perfect or imperfect in proportion to the degree in which they promote this end. Not the supreme happiness of one individual or one class to the wretchedness of another, but the general happiness of all.

Virtue he defines as the disposition in an individual to promote the general happiness. The two constituent parts of virtue are benevolence and justice. Benevolence is the desire to be the author of good. Justice is the apprehension of the manner in which good ought to be done. These are the only true objects of all voluntary actions of a human being. They result from the elementary laws of the human mind. Shelley denies that the anticipation of hellish agonies, or the hope of heavenly reward, constrains one to every act of benefit. We do good simply for good's sake—we can not help it. The benevolent propensities are inherent in the human mind. We are impelled to seek the happiness of others. We experience a satisfaction in being the authors of that happiness. Justice, too, is an elementary law of human nature. It is this that impels us to distribute these pleasures in equal portions among an equal number of applicants. The will of the law-giver will afford no sure criterion as to what actions are right and wrong. It will increase the possible virtue of those who refuse to become the instruments of his tyranny.

I have given only the barest idea of Shelley's moral creed, as shown in his essays and letters, his poetry and some of the criticisms of his work. While we would not accept his teachings, we must give him credit for being far ahead of his time in free and correct thinking. Shelley inclined very nearly to the scientific teachings of

to-day. His great mistake was that he failed to see God in the great process of evolution. It was the Christianity of 1815 that he so much despised, and none of us would accept that to-day. Perhaps Shelley would have believed in that religion without so much formula.

Shelley's life was entirely consistent with his moral creed. He labored incessantly to benefit and uplift the poor and needy of humanity. We see him when it is a struggle to keep the "wolf from the door" of his own little family, dividing his scanty means with the suffering poor. It is the idea of freedom that has characterized his whole life. It pervades all his poetry and prose works. In *Prometheus Unbound* we have:

"The loathsome mask has fallen, the man remains  
Scepterless, free, uncircumscribed, but man  
Equal, unclassed, bribeless and motionless,  
Exempt from awe, worship, degree, the king  
Over himself; just, gentle, wise; but man  
Passionless; no, yet free from guilt or pain,  
Which were, for his will made and suffered them,  
Not yet exempt, tho' ruling them like slaves,  
From chance, and death and mutability,  
The clogs of that which else might oversoar  
The loftiest star of unascended heaven,  
Pinnaced dim in the intense inane."

The prominent feature of Shelley's theory of the destiny of the human species was that evil is not inherent in the system of the creation, but an accident that might be expelled. This also forms a portion of Christianity; God made earth and man perfect, till by his fall he "brought death into the world, and all our woe."

Shelley believed that man had only to will that there should be no evil, and there would be none. Through this whole poem there reigns a sort of calm and holy

spirit of love. It soothes the tortured, and is hope to the expectant, till the prophecy is fulfilled and love untainted by evil becomes the law of the world.

Whatever of wrong Shelley did, we believe, was in keeping with his conscience. It is unfortunate that he and Harriet had to separate. But it was not done in hatred or malice, as is shown by the fact that Shelley always tried to care for her and make her as happy as possible. William Watson has given us a most beautiful epigram on this sad incident in Shelley's life:

"A star looked down from heaven and loved a flower  
Grown in earth's garden—loved it for an hour.  
Let eyes that trace his orbit in the spheres  
Refuse not, to a ruined rosebud, tears."

## A BELATED CEREMONY.

BY MARION LESLIE DAVIS.

"Rosamond, I really believe you are in love with Professor Wagner," said Geraldine Maxwell, as she and Rosamond Stancil were on their way home from school. "I have noticed his actions towards you lately, and it amuses me to see him try to conceal his interest in you. You try to act unconcerned, my dear, but those eyes of yours tell a different tale."

Rosamond Stancil was just sixteen, and the joy of her parents, as she was their only child. Her father was a very wealthy man of the '50's, and was in a position to give his daughter all the comforts and advantages of life. She was not a beautiful girl, but one who had a very sweet face, and an amiable disposition, and she spread sunshine wherever she smiled. Her friends were legion, and there was not a boy in the town but would have felt it an honor to have an opportunity of being her company. She treated all alike, and no one noticed any preference on her part.

There is a crisis in every one's life, and the year 1859 was Rosamond Stancil's. In this year the most influential citizens of Caryville, N. C., decided that they must have a teacher of splendid attainments to teach their children. Richard Stone had just been graduated at Harvard, and recommended to these gentlemen his young friend and class-mate, Theodore Wagner. Wagner was just twenty-two, and came from a sturdy old Puritan family of Vermont. He was selected as the teacher, and began his work with bright prospects. Yet Puck places the "wonderful juice" on the eyes of a



"Yankee" as well as those of a romantic Southerner. It was not long before the winning ways and lovely disposition of Rosamond had won the heart of this sturdy Vermonter. She, too, fell a victim, but dared not mention it until her chum accused her, and it was then that Rosamond told it all to her devoted friend.

The spring of 1860 was the visible beginning of a mighty crash in the history of the United States. Wagner being a New Englander, held to the same views of slavery and States Rights as his section. Squire Stancil was a strong Democrat and an ardent believer in the views of the South, and did not have any patience with a person who disagreed with him in political matters. Wagner was a man who spoke his opinion when called upon, and he and the 'Squire had many warm political arguments.

Wagner had never told Rosamond of his love, but actions speak louder than words. At the end of school, Wagner took his pupils out into the country to spend the day. It was a beautiful day in May, and the whole world seemed to be happy. The birds with their songs, and the wild flowers with their upturned faces, seemed to praise their loving Creator. This body of boys and girls were as happy as the birds and flowers. As they reached the meadow, and the children began to scamper off, to hunt for wild flowers and wade in the brook, Wagner said to Rosamond, "I wish to speak with you." They walked off together, and it was then he told her of his love and devotion, and how he had refrained from mentioning it before, because he had been her teacher. Now he had reached the point when he could wait no longer. Would she accept his love and become his wife? Cupid had done his work well, and she confessed her

love, and two other hearts were as happy as the singing birds and the smiling daisies.

When Wagner asked the 'Squire for the hand of his daughter, he answered "No," and said it with a vim. He did not want a man for a son-in-law who held such views as Wagner did. He had had no intimation that he was in love with his daughter.

Just before Wagner left for his Northern home, he managed to see the girl who was all the world to him. He said he would go home, make definite plans for the future, and when the 'Squire was not suspecting it, he would come again and claim his own. He said he would address his letters to Geraldine for her, and thus avoid the 'Squire's watchfulness. With promises of love and faithfulness each to the other, he started for his Northern home.

James Stancil, a brother of the 'Squire, was postmaster at Caryville. His brother told him to look out for any letters from a certain postoffice in Vermont addressed to any of the personal friends of Rosamond. According to the 'Squire's instructions, these letters were destroyed, and all letters addressed to Prof. Theodore Wagner never left the Caryville postoffice.

Wagner wrote faithfully for a time, but not receiving any answer, he suspected she had forgotten her promises. She, not hearing from him, felt with an aching heart that he too had proved faithless.

The great Civil War came on with all its fury. Wagner went to the front and served his country well. After the war he studied law, was married and became a famous jurist. He was appointed by President Grant Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Arizona.

He often thought of his Southern sweetheart, and

wondered if she was still alive. His heart grew warm when he thought of the happy days of long ago, when she recited to him, and how her smiling face sent thrills through his soul.

The 'Squire joined the Confederate army as a colonel, and was killed at the battle of Seven Pines. His property went the way of nearly all the property of the South, and his wife and child were left in very poor circumstances. After some years Mrs. Stancil died, and Rosamond was all alone in the world. She taught a little school, and most of her scholars were the children of her old playmates. She never married, and hoped some day in the future her girlhood lover would return.

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Twenty-five years after the great civil strife, the wife of Judge Wagner died. His only child was married and living in another State. During these days of his loneliness, he thought of the sweetheart of his young manhood. About a year after his wife died, he wrote to the postmaster at Caryville to know if Miss Rosamond Stancil was living, and if so, was she still Miss Stancil. In a short while he received a letter telling him that she was living, had never married, that her parents were dead, and that she made her living by teaching school.

The more the Judge thought about her, the more the love which had been dormant for so long a time began to make itself known. He realized that he once more could be happy if he could win her. "After all," he said, "maybe it was her father's fault. I will write and see."

There was no postmaster at Caryville to stop this letter. It went direct to the one for whom it was in-

tended. Her heart was made glad when she knew that her old lover was still living and thinking of her. Explanations followed, and he wrote that he was coming to see her.

There was no little excitement in Caryville when the news spread that Prof. Theodore Wagner was coming to see his old sweetheart. Most of the elderly men and women related to their children and young friends the days of '59 and '60, when they were in school and Professor Wagner was their teacher. Every little detail was gone over and over again. -

At last the day came when he should arrive. A great many of his old school boys, who were now the men of business in the town, met him at the train and gave him a warm welcome.

It was a great event in the town of Caryville when the wedding of Judge Wagner and Miss Stancil was solemnized. Geraldine Maxwell, who was now Mrs. Shaw, was the maid of honor. Jack Jones (who had received more whippings from Prof. Wagner than any other boy in school) was best man. One of his scholars who was a preacher in a distant town, married them. The other five couples of the bridal party were all Wagner's old scholars, who were now men and women with families.

"Professor—I mean Judge," said Jack Jones, "the only difference between now and 1859 is that most of us look a little older, and you haven't given me a flogging to-day."

## THE ARMY REGULATION AND RELATIONSHIP.

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[From the Spanish of Eugenio Selle by Pearl D. Mangum.]

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General Pereda was a great stickler for discipline, and when that was in question he knew neither friends nor relatives.

He commanded one of the divisions of the North during the last Carlist war, and he had as adjutant the son of his brother, a good-looking captain, who was more in love with women than war, and liked a joke better than tactics. This does not mean that Captain Pereda was a bad soldier; if he had been so he would not have been under the orders of his uncle, who was as exacting as the army regulations themselves.

The General took pride in showing that he treated his nephew with the same rigor as all the other officers, and the result of this was that he exaggerated his severity towards the adjutant, with the object of making it more visible.

At times the good soldier would reason: If there is danger, I do not want it to be said, The General takes the boy away from it and exposes another; and if there is glory, it is well for him to get his share, but only by earning it. So the Captain had not a moment to himself.

Such was the distance between the old General and the Captain that the former never permitted his nephew in service or in the presence of people to call him uncle; and if sometimes through an oversight this occurred, he silenced him immediately by saying: "Captain Pereda's kinship has no value here; stand attention and give me the proper style of address."

One night the division set out on the march. They were pursuing one of the Carlist regiments that was well organized and offered great resistance, and besides the aid of skirmishers, they did not cease to harass the detachments and the mails. At dawn, shots were heard in front. The division came to a halt, and all looked for the General, awaiting orders. Soon was heard his voice, saying, "Captain Pereda, go and see what is going on." The Captain put spurs to his horse and went in a gallop, disappearing in a bend of the road. After a little while he returned. The skirmishers had found the Carlists without doubt prepared and already occupying positions. Are there many? More than we expected. Better: so we shall finish with them at one strike, and the General began to give orders for an attack on the enemy. And now the nephew was kept on the go.

"Captain Pereda, place two batteries on that hill."

"Captain Pereda, have the cavalry form in squares on the highway."

"Captain Pereda, have two batteries of the tenth regiment deploy as flankers in the valley." And the Captain was ordered unceasingly from one side to the other.

A little afterwards the line was formed and the orders given to attack. The Carlists defended themselves bravely. Several times they were attacked, and as many more repulsed the liberals. The General was twisting his moustache furiously, and, standing up in his stirrups, harranged the men who were nearest him. At other times he inspected the places of most danger, and encouraged the soldiers, placing himself at the same time at the head of their movements. The most danger to the division was from some guns which the Carlists

had posted on a little ridge, and which caused many casualties.

"We must dislodge them from that position," said the General, facing his nephew. "Order our batteries on the right to direct their fire solely on the cannons as to dislodge them, and thus protected have a battalion to charge them with the bayonet."

The Captain set out; the order was not easy to execute, since the batteries were situated at a distance of six hundred meters, and it was necessary to pass between two fires if he wished to reach them quickly. The Adjutant bent on the neck of his horse in order to offer the least target, galloping madly at the same time. When he had gone half the distance, a group of four men came out from the line of the enemy. The Carlists, without doubt, guessed what he was about, and wished to cut him off.

Pereda shot the nearest one, bringing him to the ground. Almost simultaneously the other three fired. The horse of our officer reared and fell a few meters from his pursuers. The situation could not be more critical. To defend himself was difficult; to out-distance them on foot was still more difficult. Fortunately the horse of the Carlist whom he had just killed passed in a stampede a few feet away; the Captain intercepted him and was able to catch his mane and leap upon his back, but not until he had felt on his left shoulder the weight of a saber which struck him at the moment he jumped; but the wound was not likely to be grave, and the young man was saved.

"Well done, my nephew," exclaimed the General, who had not lost a single detail of the scene.

It was the first time he had forgotten his military

rank; he immediately added, looking at them all, "Captain Pereda."

In a short while the latter returned. The wound, in fact, was not serious, although he had lost a good deal of blood.

"If the General will permit me, I will go to the hospital tent. I am wounded," he said.

"Let us see where." The Adjutant showed his shoulder. "It does not amount to anything; it is a scratch."

"It does not amount to anything now, but if it is not attended to, I shall be laid up."

"Laid up! These little rascals of to-day are laid up by every little trifle."

"But consider, uncle."

"What in the deuce do you mean by calling me uncle? Are you not ashamed to withdraw from your company while they are fighting? Come along with me, I wish to see at close range my boys dislodging these dogs."

The battalion had already received the order to come up to the attack, and they marched with double-quick time down the declivity with fixed bayonets.

The encounter was brilliant. Our troops, encouraged by the General and protected by the fire of our artillery, made the attack with a dash. Although the Carlists defended the position with tenacity, they were hurled from it and their cannons were rendered useless.

"Well done, my boys, well done," said the General, and advancing to his nephew, "Do you see? If you had gone you would not have witnessed this victory."

"But I should have a pint more of blood," thought the Captain, whom the hemorrhage was leaving very pale.

Besides, on account of the movement of his horse, the wound became even more painful. Several times he



had said so to his uncle, but he replied to this, "Bear it, Captain, the victory is ours." And the Captain bore up.

It was already two hours since he was wounded, and with the jolting of the horse that which was before of no importance was becoming serious. At first he felt somewhat sick, afterwards this was increased, and finally he lost consciousness completely and fell to the ground.

"The devil! he has fainted," thought the General. "It is not because of fear, for his conduct was valiant. He deserves a reward, and he shall have it. Well, because he is my nephew, ought I to postpone his promotion? He has fairly won it, for he has performed a deed of valor in the eyes of everyone." And afterwards he said: "Bring a stretcher and remove this officer." He spoke as if he were talking almost of a mere stranger.

At nightfall the Carlists acknowledged their defeat and fled in disorder, leaving in the power of our division many prisoners and almost all of their war material.

The General afterwards went to inspect the hospital tent. He arrived at the stretcher occupied by his nephew, and paused asking concerning his condition. "The wound is not grave, my General, and it might have been devoid of importance if it had been cared for in time," said the surgeon.

"General, your Excellency, it would have been better if I had retired when I mentioned it," added the Captain, opening his eyes.

"Bah! That is of no importance. You are Major."

"Thanks for the promotion, General; but I have a very brutish uncle," exclaimed the Captain, making a gesture of pain and raising his hand to his wound.

SIMPLE LOGIC.  

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BY JO PATTON.  

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There ain't no use to grumble,  
For grumbling won't assuage  
The gnawing in a fellow  
That's helpless in his rage.

There ain't no use to worry,  
Nor pout nor fret nor whine,  
For while others eat the fruits of life,  
You'll be a gnawing on the rind.

So why not be an optimist,  
And smile instead of frown;  
For a smilin'-spirited mortal  
Is the kind that fate can't down.

## A CONFEDERATE SOLDIER'S DIARY.

[During a short visit to Sampson County a few summers ago I was hospitably entertained at the home of Mr. R. M. Crumpler, one of the most prominent citizens of the county. Mr. Crumpler has for many years filled various positions of honor and trust, and was at one time a representative of his county in the North Carolina Legislature. Charmed with his interesting narratives of experiences as a soldier in the Civil War, I asked him if he had in his possession any mementoes of the great struggle. He kindly showed me a number of war relics which he had preserved, and among them was a diary written by him during the last dark days. This account of the homeward journey after the surrender, jotted down day by day, was so unique that I requested and obtained his permission to reproduce it in the WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

For forty years Mr. Crumpler has borne visible marks of the actualities of soldier-life in the shape of several wounds which have almost made him a cripple. At the outbreak of the war he volunteered as a private in the company known as the "Sampson Rangers"; he served in this command for somewhat over a year and was then transferred to Featherstone's and subsequently to Anderson's Brigade in Virginia. During the Seven Days around Richmond he received his first wound. After his recovery he returned to his brigade and served in every engagement up to Chancellorsville, where he received his second wound the day after Stonewall Jackson was shot. Entering service again he was shot for the third time while leading his company in the fight at Kelly's Ford. After his return to his command he accompanied General Early in his Maryland expedition, and near the city of Washington received a serious wound for the fourth time. It was not long, however, before he reported for duty again and served in every engagement of his command till the surrender at Appomattox. There are many thrilling incidents connected with these campaigns which would make interesting reading, but in order to compress this account into the compass of a magazine article, I must regretfully omit them and let the soldier tell his own story.—J. H. GORRELL.]

"Since we left Petersburg we have had a hard time. The first four days we had no rest at all. General Lee evacuated Richmond on the night of April 2. On the 3d and 4th, we had severe marching, but were not dis-

turbed by the enemy. In the 5th, the enemy attacked us in the early morning, and we fought them and fell back all day, fighting all the time. In the evening they captured a number of wagons and guns from us, but many of them we burned. Night closed the fighting. We were all worn out and fell asleep at once. General Ewell was captured some time during the day. On the 6th, the Yankees made an early morning attack on us. Our (Grimes') division charged and drove them nearly a mile. On the 7th, we marched quietly, but on the 8th very hard, the enemy attacking our cavalry at the front. I marched the whole day and night of the 7th and all day of the 8th with bare feet. On the night of the 8th, a friend gave me some shoes, but my feet were so sore I couldn't wear them.

"On the morning of the 9th, General Lee surrendered his Army of Northern Virginia. Many tears were shed on the occasion. The day passed quietly, except a skirmish in the morning, in which we drove the enemy nearly a mile and a half. In the evening we were closed in column on a hill, and Gen. J. B. Gordon addressed his corps and admonished us to yield cheerfully.

"On the 10th, we drew rations from the Yankees, consisting of green beef and hard-tack. The 11th we remained in camp until evening; then we took our arms and formed in mass, and General Gordon addressed us, after which we stacked arms and went again into camp. On the 12th, we broke camp early in the morning and marched up to General Grant's headquarters, where we surrendered our arms, and then were ordered back to our original camp; but before we reached it, we were turned back, received our paroles, and started for home, all greatly relieved that the war was over and we were

alive. We marched hard all day, and camped in the woods near the house of an old gentleman who told us we had made sixteen miles during the day. His wife treated us with great kindness.

"Our breakfast on the 13th consisted of stewed beef, fried ham and corn cakes. We then set out, all of us feeling a little jaded. The Yankees have not been in this part of the country. We had a lively time crossing a marshy creek. After wading for about a mile, we came up with an ox-cart and 'pressed' some meal. At a mill on our road, we 'pressed' some more meal. At an old man's house we had our meal cooked, and this, together with some meat given us by his lady, formed our dinner. Then we came to Charlotte C. H., where the citizens gave us food and treated us very kindly indeed. We camped outside the town and slept well after a march of fourteen miles.

"The 14th was uneventful. We started early, marched twenty-five miles, and camped near the house of a good man, who shared his food with us.

"After an early start on the 15th, we marched five miles in the rain, and came up with a man named Gillespie, an old soldier, who gave us something to eat and showed us great kindness. About one o'clock we arrived at White Oak, and then passed through [a town whose name I can not make out], where we were given some bacon and milk. At a house two miles from town we had our food cooked, and went into camp after a march of thirteen miles, all day through rain and mud.

"April 16. About day-break we started on our road, and crossed the North Carolina line. When we came to Grassy Creek, we found the bridge gone. A kind man saw our trouble and gave us the use of his horse to ford

the stream, one at a time. At Shiloh Church, we made our breakfast off of broiled meat and corn bread. We are now in Granville County, and the roads are exceedingly bad. We had a hard march, and were hungry and tired when we got to Oxford. The citizens of this place were very hospitable, and furnished dinner for all the old soldiers who passed through. We found a true friend in a Mr. Mills, who treated us to milk and sorghum, and offered to give us whatever we might ask for. About a mile from town we camped, after having travelled eighteen miles to-day.

"April 17. We broke camp early, as we had no provisions, and marched several miles on empty stomachs. At last we reached a farm house, where we were given a breakfast and some smoking and chewing tobacco. An old lady whose house we passed, also gave us a piece of meat, and at last we came to ——— Mill, on Tar River. Some distance after crossing the river we met a man who once belonged to our regiment, and he invited us to his father's house and gave us as much corn whiskey as we wanted, and we had a jolly old time. As we had already marched twenty-four miles, we concluded to camp there.

"April 18. We had another taste of corn-juice before we started, and also got a fine breakfast on the way. We crossed the Wake County line and marched a long ways till we got to Neuse River, and, as the bridge was gone, a boy put us across in a small boat, three at a time. We were then in the Yankee lines and met some of the enemy, who spoke in a friendly way to us. After a dinner of bread and sorghum, we marched on to Raleigh, which we reached about six o'clock. A short distance from Raleigh we camped. It is raining

now, and we are having a bad night of it after a long day's march.

"April 19. We started early, and at the first house we came to we were taken for Yankees. But when we told who we were, we were given a breakfast of bread and sorghum. I can't tell when we'll get any more, as the Yanks have cleaned up the country. Our dinner also consisted of bread and sorghum, our host dividing with us all he had. At another house we found the Yankees had left only twelve pieces of meat. Part of this was given to us. In this devastated country we were surprised to meet up with one strong Union family. This has been a hard day's tramp of thirty miles, and we turn into camp thoroughly tired out.

"April 20. As usual, we set out without breakfast, and we didn't get any until we had gone a long distance. We were, however, fortunate in obtaining a fine dinner at the home of a Mrs. Lee, one of the kindest and smartest women I ever saw. In the evening, at a cross-roads, two of the boys who had been with us during the whole war left us. It was a sad parting: we tell 'them farewell, and they say they 'reckon we will never meet again.' One mile more and we are again in our native and beloved old county of Sampson. We must honor her by looking our best, and as one of the boys had a razor, we all washed and shaved and made ourselves as presentable as possible. At a Mrs. Dougherty's, we got a fine supper, and as there was also some good old apple-jack on hand, we concluded to camp right there, since we had already made thirty-two miles that day.

"April 21. This is our last day's march. In honor of it, we took on a little of the apple-jack left from last night, and started for home. We made our way along

the well-known plantations of Sampson, and were hospitably invited to partake of a fine dinner with a friend. While we were resting there we saw a sad sight. A very old man, his wife, and his four children passed by. The Yankees had taken all they had; from being in independent circumstances, they had become beggars. After a good rest, we made our last march. As we drew nearer home, we walked the faster and talked about our many experiences and the daring deeds of Wheeler's Cavalry. About sunset we reached home. Of course our folks were rejoiced to see us, and we were glad to find the town in a better condition than we expected. Our last day's march covered twenty miles and ended our long trip of 230 miles from Appamatox to our old Sampson home."



## SEEKING REVENGE.

BY R. D. MARSH.

"I will arise and go to my father." Thus Robert Morley expressed his determination to return home as he strolled along the streets of Ft. Worth, Texas. Only a year ago, Robert, not yet of age, persuaded his father, who was an industrious farmer of North Carolina, to let him leave home and fight life's battles for himself. For many years he had longed to go to the West, and when his father at last consented, he boarded the train for Texas confident that he would soon win a fortune in this new land. When he arrived in Texas, he was highly pleased with the country, and after some difficulty secured work paying very satisfactory wages. He considered himself fortunate, and felt sure that he would soon be promoted in his work. He wrote his father, telling him of his fair prospects, and generously offering to lend him money if he should need it at any time. Thus for a few months Robert worked, confident of success, and elated with thoughts of the brilliant career in store for him, and in his letters home he confided to his parents his fond hopes and aspirations. But how uncertain are the ways of fortune! The opening of the winter season found Robert without work and his stock of money rapidly diminishing. In this season it was very difficult to secure profitable employment, and he wandered from place to place, seeking work, but all his efforts were in vain, and at last in despair he determined to return to the home he had so unwisely left.

But how could he meet the expenses of his long journey with the pitiful sum of money that he now had? He

did not doubt for a moment that his father would be only too willing to send him all the money he needed, but since he had left home against his father's advice, and after his arrival in Texas had written boastingly of his flattering success, he could not now endure the thought of confessing his failure. He was willing to undergo the greatest hardships to reach his native State again, but he had lost none of his pride, and could not ask his father for money.

After considering many plans for reaching home again, he at last decided to board the train and travel as far towards North Carolina as money would allow, and proceed the remainder of the distance in whatever way he could. Acting upon this determination, he arrived on the following day at Dalton, a town in Georgia. It seemed that his condition was now more deplorable than ever, for he was in a strange place without a cent of money. After loitering about the streets for a few hours, he left the town, thinking that he would find the people in the country more hospitable. When he had gone a little way, he saw an elderly man endeavoring to capture a horse that evidently had been grazing in a meadow close by. Robert seeing the old man's vain efforts, gladly went to his assistance, and they soon succeeded in catching the horse. The old gentleman feeling grateful to the boy, and perhaps struck with his honest face, invited him to his home to spend the night. Robert was only too glad to accept, and walked with his friend to his house, a short distance away. His host, as he learned, was known in the community as Major Philip Burns. He was a truck farmer, and supplied the town with vegetables. He was very kind and gracious to Robert, treating him as if he had been his own

son who was returning home under such unfortunate circumstances. Naturally the boy trusted the man implicitly, and his heart was filled with gratitude for this timely assistance.

On the following morning, the old gentleman having learned the story of Robert's departure from home, and his failure in the West, offered to give him employment at profitable wages until he should earn enough money for his return home. Robert accepted the offer gladly, and began work that very morning. He found his work very pleasant, and his employer treated him with all kindness and consideration, making him one of the family rather than a hired workman. Each day he assisted in gathering and preparing for market the fruits and vegetables of the farm, and usually drove to town with Major Burns to sell them. His employer found in him a very diligent and trustworthy helper. He worked amid these favorable conditions for some time, and was about ready to depart for home when a very unexpected event occurred.

Robert was greatly surprised one morning to learn that officers had arrived with a warrant to search the Major's house. A few days prior to this one of the largest stores in Dalton had been broken into and many valuables stolen, such as jewelry, watches, etc. The officers explained to Major Burns that they had reason to believe that some of the stolen goods were concealed in his house, and that they had come to search for them. The Major readily admitted the officers, and they made a fruitless search of various parts of the house, coming at last to the room which Robert occupied. What was the boy's surprise and amazement when they found concealed in his room a watch and some other articles

which the officers identified as a small portion of the stolen goods. The officers at once suspected that the boy was the guilty party, and endeavored to make him confess his crime and to produce the goods they had not yet found, but he stoutly protested his innocence, and disclaimed any knowledge whatever of how those articles came to be in his room. The Major had accompanied the officers in their search, jesting and telling them that they were foolish for searching his house, and when they found some of the missing articles in Robert's room, he expressed the greatest surprise and astonishment, at first refusing to believe that these were the stolen goods, but finally joining the officers in their belief that the boy was the burglar. "I remember now," he said, "that Robert came in very late on the night the burglary was committed, and that he stole to his room cautiously." He allowed the officers to take the boy and place him in prison without offering to give bail for him.

At the trial a few weeks later he again testified that Robert came in at a very late hour on the night of the burglary, and further said that on searching the room more closely after the officers left he found a valuable ring concealed among the boy's clothes. All this Robert knew was absolutely false, but he had neither friends nor money, and could do little to defend himself. The jury found him guilty, and the Judge sentenced him to fifteen years imprisonment at hard labor.

On the following morning a brief notice of his imprisonment appeared in one of the daily papers of Atlanta, a copy of which, by chance, reached Charles Morley, Robert's father. The news of their son's imprisonment was almost more than the father and mother

could bear. They knew that he had been at work in Georgia, but they thought he had secured better employment than he had in Texas. Morley at once set out for Georgia, hoping to obtain a pardon for his son. He first went to Dalton, where he learned the particulars of the boy's crime and his trial. From what he learned here he was convinced that in all probability his son was innocent, and that Major Burns had been instrumental in convicting Robert of a crime of which he himself was guilty. He thought it strange that only a few of the many articles stolen from the store had been recovered, and that no trace of the others had been found. He then visited his son, who fell upon his neck and told him that he had never done anything dishonest, and that Major Burns was the cause of his imprisonment. There was every mark of innocence about the boy, and his father was thoroughly convinced that he was not guilty.

Morley hurried to Atlanta, where he obtained an interview with the Governor, hoping to have his son liberated at once. The Governor, however, refused to pardon the boy, and said that he must serve out his time in the penitentiary. In vain the father begged for the release of his son, and, at last despairing of obtaining his pardon, he once more visited him and departed for home.

But after his return home, Morley was ever planning some way for rescuing his son. When the election in Georgia a year later gave the State another Governor, he again went to Atlanta to plead with the new Chief Magistrate in Robert's behalf. The Governor for a long time refused to interfere, but after investigating the matter thoroughly, pardoned the young prisoner and re-

stored him to his father. Father and son now hastened to their home in North Carolina.

How bitterly we hate those who have proved false to us, those who win our confidence only to use it for their own gain. To be injured by one who does not pretend to be our friend is endurable, but we can not forgive him who seeks our confidence to betray it for selfish purposes. What must have been the feeling of Robert toward the man who had subjected him to the disgrace and suffering of a year's imprisonment? No wonder that he swore vengeance upon the man. Robert was a man of spirit, resentment was inherent in his nature, and he was capable of hating his enemies as intensely as he loved his friends. As he thought of the disgrace of his conviction and imprisonment, of the mental anguish and physical suffering he had endured, he felt that his life would be one of discontent until the man who played traitor towards him should be justly punished. Humanity cries out for the punishment of such a crime as Major Burns had committed.

From the day he was given his liberty, Robert planned for revenge upon Philip Burns. And after spending a few days at home, he again set out for Georgia in a mood that portended nothing good to his enemy. After his arrival at Dalton, for several days he lurked about Major Burns' house, intending to make a personal assault upon the man. Early one morning he saw him leave his house and wander off towards the river. Robert fancied that his opportunity had now come, and stealthily followed. Shortly after the old man came to the river and proceeded along the bank. He had corn growing along the river, which the muskrats had damaged very much, and he had put out traps to catch them.

This morning he was examining his traps. At length he came to one which held a muskrat, and in his effort to kill the animal he slipped and fell into the river. In a moment Robert was by the stream watching the old man's struggles for life. "Serves you right," he said as he looked upon his vain efforts to reach the bank.

The Major sees the strong young man standing on the bank. "Help me, Robert, or I die," he cries. He gasps for breath and the water fills his mouth. With a despairing effort he buoys himself up once more and sinks. Bubbles of water rising to the surface show the place. He rises, and his head is again above the water, his face yet turned to Robert. He can not utter a word, but his pleading eyes are riveted on Robert standing calmly on the bank. Helpless, silent, in the clutches of death, he appeals to his vengeance-seeking enemy for help. Robert is not void of humanity, but he wrestles with the impulse to rescue his fallen foe, who now sinks once more. He hesitates no longer, but springs into the water and with a few lusty strokes brings the old man safely to land.

The Major, unconscious when rescued from the water, soon revived. Assisted by the strong arm of Robert, he once more reached his house. The Major was overcome by this return of good for evil, and was anxious to make amends for the injury he had done Robert. The young man, however, refused all his offers, and on the next train departed for home, rejoicing that his mission of death had been converted into one of life.

## THE SALUDA WRECK.

BY OSCAR R. MANGUM.

It was a cold night in January. The sleet was fast freezing on the ground, when No. 38 pulled out from Asheville for Spartanburg, with Tom Adams as engineer. He dreaded this run more than any he had ever made. It seemed that he could see danger written on every blow-post as he flashed by them. The ice was already clinging to the rails, and he knew what that might mean. In front of them was Saluda Mountain, and he felt certain if the train should begin to slide, all the power of the brakes could not stop her from plunging down the mountain, and God only knows what would become of him and the lives intrusted to him on that train.

Like a flash, his mind was at his home with those by his fireside. He thought of how his wife a few months before, on her death-bed, had made him promise to give up drink and train the children as a father should. His promise was sacred. He wondered what would become of his two little boys that he intended to send to college, and his daughter, who had nearly completed her course when her mother died, if that night's dash was not to turn out well.

Dennis Brown, his fireman, had put in enough coal to last them over Saluda, and he now stood by his side. Dennis noticed that the cheerful look had died on the old man's face, and his hands trembled, and he knew Tom was dreading Saluda. That was the first time Dennis had ever seen him fear. They had been in several wrecks together, and each time Tom Adams showed his courage.



"Tom," said Dennis, as he took hold of his arm, "let me take her down Saluda; I can manage her."

He had managed her many times, and that with skill, but this time Tom said, "No, if trouble comes, I want to be found at my post. But hold on, Dennis," he said, trying to collect his thoughts, "I fear this night's daring dash will not turn out well. You can see that ice on those rails? Well, if this engine gets the start of us down Saluda, there are but two things left for us to do: to jump for our own lives, or stay on and risk them and use the sand pipes." As he said this, he blew for Saluda Mountain.

A sigh passed over the crowd of passengers on that train. Every one was silent, and many almost feared to breathe. The engineer sat at his post with a heavy heart, and whispered to Dennis to care for his children if he should get hurt that night. There! the wheels were slipping, and he put the brakes on a little tighter, not tight enough to lock the wheels, however, as they would slide the more easily then. He turned on the sand, but there was such a little in the box that it did no good, and the engine plunged faster and faster down the mountain side.

A panic was created on the train. Women and children were crying, and some praying, while the men were trying to get off. But the conductor told them to stay on, as the mountain side was steep, and if they were to jump off they would be torn to pieces on the rocks and frozen ground.

The engineer sat as firm as a stone statue, determined if possible to save the train. Now and then hope would kindle in his face, but to die away as he realized how fast they were going, and thought of the curve just in

front. Suddenly there was a great crash. The engine had jumped the track, and there in one heap, on the side of the mountain, lay the engine and two of its cars, torn to pieces as if they were toys. Shrieks and moans from the wounded and dying pierced the air and made the night hideous. Those that were not wounded, of which Dennis Brown was one, began to seek the wounded ones. He heard a sigh a little distance from him, and holding his lantern that way, to his surprise he saw the face of Eva Adams, the engineer's daughter, stained with blood.

"O! Dennis," she cried, "I am so glad you came; do lift me out from under these seats. I feared there would be a wreck to-night, on this mountain, and I wanted to be near, so I could care for father if he got hurt. He doesn't know I was on this train. Is he hurt?"

With trembling hands Dennis removed her, and they began to search for her father. They had not gone far when they heard a heavy sigh, then a moan.

"O! God, take care of my children and Dennis, and save my poor soul."

They recognized the voice, and found that he was fast under the engine. When he saw Dennis, he said, "Tell the Superintendent I did all I could to save her."

They began to try to get him out, but he said, "Go to the others, I am nearly dead."

But Dennis would not, and dug under him and soon removed him, while Eva was bathing his face.

"Father, are you hurt very bad?"

He opened his eyes and recognized her, "Eva, I am so glad you are here. I shall not live, but I will leave you with Dennis. He loves you and will care for you, and you must make him a good wife." And he kissed her and died.

The next day they buried him, in the family burying-ground, by the side of his wife. Dennis was promoted to his place as engineer, and he did care for Eva as none other could have done.

## A CURE FOR LOVE.

BY EXETER.

Once Polyphemus, blooming bully,  
Loved Galatea, spiteful maid;  
His passion filled him up so fully,  
He left his sheep for wolves to raid.

He asked Apollo for a cure,  
But all his nostrums made him worse,  
Till in a fit of madness pure,  
He fell to writing bassoon verse:

"Why don't you love me, silly girl?  
My single eye is large and bright;  
Am I an ugly, dwarfish churl?  
I'm handsome in my own good sight;

"So fair my image seemed to be  
When in a stream I saw it rest,  
To keep the gods from hating me,  
I spat three times upon my breast.

"You love me not!—your taste is bad,  
You proud and silly little flirt;  
You love me not!—you'll wish you had,  
For I'm not made of common dirt."

So Polyphemus cured his passion,  
And so may you, poor love-lorn chump,  
By courting the muse in similar fashion,  
End all your sorrows in a lump.

[We are indebted to Mr. Walter H. Crabtree for the following piece of interesting history.—EDITOR.]

### THE STARS AND BARS.

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The First Confederate Flag that Floated on the Ocean: How it was Treated in the West Indies—The Details of an Adventuresome Trip—A Scrap of History—Blockade Running.

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The other day when the sun had managed to force its way, after several days of struggling, through the dull, leaden clouds, we were basking in its genial rays while propping a Cherry street awning-post. While listlessly watching the people as they hurried along, our eyes fell upon the well-knit figure of Capt. Cad. Beale.

As he was a well-known and popular railroad man, the reportorial curl of an interrogation point yanked him to our side. "No news." Then the ears that had pricked up to catch the faintest sound of a new item resumed their wonted flap, and by degrees we found ourselves drifting down a current of conversation.

How it came about we do not remember, but we were soon talking of war times.

"Do you know that I am the only survivor of those who sailed in the first ship that ever floated a Confederate flag?" Now, no newsgatherer will ever allow a man who makes such a statement as that to get away from him until the whole story is told, consequently the flaps of the reportorial ears assumed the perpendicular, and unto them was poured the following interesting history of the first Confederate flag that ever floated from a mast:

"When the wave of secession began to roll over the South, I was living in New Bern, North Carolina,

which is now considerable of a sea-port town. My honored father was one of the first to espouse the cause, and being a North Carolinian, I followed him. I was his oldest son, and then about fifteen years old.

"Too young to aid the cause, however, but full of love of adventure, I joined a school companion in persuading our parents to let us take a voyage in one of the numerous merchant vessels that plied between New Bern and Northern ports and the West Indies Islands. Owners in the South of these merchant vessels, fearing trouble because of the agitation of war, now refused to allow them to go to Northern ports. Having many friends among the merchants' captains, my father gave his consent, and soon, by invitation, not as sailors, but as adventuresome youths, we proposed to make a voyage to the West Indies. And right here my memory fails to furnish me with the details of that preparation.

"On the 5th day of March, 1861, the schooner *Pearl*, 247 tons burden, sailed for New Bern loaded under hatches with white-oak staves, and with a deck load of lumber. She was a flat-bottomed schooner, two masts, with center-board. Her sails consisted of a mainsail, foresail, standing and jib-out, two gaff topsails, and staysail. She was owned by Theodore Hughes, Capt. Bob Robbins, whose name was Theophilus Adams Robbins, but was always called Bob, and Jonas Smith & Company, of New York, and commanded by Capt. Bob Robbins. Her crew consisted of one mate, white, five seamen, four negroes, before the mast, and the cook, who was a free negro, John Hall, who was my companion and myself.

"At our main topmast we had unfurled, we claim, the first Confederate flag that ever kissed the breeze of the

Atlantic, the design of the flag having been adopted in Montgomery on March 5, and telegraphed to all points.

"On March 9, 1861, we went over the bar at Hatteras Inlet, and headed for the island of Demarara. On the 12th we struck a gale that lasted four days and nights, during which time we were compelled to reef all sails except the standing jib, and scud under bare poles. When the gale subsided, we had been blown entirely off our course. After repairing damages, we found that our gallant little vessel was taking in considerable water by reason of leaks caused by the severe straining that she had undergone. The discovery compelled us to keep up some extra pumping, and right here our love of adventure had vanished, and we did some tall praying for boys of our age.

"The leak stopped, the sails were unfurled, and everything went along lovely. The first land sighted in three weeks was the island of Antigua, which belongs to the English, and which, of course, we hailed with delight. We set our colors for a pilot, that we might enter the harbor of St. Johns, a nice little city. When entering the harbor, which is commanded by a fort, Boom! came a shot across our bows, which meant to lay to, and we did. The commander of the fort came out to us in a small boat, and when aboard demanded to know where we were from, and what flag was that we were flying. We informed him that we hailed from North Carolina, and the flag was that of the anticipated Confederacy. He told us that he had sighted the flag as we were coming in, but could not make it out, and had consulted the map of all nations and flags, but found nothing like it. For that reason he had caused us to lay to.

"After complimenting the flag, he gave his permit to enter the harbor, and we got in about midday. Here we lay in the stream at anchor, and took samples of our stores to shore to sell the cargo, and consigned our vessel to Johnson & Sons, an English commission firm.

"As may be imagined, our flag created considerable excitement. All about us were small schooners from the banks of New Foundland and Nova Scotia, commanded by New England captains in the fish trade, and they commenced to talk about it, calling it the slavery flag. Mr. Johnson, Jr., asked permission to take it ashore to show it to the Governor of the island. The request was granted, and the Governor complimented it.

"When Mr. Johnson raised it on the flag-pole in front of his office, threats were made by these New Englanders and bribes offered to cut the flag's halyards and bring it down, but Hall and myself, aided by young Johnson, kept the natives and all others from attempting to do so, swearing that we would shoot the first man who laid hands on the halyards.

"On the next morning the feeling against the flag seemed to have subsided. On that evening we accepted a very kind invitation from Mr. Johnson to dine with him between the hours of five and six, as is the English custom. While at dinner, we were informed that our flag had been cut down, and we lost no time in running to its protection, even though it was on a foreign shore. To our horror, we found the mob of negroes, incited by the crews of the fishing vessels, had raised the Stars and Stripes above it, fired pistol balls through it, then tore it down and tore it into strips, which they had tied around their ankles, and in every other way had tried to disgrace it. We were maddened to desperation, and



would have rushed headlong into what was certain death, but older heads kept us down.

"We failed to sell our cargo in St. Johns, and decided to sail for another port next morning. We were constantly eyed by the mob, who said if we raised another such flag they would scuttle our vessel. Our captain, though a down-easter by birth, married in the South, and was as true a man to the Southern cause as ever lived, said the *Pearl* should fly the Stars and Bars, and, if necessary, sink with his vessel in defence of it.

"Leaving the vessel under the watch of a guard (the mate and three seamen), we determined on having a new flag made. Some English ladies volunteered their services, and by rapid work of fair hands it was not long before we had a flag made of bunting. Our own flag had been made of calico.

"Before daylight, the Stars and Bars were again unfurled from the main peak of the *Pearl*.

"When daylight appeared, we unfurled our sails in full view of everybody in and around the harbor. Our crew of negroes had caught our spirit, and were as ready to fight for the flag as any of us, and for this reason we felt somewhat secure against anything like a hand-to-hand encounter. Sails all set, we sailed out of the harbor for Guadaloupe, a French island, arriving there the next day at the little town of Bastarre, where we took dinner.

"Our flag was highly complimented by the French officers, consuls and others upon the island.

"Nothing of interest transpired here. We again failed to sell our cargo advantageously, and sailed for the island of Nevis, a small island on which there are many fine sugar estates, and which belongs to the English.

"Filling our casks with fresh water, we went to St. Kitts, which lies just opposite. We had to reach both these places in our small boat, as about five miles from land our schooner got into a dead calm.

"A breeze springing up, we sailed for the island of Dominique, which belongs to the English, landing at the town of Roseau. We sold our cargo at a good price, but we were compelled to anchor out and unload in small boats, as there were no wharves. Our flag was much admired here and considerably talked about.

"I came very near losing my life here. As was my custom, one morning I took the yawl boat and sculled ashore to get some fruit, which grew so plentifully on the island. While making purchases in the market-place with a negro boy whom I had employed as interpreter, I was accosted by a well-dressed negro, speaking very good English. He asked me if I belonged to the vessel flying the strange flag. On answering him in the affirmative, he then wanted to know if North Carolina was a free State. I replied that if I had as likely a looking negro in North Carolina as he was, I would sell him for twelve or fifteen hundred dollars. This insulted his dignity, and angry words ensued. He informed me that he was the Governor's secretary and an official of the island. He would have the gendarmes to arrest and confine me in the barracks. Such language, spoken by a negro to a Southern boy, raised my ire, and I went for my knife to cut my way through the cordon of natives that by this time had been drawn around me. To my joy, I saw Captain Robbins and Hall coming towards me. They had come ashore, and, seeing the crowd, came up to see what was going on. The captain man-

aged to explain matters, and begged me off. I was then sent to the vessel.

#### INSULTING A DIGNITARY.

"The next morning the *Dominique Journal* appeared with a column or more detailing the circumstances of how one of the dignitaries of the island had been grossly insulted by a young Southerner. This caused me some uneasiness, as I feared my pleasure ashore was done for. But not so. The article gave me notoriety, and the two and one-half weeks we were there I became acquainted with all the officials of the island, who treated me courteously and kindly. I became acquainted with many pretty girls, and one, the harbor master's daughter, I claimed for a sweetheart. She gave me a trunk full of fruits and jellies for my mother, and when we parted I made earnest promises to return. These promises were never fulfilled, however, and Rose, the Creole beauty, has probably forgotten me by this time.

"Loading our schooner with sugar, securing our clearance papers, but not until I came near having another serious difficulty with a negro clerk, who wanted me to take off my hat while in the custom-house, we set out for St. Thomas, belonging to the Danes, to finish our cargo with coffee. The Confederate flag still floated from the mast-head.

"On our way we had a mutiny, the negro seamen having loaded up with liquor while ashore and came on board drunk, and refused to wash off the decks. The weather was hot, and we slept on deck. A brace of 44 calibre Colts soon brought them to their senses, and they begged for mercy. We arrived safely at St. Thomas, a beautiful island, and used as a coaling station for English and

American steamships. We spent a week here, and finished our cargo with coffee and salt. While here we lost the leader of the mutiny by his being knocked overboard by the boom gibbing, and drowned.

"While at St. Thomas, our flag received many compliments and many wishes for the success of our new government were expressed by the noble Danes. We left the island with glad hearts and a fair wind, homeward bound.

"Nine and a half days out from St. Thomas we made the land of Hatteras. We bore down to the inlet and set our colors for the pilot to take us over the bar. With our glasses we could see the fort erected there since we left, with the Stars and Bars flying. The blockading squadron was then off the bar, though they were not very fast steamers.

"Finally we saw one steaming down on us. Now our excitement was great. Could you have seen the coolness of our gallant little captain, he would have commanded your utmost admiration. He said: 'Men, spread canvas; the *Pearl* will show them a clean pair of heels. They shall not have my vessel, but I can not risk Hatteras without a pilot. I will simply hug the shore and risk Ocracoke.'

#### A BRAVE CAPTAIN.

"Boom! came a shot, falling astern of the *Pearl*. Hall and myself proposed to Captain Robbins to run up the Stars and Stripes to fool them. At that time we were only flying a small pennant. 'No,' said he, 'bring out the Stars and Bars and send it aloft.' And up it went amid the shouts of every man on board. Every one of us was ripe for anything desperate at such a time. The

canvas was spread, and our little vessel seemed as if she would jump from the water. Boom! came another gun, but as we were then gaining distance rapidly, we paid no attention to it. When opposite Okracoke, Captain Midgett, a pilot, came to us, and from him we learned that war had been declared, Sumpter taken and all ports blockaded. It was with some difficulty that we crossed the bar; but when we dropped anchor, language fails to describe the time had aboard the *Pearl* that night. Next morning we crossed the sound and entered the mouth of the river for home, where we arrived safely after a four months' voyage.

"Our cargo proved to be a valuable one for the South. Captain Robbins afterward ran the blockade several times aboard steamships. When I last heard from him, twelve years ago, he had retired from the sea because of age and feebleness. Poor Hall, my schoolmate, who, like myself, entered the army, was killed by a negro sentinel at Point Lookout when a prisoner of war, for resenting an insult. The mate, I know, is dead, as are the negroes of the crew.

"As for myself, I served my country to the best of my ability, and thank heaven for its mercy in allowing me to live. I am here in your city with a happy family and engaged in railroading."

(Signed) "C. H. BEALE,

"800 Madison Avenue, Montgomery, Alabama."

## STORIETTE DEPARTMENT.

### BURIED ALIVE.

BY JO PATTON.

Mitchell County, North Carolina, or "The State of Mitchell," as it is sometimes called, lies hidden in the midst of the towering peaks and deep ravines of the great Blue Ridge.

The mists that at certain seasons of the year hide this section from view are not denser or more impenetrable than the shroud of myth and superstition that envelops the history of its people. For many years they believed in ghosts, goblins and haunts. Many among them there were who were given to strange visions and hallucinations. Consequently, every swamp, cave, tobacco barn and old field is the centre of some blood-curdling story. Long has this section been the scene of lawlessness and bloodshed. Though a lot of its citizens have engaged in "moonshining" and vice of all kinds, and though murder and crime have gone unpunished, still it has sent forth a goodly number of distinguished, law-abiding citizens.

It is true, however, that its rough caves, canyons and cliffs, that are now mined for mica, were once filled with fierce wild beasts. 'Tis to this time that all the wild legends may be traced for their foundation—the time when every man had strange stories to tell of adventure and experience.

And 'twas then (away back in the forties) that a noted hunter lived, known as Aleck Cooper. Every-body knew him. Many a night by the dying embers

had the old black mammy made the children quake and huddle close together, at the narration of some of his harrowing adventures.

Aleck had a passionate love for the wild forest and lone mountain passes. When the snows first began to melt in the spring time, he became restless. He would then don his buckskin breeches and homespun coat and shirt, and with a large stock of ammunition and his old "flint-lock," would start for the trailless haunts of the mountains, to return again late in the fall with a great supply of rich fur skins.

The mountains were full of panthers, or "painters," as they called them.

The sun was sinking low on a beautiful autumn day, and Aleck found himself far from the cave in a certain mountain he called home. He had been chasing a buck all day, and had been delayed in skinning it. He quickened his steps, for he well knew how dangerous it was to travel in the forest at night, but darkness came on and he was far from home. He wandered on, but sank at last at the same place from which he had started—lost!

Tired out, he lay down at the bottom of a deep ravine in the soft leaves and soon fell asleep. Presently the moon came out and shone on his face, but he still slept. A night hawk left its perch on a mossy rock and swooped down across a clear mountain stream near by, and seeing his shadow in the smooth surface, shrieked loud defiance, but Aleck slept on, oblivious of the noise.

Suddenly he was awakened by a loud, weird scream from a cliff far above his head. He was startled to find himself buried deep under a great mass of leaves! His heart almost stopped beating! Then it all came to

him like a flash. It was a panther that had found him, and being full of venison, had covered him up, and was now calling his mate.

Yes, he was right, for from another cliff far across the gorge came the uncanny answer of its mate like the trembling voice of a tortured child. He knew they would be back in only a few minutes!

He hastily piled the leaves together in a heap and stepped back a pace into the bushes. He slowly raised his long gun and rested it firmly on a limb. The moonlight shimmered along the long, steel barrel, while an unusual light flashed from Old Aleck's gray eye.

He had not long to wait, for presently the moonlight revealed two long, yellowish-brown forms slowly approaching from opposite directions. Their tails were gently wagging to and fro, and their eyes were glaring like coals of fire. They crept along noiselessly, with eyes intent on the mound of leaves. A little closer, and they both crouched simultaneously; then with one long bound they met in the air, mouths open wide, claws extended, and came down together at the head of the mound, crushing leaves and sticks in their huge paws!

At that instant a sharp report was heard, and one of the huge beasts fell headlong, breaking its neck, while the blood gushed from its left side. The other stared once wildly in the direction of the noise, then with a few long bounds hid itself in the dark recesses of the mountains.

Aleck slowly reloaded his rifle, and when daylight came skinned the panther and resumed his journey homeward as though nothing unusual had happened.

The panther's hide is now in the possession of one of



Uncle Aleck's great-grandsons, who often tells with pride the story of how his great-grandfather was once buried alive by a "painter."

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### AN OPIUM DREAM.

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BY HROLDAR.

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Hroldar lay in his hammock gazing up at the beautiful trees, through whose silvery foliage little glimpses of an Eastern azure sky peeped. An opium cigarette, half consumed, hung limply from his pallid lips, and his soft blue eyes with a far-away dreamy expression were fixed steadfastly on a little patch of the blue that could be seen through the foliage above.

Was he sleeping? Was he dreaming No one knew, but surely his thoughts were not of the earth. How good the opium fumes made him feel. The powerful drug at his lips had already set his nerves vibrating with an unutterable pleasure. A ghastly smile that was half a sneer played over his emaciated face.

A gentle zephyr was playing with the silken drapery of the hammock, swaying it back and forth. But such a zephyr man never dreamed of before. He could see it. It was a living, moving procession of fantastic figures—little sprites whose glistening wings flashed all colors of the eastern rainbow. Millions of them filled the space between his glazed eyes and the little spot of blue above. With a halo of colored light around them, they fluttered down and swayed the silken drapery of the hammock as they danced back and forth through its twisted meshes. Some more bold and inquisitive than the rest stole down and peeped into his eyes, but seeing

their reflection in those blue orbs, they flew away again in wonder.

There was another puff of the opiate, and as the fumes went seething to his brain, the beautiful vision was cut off for a moment. But there it was again, more beautiful than before. The zephyr was still blowing and the flitting sprites still swayed the drapery as they trooped by faster and faster.

Another inhalation, and the cigarette slipped from his lips. Would the procession never end. Suddenly there appeared skimming through the air a beautiful chariot drawn by thousands of much larger sprites. Its pearly sides glittered in the sunlight, and wings of gold, wide spread, held it magically in the air. But more beautiful than all was the lovely creature drawn by this fancy band. It was a beautiful woman. In her hands rested the golden threads with which she governed her flitting steeds. Over her bare neck and shoulders fell in golden waves her long hair. Only a delicate mantle was draped around her figure, which showed only too well the perfect form.

But look! The car stops! She turns her radiant face toward him, and with her brightly bejeweled finger beckons him to enter the car. He obeys. How could he help it? Death itself could not stop him. He is soon seated by her side, and together they fly through the balmy air. The delight is almost killing. Such beauty man never looked upon and lived. Upward and still upward they fly, drawn by their sprightly steeds. Now they are floating close by a cloud. Now they pierce its silver lining. There before them appears a pearly white throne, resplendent in the silvery light. Seated upon the throne is a queen of enchanting beauty. A crown

set with diamonds presses her temples. Before her, reclining upon brilliant couches, are thousands of her fairy subjects, their rich mantles draped gracefully around their shoulders.

On they fly, he and his smiling companion, up to the throne itself. Then the queen arose and stretching out her hand said, "Sir Hroldar, this is our home. No man enters here and returns to earth again. We will make you our king. You are wel—"

All was darkness. The breeze still swayed the hammock drapery, but it had no charm for the slumberer. At length he awoke. His eyes still rested upon the bit of blue sky above, but its beauty had fled. It was only an opium dream. Hroldar arose from his hammock, shook himself, and with the same old far-away expression in his eyes, walked away among the trees, cursing softly under his breath.

# EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

## STAFF EDITORS :

DR. G. W. PASCHAL, Alumni Editor.

### EUZELIAN SOCIETY.

G. S. FOOTE.....Editor  
H. L. STORY.....Associate Editor

### PHILOMATHESIAN SOCIETY.

C. P. WEAVER.....Editor  
J. S. HARDAWAY.....Associate Editor

W. C. BIVENS, Business Manager.

## EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

GASTON S. FOOTE, Editor.

The Furman Thanksgiving Debate. Exultant in her victory over Virginia on Thanksgiving night, with the notes of triumph still ringing in her ears, confident of her prowess upon the platform, Wake Forest, ever eager to dare and do, has completed arrangements for a debate in Raleigh Easter night with Furman University of South Carolina. Victory over Richmond College was not so difficult, but when Wake Forest meets the boys from the other Carolina, the Palmetto boys, unless she looks sharp, she will meet her prototype, and the combat may be one of "steel cut steel." Now it remains to be seen whose steel shall prove the harder, Wake Forest's or Furman's. As in the case of the Richmond debate, the choice lies with our boys. They are fresh from victory, and have not yet laid aside their speaking clothes. If they will, they can temper their steel so that it may come out of the melee somewhat scarred but not a whit blunted. Time, however, is required to bring their steel to a hard finish, and as in the fall debate, the boys who are going to enter the contest, and from whom our rep-

representatives will be chosen, should make early and careful preparation. Start to work as soon as the question and sides are decided upon, and do not let your efforts grow lax until the victory over Furman is recorded as the second great victory of the year 1903-04.

We are glad to see such an enthusiastic feeling in debate, and the interest which those who are not speakers show in all such contests speaks well for the Literary Societies here. It has been remarked more than once of late that the societies are not doing the work they once did, but we think that if any one will stop for a minute and think of the interest manifested both by the speakers and by those who make no pretensions at speaking, they will quickly see that their conclusions are wrong. The societies are important factors in a student's life, and every student that avails himself of these opportunities will find that the good gained will be of great benefit to him, and largely influence his future life.

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The Howler. Shall we or shall we not have an annual for the year 1903-04?—that's the question; and the answer rests with the boys in College, and the sooner they give the answer, the better annual they will have, that is if the answer is favorable. Each editor's respective work has been assigned him, and the words "go to work" from *every* student in College will be a signal to the editors, and with strong shoulders put forward they will go through the line in a manner that will please the least sanguine. Please notice, fellow-students, that the word "every" is especially emphasized, and we shall show our reason for doing so in a short while.

The board of editors, encouraged by the Faculty, who are heartily in sympathy with and who favor the publication of *The Howler*, had a meeting recently in room No. 2, with Doctor Sikes as chairman. The editors, with Doctor Sikes, went over carefully the expenses connected with the publication of last year's annual, and found wherein the expenses could be considerably lessened this year. Every unnecessary expense was eliminated in counting up the cost, and after many encouraging remarks and timely suggestions by Doctor Sikes, the editors came to the conclusion that an annual was absolutely necessary to the welfare of the College and the boys.

Now as to the reason for laying special stress upon the word "every." Last year, much to the discredit of the student body, the number of boys buying an annual was pitifully small. This in a large measure accounts for the great debt which the editors contracted. At first thought one is disposed to censure the boys for that, accusing them of not having enough college spirit and interest to contribute one dollar and fifty cents—and get value received—towards a worthy enterprise. We should not judge too quickly or harshly, however, but should take into consideration that *The Howler* until last year was something unheard of, and its publication was somewhat of a venture. The boys, not exactly understanding the character of an annual, and not fully satisfied that it had the hearty sanction of the Faculty, were a little dubious as to giving it their hearty support, and possibly were afraid of not getting \$1.50 worth of good from it. This year, however, the boys know just what *The Howler* is, and we should like to inform them that it has the good will and hearty sanction of Faculty,

Trustees, Alumni, and every friend or foe of the institution. Now the editors also found in their meeting that if *every* student in college would subscribe for only *one Howler*, there would not be the least difficulty in getting out one that will be creditable to the College, and that will ever after be of interest and pleasure to every man enrolled here this year; but as in all other college enterprises, the support and cooperation of the students is necessary. Will you not, fellow-students, come to the rescue? Just give your name to the business manager for at least one annual, and the editors, thankful for your support and interest, will put their best efforts forward and show their appreciation by giving you an annual that will be of unceasing pleasure to you so long as you do live.

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A Training  
Table.

There has been a rumor, and we trust that it is not altogether an idle one, that a training table is to be established this spring for the ball team. This is the right step in the right direction, and if it is carried into effect it means a great deal for the athletic future of Wake Forest. Other colleges not so large as Wake Forest have such tables, and we do not see why Wake Forest can not have one with just as much advantage as other colleges. That other schools have them, and as a consequence put stronger teams on the diamond, is a conclusive argument in their behalf. Now the prospects for a winning team this spring are good. Several of the old men are back, and there will be two or three men playing for every position on the field. Good players are of course the prime requisite for any ball team, but work does not stop with the good players; we must go beyond that. We must select the best men for

the respective positions, and then the important part, see to it that they keep themselves in the best of conditions, so that they may fill the position in the best manner possible. A ball player can not any more than any other kind of athlete, afford to be inconsistent with nature. Proper food, and that taken at regular intervals, is just as essential to the training of base-ball players as it is to the training of prize-fighters. It is true that the practice work on the diamond counts most of all, but the player is enabled to carry on his practice work most efficiently only by not violating the-laws of nature—by keeping late hours, smoking too much, over-feeding, etc. A training table, now, will greatly aid in regulating these faults. None but the members of the ball team and the trainer will be at the table. Certain regulations will be framed, requiring certain duties of each man. The trainer will arrange a bill of fare for each meal, consisting only of such food as will be conducive to the player's health and strength. The members of the team will be kept in continual contact with each other, thereby cultivating another essential feature of a ball team—unity,—and with the boys all under one roof and at one table, the trainer can be with them continually, encourage them, and look after the weak points of each individual player, all of which he could not do were each boy boarding at his respective house in college.

Now, is a training table practicable at Wake Forest? It seems so to us, and after a few minutes consideration we think that it will seem so to every man in college. There will be enough men on the team, with substitutes, to fill almost any boarding-house in college, and just enough to fill one good-sized table. Some of the members of the team probably are at a ten-dollar-a-month



house, while others probably are paying only six or seven dollars a month. Now if those of the latter class do not feel able to pay as much as ten dollars a month in order to have a training table, why it would be only a small deficiency each month, and this the Athletic Association could very easily meet. If the Association will only do this, and we think it will, the plan seems very possible, and we hope that the entire student body will do everything in its power to inaugurate such a movement, and with it we can confidently assure a winning team to the College.

## EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.

C. P. WEAVER, Editor.

The Editor sat in the Easy Chair and pondered on spooks and goblins—not that there was anything particularly spookish or uncanny about the Easy Chair, but the calendar said it was the last day of the year, and the little clock on the mantle said it lacked but a short while of twelve, and so it was fitting that such sepulchral thoughts should pervade his brain.

The subject took complete possession of the Editor's thoughts and sidetracked all embryonic New Year resolutions and gave the subject right of way. He picked up Hamlet and the House Boat on the Styx, and after getting pretty well acquainted with the Elysian Fields and the way ghosts talked, decided he would like to tackle a nice, respectable ghost and interview him. And so he put on his hat, and with a bunch of keys sauntered into the laboratory where the skeleton of an old ante-bellum mammy hung, suspended by a ring through her skull. In vain did he attempt to colloquize with this last vestige of the departed mammy; but even the Egyptian sphinx seemed more communicative, and he gave up in despair.

He then climbed three flights of stairs and landed in a "Med's" room with the hope that the rising Æsculapian might enlighten him about these strange phenomena called ghosts. But the "Med" was "boning" for exam, and talked of making a ghost of the Editor if he interrupted him with any more such bosh, and so he at last gave up the quest, flung himself in the Easy Chair and sought consolation in his pipe.

The pipe proved responsive and soon the Easy Chair was enveloped in a white haze. The clock was on the stroke of the hour when the Editor looked up and there before him stood the object of his search—a nice respectable ghost.

"At your service," it said, without so much as an introductory bow.

All the uncanny language which the Editor had carefully conned immediately took flight, and the Editor in despair only gazed with wide-mouthed admiration at the apparition.

The ghost seemed hurt at such a reception and about to take

flight, but after a moment's hesitation sank down in a chair, and broke the ice by saying: "Well, I'm here.

"I see you are," the Editor gasped.

The clock broke the silence with the announcement that it was New Year's morning. The spell was broken and the Editor found his tongue again. But with the stroke of the hour the ghost began to fade into airy nothingness receding toward the door. On the threshold, however, he paused, and with a parting glance he said: "I am the spirit of the year that has just departed. A happy New Year to you," and he was gone.

For a long time the Editor sat and thought over what he had just seen. His first attempt to interview a ghost had proved a failure, but he gleaned the valuable information that, after all, ghosts are social beings and must be entertained like ordinary guests.

The knob turned and in the doorway stood a rosy-cheeked infant whom he at once recognized as the New Year, and with a smile he turned his thoughts gladly from the dead uncanny past to the living rose-colored present.

## EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

JOHN S. HARDAWAY, Jr., Editor.

The exchanges for November show a decided improvement over the first issues, still there are many faults that ought to be corrected. There seems to be a growing tendency, especially among the smaller magazines, to make synopses of current events. One in particular announces in its October number that "America still holds the cup" and that "Marquis of Salisbury . . . died August twenty-second." Such dipping as this into ancient history can not but be out of place in a college magazine.

Closely akin to the above comes the promiscuous reviewing at great length of recent books. It would not be out of place to give some occasional notice of the latest and best fiction, but long, tiresome criticisms take up too much valuable space.

The first thing we pick up is *The Philomathean Monthly*. It is plainly bound and neatly got up. There is, however, a lack of fiction.

*The Chisel's* table of contents looks inviting. The material is varied but all of the articles are too short. "The Mischief of a Handkerchief" is quite an entertaining story.

*The College of Charleston Magazine* has devoted all of the space of its literary department to fiction—three good stories, and not an essay or a line of poetry. Surely the editors could do better if they would try.

We would suggest to *The Criterion* that college verse be published in preference to work of Tennyson and Mrs. Browning. With this exception *The Criterion* is well on an average with the majority of the exchanges.

"Waiting—a True Story," in *The Collegian*, proves beyond a doubt that "Truth is stranger than fiction." The conversation between Hubert and Alleze differs from any we ever heard or read of. It is poorly written, and might have been left out without great loss.

*The Wofford College Journal* creates an air of expectancy. It is a magazine that will bear close inspection. The poetry is first-class. "His Double Reward" is a love story with its plot laid in South Africa. The author must be gifted with a wonderful imagination.

We think that the editors of *The Academy* have shown very poor taste in dividing up their magazine into two parts, one for each of the literary societies. We fail to see how any good could result from such a division, unless possibly it be that a certain degree of competition might arise between the two.

The author of "The Biography of a Dog" in the November *Archive* has expressed our opinion exactly. "Bob, Son of Battle," has never been fully appreciated by the general run of readers. *The Archive* impresses one with the fact that its highest aim is to produce solid, substantial matter. "According to the Law and the Evidence" is the best story in the November issue.

First of all the exchanges to our table every month is *The Pine and Thistle*. This promptness is commendable. It is a dainty little magazine of only twenty-two pages, yet one would be surprised at the amount of readable material contained in so small a space. "A Comedy of Halloween Errors" is a delightfully refreshing story of the pranks of some college girls.

*The College Message* has shown thus far a marked improvement over last year. The cover design is very unique. "The Surrender of Colonel Redfern" is a story of some length and not without considerable merit. The plot is an excellent one—far better than the usual love story of the late war. *The Message* is lacking in verse. We hope that the editors will take care to introduce some into their next number.

*The Clemson College Chronicle* carries with it an air of wholesome originality. "Trains That Pass in the Night" is the best story contained in the November *Chronicle*. "The Soldier's Story" and "Cupid Conquers" are worthy of mention. "The Scholar in the State" is well written and to the point. There is a feeling of freshness and spirit about *The Chronicle* found in few of the magazines.

The literary department of *The Howard Collegian* is sadly lacking. It takes up only fifteen pages, while the editorials and other departments occupy thirty or more. The editors should either cut their work down or add to the amount of the strictly literary. It would be well if they add a table of contents also. A magazine without a simple piece of fiction is in a very bad way.

The following magazines were received for November: *University of Virginia Magazine*, *The Binghamite*, *Pine and Thistle*, *The Criterion*, *State Normal Magazine*, *Wofford College Journal*, *The Academy*, *The Collegian*, *The Philomathean Monthly*, *The Chisel*, *Rampden-Sidney Magazine*, *The William Jewell Student*, *The Fur-*

*man Echo, The Emory and Henry Era, The Trinity Archive, The Tahlahnekan, Southwestern University Magazine, The College of Charleston Magazine, The Winthrop College Journal, The Palmetto, The Howard Collegian, The College Message, The University of Texas Magazine, The Eatonian, Statesville College Magazine, The Central Collegian, The Vassar Miscellany, The Buff and Blue, Clemson College Chronicle.*

## CLIPPINGS.

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"The stingiest man I ever knowed  
Wuz named Augustus Howell;  
He let his hair grow nine feet long,  
Then used it for a towel."

—*Penn Punch Bowl.*

Here's to the chigger  
That ain't any bigger  
Than the head of a good-sized pin;  
But the bump that he raises  
Itches like blazes  
And there's where the rub comes in.

—*Howard County Advertiser.*

In a dignified way she said Mr.,  
Because he imprudently Kr,  
And just out of spite  
The following night,  
The very same Mr. Kr. Sr.—*Ex.*

She talked about economy  
(He wondered why her haste),  
But well she might, for all unknown,  
His arm had gone to waist.  
—*Wesleyan Literary Monthly.*

"I fear you are forgetting me,"  
She said in tones polite;  
"I am indeed for getting you,  
That's why I came to-night."—*Ex.*

I'd like to be a senior,  
And with the seniors stand;  
A fountain pen behind my ear,  
A note book in my hand.

## THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

I would not write in it at all,  
 But keep it clean all day,  
 For I would be a senior,  
 And with the seniors stay.  
 I would not be an angel,  
 For angels have to sing;  
 But I would be senior  
 And never do a thing. —*Ex.*



## A CANED SEAT.

Tommy on his birthday once  
 Got a little chair;  
 Legs of wood, back of wood,  
 Seat of horses' hair.

Tommy didn't like the seat,  
 Tears of wrath were rained.  
 Kicked it through with angry foot,  
 Said "Seat must be caned."

Papa undertook the job,  
 Anger in him pent;  
 Little Tommy's seat was caned,  
 But not the way he meant. —*Ex.*



## LOVE'S ALLEGORY.

HE.—You are gladness, you are sunshine,  
 You are happiness—I trow;  
 You are all to me, my darling,  
 What is lovely here below.

SHE.—You are splendor, you are glory,  
 You are handsome, you are true;  
 All there is this side of Heaven,  
 I behold, my love, in you.

HER PA.—I am lightning, I am thunder,  
 I'm a roaring cataract;  
 I am earthquakes and volcanoes,  
 And I'll demonstrate the fact—  
 —!——!!——!!!——!!!!

—Wofford College Journal.



"My daughter," and his voice was stern;  
 "You must set this matter right.  
 What time did that young Sophomore leave,  
 Who sent his card last night?"  
 "His work was pressing, father dear;  
 His love for it was great.  
 He took his leave and went away  
 Before a quarter of eight."  
 Then a twinkle came to her bright blue eye,  
 And her dimple deeper grew;  
 "It's surely no sin to tell him,  
 For a quarter of eight is two."—*Ex.*



### NOTHING DOING.

—  
 We went to Cupid's garden;  
 We wandered o'er the land;  
 The morn was shining brightly,  
 I held her little—*shawl*.

Yes, I held her little shawl—  
 How fast the evening flies—  
 We spoke in tones of "love";  
 I gazed into her—*lunch-basket*.

I gazed into the basket;  
 I wished I had a taste;  
 There sat my lovely charmer,  
 My arm around her—*umbrella*.

Embracing her umbrella—  
 This charming little miss,  
 Her eyes were full of mischief—  
 I slyly stole a—*sandwich*.  
 —*Ex.*

## WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

H. L. STORY, Editor.

'99. Mr. L. C. McIntosh is doing well teaching in Louisville, Miss

'96-7. Mr. Wade Wishart is a very successful attorney in Lumberton, N. C.

'94. Mr. T. J. Pence is Washington correspondent of the *Raleigh Morning Post*.

'97. Mr. W. F. Joyner is meeting with success in charge of the Franklinton Bank.

'79. Dr. C. A. Rominger, of Reidsville, N. C., is one of the foremost dentists of the State.

'88. December 6, Dr. Lynch filled the pulpit of the First Baptist Church in Wilmington, N. C.

'92-4. Rev. J. J. Douglass, of the Wilson Baptist Church, has accepted a position in Baltimore.

'01. Mr. Winston D. Adams has left the school-room to take up a more lucrative business in life insurance.

'02. Mr. T. B. Davis, who has been teaching at Bethel Hill, was recently elected church missionary of the Tabernacle Church in Raleigh, N. C.

'84. Rev. W. B. Pope, of Pueblo, Colorado, was re-elected corresponding secretary of the Baptist State Convention of Colorado at its recent session.

The Wake Forest men who are this year at Crozer Theological Seminary are Messrs. ('97) S. J. Beeker, ('00) S. E. Garner, and ('00) W. O. Rosser.

'79. Mr. W. N. Jones, of Raleigh, in accepting the position in charge of the Dispensary Commissioners, is to be commended as performing a civic service.

'36. Rev. J. D. Hufham, D.D., of Warsaw, is a member of the Historical Commission established by the last Legislature and appointed by Governor Aycock.

'89. Mr. F. L. Merritt has retired from the editorship of the *Asheville Citizen* and is now in Washington City, where he is correspondent of the *Asheville Citizen*, the *Providence Journal* and the *Raleigh News and Observer*.

Two of the most prominent members of the Press Association in Washington are ('92) Mr. R. F. Beasley, Editor of the *Monroe Journal*, and ('88) Mr. J. J. Farriss, Editor of the *High Point Enterprise*.

'75. Mr. John E. Ray, Principal of the State Schools for the Deaf, Dumb and Blind, Raleigh, accepted an invitation to speak on Friday morning, November 27th, to the Legislative committee of Virginia on the importance of establishing a school for the colored deaf and dumb and blind in Virginia.

'81. Dr. E. M. Poteat, President of Furman University, Greenville, S. C., will deliver a response on behalf of the Association at the fourteenth annual session of the Southern Educational Association, which convenes December 30, 1903, in Atlanta, Ga.

'80. At the same meeting Superintendent W. H. Ragsdale of Greenville, N. C., will discuss "Rural Libraries in the Public Schools."

Rev. Tom Dixon, of New York, is in the city. He says he is dramatizing his book, "The Leopard's Spots," and expects to complete it by January 1st. It will be first presented somewhere in the South, probably at Atlanta, New Orleans, Louisville, and will not go to New York, he says, until it is running smoothly. He says he is also writing a new novel, "The Klansmen," based on the North Carolina Ku Klux, that it will cover that great order all over the South, and it will tell of its rise, triumph and disbandment. He says it will be a year before he finishes this book, unless he works very hard, as he will have to carefully read at least 200 books, of which he now has 50 on hand.—*The Raleigh Times*.

'69. To illustrate the loyalty of our alumni to their Alma Mater, we quote below a letter written by Mr. John C. Scarborough, of the C. B. F. Institute, Murfreesboro, N. C., to our business manager of the WAKE FOREST STUDENT:

"DEAR SIR:—I inclose U. S. postal money order for \$1.50, subscription to STUDENT 1902-'3. Please credit me with same and oblige.

"I read the STUDENT with pleasure and profit to myself. Its columns keep me in touch and sympathy for young men at college. The societies are making a good journal. I, as an old student—1866-'69—and as a member of the Board of Trustees since 1872, feel proud of the STUDENT. I think it is worthy of the patronage and support of all friends of the College and lovers of young men."

## IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

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C. P. WEAVER, Editor.

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NEW YEAR!

NOT a break now until Anniversary.

DID you get through? What you make?

BE sure to attend the Glee Club concert.

MISS JANIE TAYLOR spent several weeks visiting relatives in Richmond last month.

MRS. JNO. W. WRAY, of Milledgeville, Ga., is visiting her father, Prof. L. R. Mills.

MRS. E. Y. WEBB, of Shelby, has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Simmons, for several weeks.

MR. L. J. POWELL has been elected senior speaker in the place of Mr. I. N. Loftin, who has left college.

THE family of Judge Timberlake, who formerly resided in Louisburg, have recently become residents of Wake Forest.

FORSOOTH, how metropolitan we are becoming! A banking department has been added to the drug store of Messrs. T. E. Holding & Co.

MISSES MARY JOHNSON AND RUBY MCCOY, students at the Baptist Female University, Raleigh, visited friends in Wake Forest last month.

MISS JONES, of the English Literature Department of the Baptist Female University; Miss Gibbs, of the Chair of History, and Miss Harris, Instructor of the English Language, spent a few days on the Hill last month, the guests of Miss Sophie Lanneau.

DR. B. (on chemistry examination): Give the occurrence of ammonia. Freshman: Ammonia is found in large quantities in cold minds.

SENIOR speaking, which should have taken place in November, but did not on account of Richmond debate, has been moved up until some time in the spring.

MISS FRANCES COVINGTON, of the Baptist Female University, Raleigh, was the guest a few days last month of her brothers, Messrs. Richard and Ben Covington.

DR. J. N. PRESTIDGE, editor of the *Baptist Argus*, Louisville, Ky., paid the College an appreciated visit on his way to Charlotte to attend the Baptist State Convention.

DR. SAMPEY, Professor of Hebrew in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, Ky., stopped at Wake Forest en route to the Baptist State Convention at Charlotte, and gave three delightful lectures on the Prophet Isaiah.

MISS MATTIE GILL delightfully entertained a number of her friends at a "swapping party" last month. Each guest brought a parcel which he exchanged with his neighbor, and the opening of the parcels caused much merriment. The evening was spent with conversation and games, after which dainty refreshments were served.

DR. JAMES D. BRUNER, of the Chair of Roman Languages at the State University, lectured in the small chapel, December 5, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A., on "The Literary Attractions of the Bible." It is to be regretted that the inclemency of the weather prevented more from hearing such an interesting and instructive lecture.

SOPH M. (on English examination, when asked to give a critical study of Milton): "His last poem, I think, is beautiful."

"Sunset and evening star  
And one clear call for me,  
And may there be no mourning of the bar  
When I put out to sea."

THE following officers of the Y. M. C. A. have been elected to serve during the spring and fall terms: President, M. L. Davis; Vice-President, R. D. Covington; Recording Secretary, R. G. Kendrick; Corresponding Secretary, T. D. Kitchin; Financial Secretary, A. H. Olive.

THE Glee Club will give their first concert in the College chapel somewhere near the middle of the month. The Club has been most efficiently trained by Professor Eatman, and the programme will be one of variety and interest. The tickets are twenty-five cents, and it behooves every loyal, college-spirited student to encourage the Club by his presence.

THE following bit of verse was handed to the editor too late for the December issue, in which it should properly have appeared, but we print it nevertheless with pleasure. The author of the poem is not a student, but a little girl who lives on the Hill, and it shows that patriotism is not confined to the student body.

#### HURRAH FOR THE CUP.

Hurrah! hurrah! we won the cup,  
And it's here, we hope, to stay;  
Old Richmond had to give it up,  
And let us take it away.

To Whisnant and Loftin we give the praise—  
They're the ones who saved the day;  
Three cheers for both we gladly raise,  
But them we can ne'er repay.

# WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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No. 5.

## MY ARGOSIES.

GERHARDT.

Over the boundless sea of time  
I wearily watch on the shore  
For the minion masts o'er the rim to climb  
Laden with golden store;  
But never a sail to tell the tale  
Of victory over the sea,  
And I watch and wait at the sunrise gate  
For my faring fortunes borne by Fate,  
For happiness, my bride, my mate.  
But never a glimmer, never a speck  
Of stately spar, of wind-toss'd wreck,  
Never a trade-wind's gentle breeze  
To tell me of my argosies.

## ANNIVERSARY.

G. W. P.

Golden day of rest and gladness, longed for all the busy  
year,  
When before the mighty audience *Alma Mater's* youth  
appear;—  
Day of mellow eyes and voices falling sweet upon the  
soul,  
When we feast our hearts with beauty, earnest of life's  
blessed goal.

**COLLEGE SPIRIT.**

BY CHAS. U. HARRIS.

In its confined and limited sense, college spirit is the expression of love by a student body for its college. In its more general sense, the term signifies the actions of a student body tending to promote the success and welfare of the college. College spirit is necessarily confined to the student body and alumni of any college, because when you speak of the interest the trustees or faculty have for the welfare of the college, you necessarily infer the interest arising out of the fiduciary relation which they bear to the college. Latent or hidden love which individual students bear for the college is not college spirit, because it lacks organization and expression. Neither is the act of part of the student body accompanying the men who are to represent the college in an intercollegiate debate and holloing themselves hoarse during the debate and afterwards, if their college happens to win, college spirit. Because this action is only temporary, and does not prevail in case of defeat. But on the other hand, if the students, knowing that there is to be a debate or any contest by representatives of their college with some other college, will get together and work out of pure love for the college and not for selfish ends, for the success of the venture, in order that the best men should represent their college, then this is true college spirit. If their representatives should fail to be victors in the contest, they should be heroes as much so as if they had won—because they have done their best, and it is no fault of theirs that they did not bring honor upon their college.

Graduates of any college where no college spirit exists generally go to their homes with his or her diplo-



mas tied with ribbon, frame the same and hang it up, and then straightway forget that there is such an institution as the one from which they graduated. But where there is college spirit, the graduates keep in touch with each other in the succeeding years. They help one another in case of misfortune and adversity—and rejoice in one another's prosperity and success. Not only this, but they are always doing something for the welfare of their dear old *Alma Mater*. They form local associations among themselves, and name the same with the name of their college. For instance, in Wilmington there is an association, known as the Association of Wake Forest Alumni. In these associations are discussed plans for the material betterment of their *Alma Mater*, such as, for instance, the increasing of the endowment fund of the college; the founding of the loan funds for indigent students; and raising funds for the erection of needed buildings, etc., etc. They also use their influence upon young men in their community and elsewhere who intend to enter college to enter their *Alma Mater*. And above all, once a year, if they possibly can, they assemble once more in the old college town, thus renewing their allegiance and love to the old college. This is college spirit.

From the above one can readily see, in a great measure, why college spirit is essential to college life. But there are some further reasons.

It is taken for granted that a student enters college for the primary purpose of studying and attaining an education. Study is essential to become intelligent. But what is an education? Is it simply what one derives from the class-room and from books? Or is a sound knowledge of men and events also essential? But you say, Why is college spirit necessary to attain a

knowledge of men and events? For this reason: when there is no college spirit, the student body having nothing in common, is soon divided into cliques and factions. A certain set of students will stay together and will hardly know the other men in college. There will be no innate sympathy from one student for another, unless they happen to be in the same clique. And as there is in every student body a representative of every class of men, the individual student in failing to associate and intermingle with all the students loses a grand opportunity for the study of human nature. Knowing all the men and associating with them, he will naturally learn something about the community from which each of his fellow students hails. Thus he will keep in touch with the events which transpire in all sections of his State.

There must be something in common between all the students. This is best illustrated by intercollegiate contests. The more contests which one college (referring to students from one college) have with another college, the more college spirit there will be. The contests must not all be in one season, or in any one period of time, but must happen during all seasons and periods. For college spirit once aroused can wane even as a flame when the cause therefor is gone.

Let us have more contests. For instance, football and the Richmond-Wake Forest debate in the fall, with an occasional tennis tournament; base-ball, tennis, field day and another debate in the spring.

If every student will put his shoulder to the wheel, these things can be had, and then one student will love the other who brings his college honor in these contests, and all will love the old college. In loving the old college we will work to advance her already enviable position among Southern educational institutions.

Here's for more college spirit!

## DIABOLUS.

BY HOWARD CAMPEN.

It is a warm and sultry summer night. Deutzer Cornish, a very promising young man, as considered by his friends, has just returned home from his work in the west to snatch a few weeks' rest. Scattered on the table in his room are a number of old books which he has taken from their case. He is intensely absorbed in reading one on American buccaneers, and appears all unaware of the stillness of the night.

The time grows late. The light in the lamp begins to flicker wearily for want of oil. Presently Deutzer rises from his seat, passes his hand once or twice over his forehead to awaken his dulled spirits, and soon retires. But his mind is still on the book. Sleep seems to have ceased its existence so far as he is concerned, for rest and perfect repose are not to be found.

The clock has struck twelve but a few minutes since, when Deutzer is suddenly aroused by a rumbling over his head. In an instant all his senses are awake and he finds his room filled with an intensely bright light. His eyes open wide in wonderment, and he sees standing beside his bed a man clothed in piratical dress. To a belt at the man's side are suspended a long-bladed dagger of colonial type, and a quaint revolver. His eyes are black and piercing, and his dark hair hangs richly over his high and broad shoulders. His coarse and sternly-set countenance portrays the inevitable effects of a perilous and hard-spent life. A black and well-kept moustache seems to take pride in enhancing, on the one hand, his singular handsomeness, on the other his fierce and resolute disposition.

Deutzer still gazes in mute astonishment. Not a sound is audible. All nature seems suppressed. The man raises his hand commandingly and speaks: "Be not afraid, my son. I am Blackbeard, the pirate. People are still seeking my hidden wealth. God has ordained that some mysteries shall never be explained. But to thee I entrust my secret. Thou art hungry for wealth. This hunger controls thy soul. Take this map; it will lead thee to Diabolus. There satisfy thy greed. Mystery—Maynard—infidel!"

As the last words were uttered, Blackbeard disappeared. The light began to fade slowly, slowly until all was darkness again. Deutzer lay motionless in his bed. An uncanny feeling had possessed him. The words "Diabolus," "Blackbeard," and "wealth" seemed to pierce his very soul. He sighed, moved, and made an effort to rise. Looking at his watch he saw it was nearing dawn. Something rattled beneath his feet. It was the map.

After what seemed like ages, day broke. Deutzer arose with a feverish mind. As if in a trance he ate a light breakfast and then attended his morning duties. Fortunately his unusual absent-mindedness failed to attract any attention. The words "wealth" and "Diabolus" still filled his soul with deep agitation. Again in his room, he drew the map from his pocket and placed it on the table.

Through a dense and dark swamp ran a river about half a mile in width and of comparatively great length. Some few miles up this river a long and tortuous creek branched off and escaped almost unseen in the dense foliage of the swamp. Far to the right of the creek was a place marked by a star. Below the map was the following:

## "TO DIABOLUS—

"Up Como River to Weasel Creek, up this creek to a path on the right-hand side; follow this path, neither turning to right nor left, to Diabolus."

A few little unintelligible characters occupied one corner of the map. Blackbeard could have been more definite. How far up Como River to Weasel Creek? How far to Diabolus? And what was Diabolus? These thoughts passed quickly through Deutzer's mind, but found no response.

A day passed, another, and another. "Wealth" and "Diabolus" preyed vulture-like and with irresistible tenacity upon Deutzer's mind. The hidden wealth must be sought. When found, then life could be enjoyed.

Favored by an early darkness occasioned by the unusual cloudiness of the heavens, and when few crafts were visible on the little river, he stole to the shore, secured a small boat, and set out for Weasel Creek. The creek was found after some difficulty, then the narrow path which wound its way cautiously through a dense and wild reed swamp. After following this path an hour or more, an opening was reached. Crossing this opening and plunging hurriedly into the dark and foreboding forest beyond, he soon came in sight of a small, low, moss-covered and dilapidated hut, over and about which several large oaks and beeches vied with one another in increasing the gloominess. The scene was indeed dismal. A delicious aspect of dreary desolation presented itself on all sides, and seemed to arouse in Deutzer innumerable weird fancies.

But haste must be made. Approaching the half-rotten door, Deutzer gave it a slight push. It fell to the floor with an unpleasant noise, followed by the exit of

a number of frightened owls and bats. Save for these creatures the hut would have been empty. A careful and an uneasy search about the interior of the hut brought to light nothing of importance. Was this Diabolus? Where was the gold? Was his vision meaningless? Was he baffled? Yes—no; an idea struck him. Possibly the characters in the map's corner might indicate a hiding-place.

Drawing the map from his pocket, Deutzer studied intently these characters. One was in the shape of a ring which clung to a staple. Replacing the map, he began to search and feel for anything with the semblance of a ring, when suddenly his foot struck something. Bending down in the imperfect light, to his surprise he saw at his feet a glitter of steel, which proved to come from a ring carefully imbedded in the floor. Soon he was straining at the ring. A trap-door gave way, followed by a rush of foul and unpleasant air, which caused Deutzer to stagger blindly backwards. All was intense darkness below.

Seizing his lantern, which he had fortunately brought with him, Deutzer ventured down the half-rotten ladder. Below an uncanny feeling overcame him. An indescribable and almost nauseating and unbearable odor breathed itself throughout the narrow passage. Against the wall of this gloomy passage, which at one time had been kept fit for the palace of a king, stood a number of quaint firearms and other weapons. A few decaying chairs were huddled together in one corner.

A peculiar uneasiness overcame Deutzer—a kind of nervous hesitation and tremor. The darkness ahead which the dim light of his lantern failed to reach, seemed impenetrable. A thousand vague imaginings

oppressed and wearied him. Groping his way forward he stumbled over something. Turning his light on it, he saw a human skull, out of which fled a large rat. As he went, the bones and skulls began to grow thicker. Other rats scampered before him, seeking escape in the darkness ahead.

Still every striving has some end. Presently Deutzer's eyes lit up with a joyous and lustful glitter, as he saw before him in the center of the passage an iron chest, rust-eaten, covered here and there with moss and dirt, and surrounded by a mass of quaint firearms, swords, skulls and bones, and rotting kegs of powder. He shook himself violently in order to dispel the horrible forebodings possessing him, steeled his nerves, and set himself firmly to lift the chest. His hand was upon it. A weird and mournful sound, seemingly far in the impenetrable darkness ahead, greeted him. A shudder passed over his body. His hand was glued to the chest. Far in the distance ahead a tiny speck of light was seen, which, serpent-like, began to creep gradually forward, increasing its size the while. The silence of death prevailed save for the continual mournful sound.

Deutzer stood pinioned to the ground, mute and cold as death. The ground seemed to rock gently beneath him. His head began to swim in a sea of indescribable dizziness, while all his senses seemed benumbed. All at once the mournful sound broke into a deafening thunder-like peal, the tiny speck of light, with the quickness of lightning, diffused itself in a supernatural brilliancy throughout the dark passage, and before Deutzer stood Blackbeard. Deutzer, in an extremity of dread and amazement, heard the mournful sound cease, and the old pirate speak: "Be not afraid, my son. The world

is full of mysteries. That which resteth beneath thy hand and which thou seest—take it to satisfy thy greed for gold. A fitting punishment awaitest him who wouldst betray my secret. But remember that the gold which the world worships more than it does God, shall thy body crumble. Forty years—yes, forty years, 'tis enough to live."

The ghastly light began to grow paler, paler, until with an unnatural musical sound it vanished. Blackbeard was no longer there.

Deutzer stood motionless, his hand still on the chest, his eyes rooted to the spot where Blackbeard disappeared. He endeavored to arouse himself to waking consciousness. The darkness, save for the faint light of his lantern, which lay at his feet, aided in dissipating the equivocal sensations that annoyed him. His body began to grow warmer as the blood coursed freely again. With a slight effort he found his hand was free. Again he was master of himself.

With the aid of his lantern he scrambled uneasily back to the entrance and threw wide open the trap-door. The inrush of fresh air, together with the feeble warmth of a ray of sunshine that found its way through the hut's roof, tended to revive him more and to dispel the half-fainting feeling that possessed him. Returning after a few moments to the chest, he managed to place it on his shoulders, then with an uneasy tread and trembling regained the open air.

Reaching home early in the morning, Deutzer hurriedly retired to snatch a few moments' sleep. Upon arising, he quickly ate breakfast, then withdrew to his room again, where all alone he drew the chest from its temporary hiding-place. The lid for awhile resisted any



effort to raise it, then with a cracking flew open. Deutzer's eyes glittered. His hand fell on a folded paper. Opening it to the first sheet, he read the following:

"Autobiography of Edward Teach, or Blackbeard, including reasons for his piratical life."

At the bottom of the sheet Deutzer was astonished and made to shudder as he read:

"But remember that the gold which the world worships more than it does God shall thy body crumble. Forty years—yes, 'tis enough to live!"

Blackbeard had spoken these words before. Did they bear any special significance—the "forty years," the "shall thy body crumble"? Thrusting in his hand further, Deutzer smiled lustfully as he felt it sink into a thick mass of gold which, rivulet-like, seemed to slip through his greedy fingers.

\* \* \* \* \*

Many years have passed since Deutzer visited Blackbeard's Diabolus. He is now at the head of one of America's greatest corporations. His rise to this high position in life was sudden, so much so that people still wonder where his abundance of wealth came from. His influence politically, socially, is felt everywhere, and especially in the gambling world, the greatest dens of which, in both Europe and America, gladly pay him homage. He is yet comparatively young—only thirty-five. The world to him is a great Epicurean school, of which he is a willing pupil. And his answer to the poor, half-starving crowds that complain to him of the unjust measures of his corporation is merely a lustful and sardonic smile. Sympathy finds no place in his heart.

Deutzer still can not forget the words "forty years"

and "shall thy body crumble." Their control over him is despotic.

Four years roll quickly by. Deutzer's health begins to fail him. His flesh begins to grow dry and hard. His eyes seem to seek a hiding-place farther in his head and to sparkle with a feverish brilliancy.

The end of another year grows nigh. Deutzer is confined to his bed. With horrible imprecations he gives vent to the acute pains that seem to devour him. At last the best physicians in America are called in to treat him, but after weeks of treatment and consultation, they fail to produce any beneficial change. All their skill is a nullity.

The advances of the inexplicable malady are gradual, attacking first the lower extremities of the body, and then the upper—ears, nose, hair. All the while the flesh grows drier, harder and more brittle. Deutzer grows numb, chilly and dizzy, and then, without ability to stir, speechless, smitten with pain indescribable as his limbs crumble away to dust, but with a dull, morbid consciousness of the presence of those who surround his bed, he sinks into a swoon. His body stiffens and assumes the rigidity of stone. The physicians, forgetting their duty, and astonished beyond reason, begin to watch constantly the mysterious and unnatural phenomenon of decomposition.

A month drags wearily by. Deutzer is now almost a mass of bones; still life hesitates to desert him. The loud pulsations of his heart force chills of terror through the room. His eyes, as if seeking escape from the depths of hell itself, stare hopefully and wistfully heavenward. He is senseless and externally motionless. A slight trace of warmth remains which seems to bring a tinge of color

to his cheeks, which are fast submitting to the unknown malady.

Finally all save the heart is dust. The physicians and a few relatives and friends are intently gazing at this, which still continues to throb, now wildly, now regularly, sending its deathly messages to the hearts of all in the room. It is far in the night, and a storm is raging without, dashing its rain fitfully and roughly against the windows of the room. The sighing of the wind adds to the dreariness, and yet tends to alleviate the painful anxiety of all. Suddenly the watchers are paralyzed with awe as they hear a distant, mournful and thunder-like sound. Louder and louder it grows, nearer and nearer it comes, until, with an unearthly roar and clap, it seems to lift the house from its very foundation. At the same instant a piercing, dazzling, and ghastly light hovers over the heart in the bed, enfolding the watchers in a maze of extreme terror and awe. The heart, still palpitating as if it would evade an unknown punishment, and as if on a breath of wind, begins to rise slowly before the eyes of those at the bed-side; then with the velocity of lightning disappears, followed by the melodious sound of heavenly music and the words: "But remember that the gold which the world worships more than it does God shall thy body crumble. Forty years, forty years—yes, 'tis enough to live!"

## CONQUERED BY INDIFFERENCE.

BY RAYMOND C. DUNN.

"No, sirree, not this duck, Edith. You don't catch me staying at home and playing the beau ideal to a country coz. Whew! just the thought suggests superlative ennui."

"Mark, you are simply horrid. I think you might wait until you see her before forming your prejudices. She was the most popular girl at the Sem., and although very poor then, she is exceedingly"—

"Hale, huge and homely, poor, plump and prissy, and all the other complimentary alliterations imaginable," supplied Mark. "Don't I know she's a stunner, though! Fat, red-faced, freckled, full of bumps, wabbles when she walks, eights for gloves, ditto for shoes, green ear-rings, tooth-brush over right ear, snuff-box in—"

A sofa pillow comes dangerously near his head, and he makes a dive for the door. Another and another follow until he laughingly cries for mercy.

"Hold up, sis. Let me get my hat and coat, and I swear unto you on my sacred word as a joker that I'll vacate the premises, 'and leave the world to sister mine and to Sal.' Tra-la, sis. Hope the boys will be nice to my dear Sallie. Tell the mater I'm off for the club for a week or so. Can't stand the Southern climate, you know. Press this upon the lips of my beautiful fifth coz, and tell her I'm both eligible and susceptible to her manifold charms," and he blew her a kiss from the tips of his fingers as he dodged another pillow and ran out.

"I hate you, Mark Cameron," he heard her say as the door closed upon him.

The door opens, a laughing, handsome face thrusts itself in.

"By the way, sis, what's the title of this prodigy of celestial comeliness?"

A flying pillow is his only answer, and he bolts from the house to catch the down-town car. Shortly afterwards, in the excitement of a "stiff" game of pool with one of the "boys" at the club, all thoughts of a country cousin vanish. They were to recur to him many times in the few weeks to follow, and in such a way that he would wish he had left unsaid some of his "complimentary alliterations."

"Won't Mark be surprised when he finds how badly mistaken he was in his description of Jacqueline. But if 'Jack' Mortimer don't have him at her feet in a week after she meets him, then I'm no judge of my handsome brother. Won't it be a grand joke, though! 'Poor, plump and prissy,' indeed! Why, Mr. Mark Cameron, she could buy you and your millions three times over, and then have plenty and to spare. 'Plump and prissy'! Ha! ha! ha! I shall surely tell that to 'Jack' as soon as she comes, and I think we'll fix brother mine yet before we're done with him. I must contrive some plan for him to meet her, though, for he'll stay at that horrid club all the time if I don't. 'Jack' and I will arrange that, though, and so you may watch out for fun, my debonair Mark."

\* \* \* \* \*

The door of the Jefferson Club was swung suddenly open, and Bob Stanley rushed in.

"Why, hello, there, Mark Cameron. You're the very fellow I'm looking for. Tell me, O most mighty Mark, who is that divinely beautiful creature your sister is

hauling around with her this morning? I just saw them a few minutes ago, and ye gods! she's a stunner."

Mark Cameron's face flushed, his lips were compressed and there was a rather dangerous look on his handsome face.

"See here, Bob Stanley, you're the best friend I have on earth. But when you come here before my very face and make fun of a young lady who is visiting my sister, and a cousin of mine at that, by the immortal gods, its more than I can stand."

"Make fun of her? Your 'cousin'? What in the devil is the matter with you, Mark? If I didn't know you so well, I'd say you were drunk; but I know better than that. What do you mean? How have I made fun of her? I demand an explanation."

"And, by —, I'll give it. Don't you know you were making fun of her ugliness and her country looks when you called her a creature 'divinely beautiful'? She may be ugly and poor, and common-looking, too, for that matter, but she's with my sister, and that is enough to entitle her to my protection."

"'Ugly'? 'Common looking'? Have you seen her?" asked Bob Stanley in a surprised tone.

"No," announced the other, "but Edith told me she was coming from Carolina, and I guess I have formed a pretty true picture of her in my mind."

"'True picture,' the devil. If you call her ugly, you have no more conception of beauty than Henry VIII. had of virtue. Now aren't you a nice sort of fellow to be jumping on me for paying a young lady a sincere compliment, while you haven't even seen her, and are, yourself, calling her ugly. I'm surprised, Mark, greatly surprised."

"At any rate, I had rather not discuss my sister's company at the club, so let's dismiss the subject."

"Just as you say. You're in a rather beastly mood to-night, so I'll see you later."

And Bob Stanley went out.

A week later, and Mark Cameron was playing golf on the links near his father's country villa. The game had been long and tiresome, and he had eaten lunch on the grounds. Now he was reclining in the hammock swung beneath the large oak in the Cameron gardens. He must have fallen asleep, for the barking of a dog near at hand startled him, and as he raised up, there came to his ears the sound of the sweetest voice he had ever heard, and it was singing his favorite song.

"Gee whiz! Where am I? I must have taken some of the stuff that fixed old Rip for twenty years, or else some fairy queen has taken possession of these gardens. I'll lie still, however, and see the sequel to this," and he threw himself back into the hammock just as a huge mastiff burst through the bushes and bounded towards him.

"What, ho! St. Elmo. You here, too," he exclaimed as he snapped his fingers and called the dog to him.

"*Absence makes the heart grow fon—*" I beg your pardon. I didn't know there was any one around," and a vision of loveliness, "tall and most divinely fair," burst upon Mark Cameron's field of view, and was about to flit out of his sight before he, dumb with surprise, could beckon her to stay. In a moment he recovered and was on his feet, standing before her.

"Don't go, please," he said beseechingly.

"Well, I'm sure I'm not going to stand here and be

subjected to an X-ray examination by such a critical eye," and a silvery laugh broke on the air.

"Where did you come from, anyway?"

"Come, St. Elmo, the gentleman grows impertinent, and we had better go."

"And so you are going to take my dog with you?"

"Your dog? Then you must be—"

"Mark Cameron, at your service, madam."

"I knew it."

"Knew what?"

"That you were Mark Cameron."

"How did you know it?"

"That would be telling tales out of school."

"So you have seen my picture in Edith's room at the Sem., have you?"

"Yes, I was at the Sem. with Edith, and she had lots of pictures of folks, and she used to tell me all about them."

"Well, then, since you know all of my history, I am sure it's only fair that you should enlighten me as to yourself somewhat. Where are you from?"

"Anywhere, everywhere, nowhere. 'Where the bee sucks, there suck I.'"

"You mean to say you have no home?"

"Yes," with a pretense at tears; "don't you pity me?"

"No, I like you," frankly.

"You are at least plain-spoken."

"You haven't answered my question."

"Well, if you want to know all about me, I'll tell you in a very few words. I was an orphan at twelve, worked, afterwards to school, then to the Sem., uncle in Colorado, another in California, aunt in Carolina, stay some with one, some with another, knew Edith at the Sem., she



asked me to come to New York to see her, I came, New York became boring, came here, and am here now. Satisfied?"

"No; you omitted one very important item."

"What?"

"Your name."

"Jacqueline Mortimer, at your service, sir."

"You are not my cousin?" quickly.

"How absurd! Don't you know your own cousin, and she has been visiting your sister, too, ever since I have?"

"Then you know her?"

"I should say I do. I was in school at the same time, and also at the Sem. She's from Carolina, you know, and I have an aunt living at the same place."

"What kind of a looking creature is she?"

"Passable."

"What is her name?"

"If you haven't taken enough interest in your cousin to find out her name, I'm sure I'm not going to tell you."

"But I know she's awfully 'countrified,' isn't she?"

"Would you say I was 'countrified'?"

"Ye gods! no."

"Well, she's very much like me; in fact, most people call us exactly alike."

"But aren't her hands hard, her cheeks red, and isn't she awfully poor?"

"You may find all that out for yourself. At any rate, what difference does it make?"

"Because I don't want the boys to see me with a country gump, even if she is a cousin."

"I didn't think I'd ever hear such words from the lips of Mark Cameron. He had been pictured to me as handsome, chivalrous, polite, gentle, and kind. I'm disappointed."

"So you are going to do battle for the little Carolina coz, are you?"

"Indeed, I am. I'm not ashamed of her because she lives in the country. I don't see why country girls can't be as nice as those of the city. I am sure if you knew them well you would say that they are the very nicest kind. I'm a country girl myself, and shan't stay here and hear you abuse me. Come, St. Elmo, let's go," and she whistled to the mastiff and was off.

"I guess I made her mad, but I'll be dogged if I can get over my aversion to my coz, yet," and he, too, strolled towards the house, with thoughts of Jacqueline Mortimer in his mind.

Jacqueline tripped lightly up the path, laughing to herself. "So he's ashamed of his cousin. Doesn't want the 'boys to see him with a country gump.' All right, Mr. Mark Cameron, I'll not make you disgrace yourself by being seen with me, so mind how you come around me."

It was the city again, and the opening ball of the season was being given in the home of a society leader. Mark Cameron had returned from the country, had again put up at the club, and was present at the ball to-night. He was rushing through the conservatory in an eager quest for Jacqueline Mortimer, when he saw her seated nearby in company with his sister, Bob Stanley, and Burt Craven. He hastened towards them. As he came near, Edith rose and beckoned him towards her.

"This is your cousin, Mark Cameron, 'Jack,' Miss Jacqueline Mortimer, Mark," introduced Edith in her simplest manner.

"We have met before," was all Mark could say, while Jacqueline acknowledged the introduction with a slight bow only, and with no sign of recognition.

"The next set is forming, and you are on my card, Miss Mortimer," said Bob Stanley.

Jacqueline rose, slipped her hand through Stanley's arm, and was about to proceed to the ball-room, when Cameron accosted her.

"May I have the next waltz, Miss Mortimer?" he asked, and there was a curious light in his eyes.

Jacqueline drew herself up proudly, to her full height, and answered in icy tones of sarcasm, "I am sure, Mr. Cameron, I would not for the world have you disgrace yourself by letting the 'boys' see you with a country gump. We had better hurry, Mr. Stanley."

"Fool! Fool that I am, not to have seen through this from the first. Well, Mark Cameron, you've been snubbed for once in your life, thoroughly and justly snubbed, too. But don't I admire her for it, though! How grandly she looked! God bless her, she's the only woman I've ever seen that I could love, and if I can't win her, I'll go through this blooming world a solitary old bach. Got a hard job, though, old boy; let's see if you're equal to it."

During the weeks that followed Mark Cameron and Jacqueline Mortimer assiduously avoided each other, though in the thoughts of each the other played a most important part. "Jack" wanted Mark to speak to her again, promising herself that she "would not treat him mean next time." Mark was more than anxious to talk to her, but he said to himself, "I know the girl I'm dealing with, and if I understand that piece of precious humanity, an indifferent gag is the one to work with her, so I'll bide my time."

The library was indeed cheerful. The fiery flames within the grate leaped up in an apparent endeavor to

consume the imitation logs within their reach. A Morris chair was pulled directly in front of the fire, and Mark Cameron was lazily reclining in it, with the morning paper, just received, in his hands. It was rather cold outside, and the warmth within was most inviting. However, Mark was the only occupant. He hears the rapid click of a high-heeled boot in the hall outside, and his heart jumps to his throat.

"She's coming here," he says. "Now for a game, and I hope luck's with me."

The door opens, and save for the rustle of skirts all is noiseless. A tall, graceful figure glides to the other side of the room and seats herself near the window. Her chair is turned half way towards where Mark is sitting, and he, unseen by her, turns slightly so that he can see her from behind his paper. She has the *Smart Set* in her hand, and does not lift her eyes from its pages, apparently paying no attention to Mark. He meanwhile takes a mental inventory of the occupant of the other chair. The tiniest hand imaginable holds the magazine, while its exact counterpart rests lightly on the arm of the chair, the red background of which shows to advantage the head which leans against it. A perfectly arranged mass of luxuriant dark-brown hair falls in a graceful wave over a faultless forehead, as if in an earnest endeavor to reach the sparkling brightness of the eyes beneath. There is an unusual flush upon her cheeks, as if she were conscious, and indeed she is, that a pair of eyes are searchingly bent upon her. Just a bit of white collar peeps above the black ribbon which encircles a neck of marble whiteness, and is clasped with a diamond brooch. A white shirt-waist, by its sheer simplicity, heightens the effect of the picture she presents.

While a tiny foot encased in a patent leather boot—"Two's, by Jove," declares Mark—timidly peeps from beneath delicately woven stuffs of snowy whiteness, which have stolen half an inch from the black skirt above.

"Through?" comes the monosyllabic inquiry in a silvery tone, while she moves not a muscle, nor lifts her eyes from the page.

An exasperating cough from the other side of the room is her only answer, while a handsome face is suffused with a blush of detected guilt, and the paper undergoes a vigorous reading.

A minute passes—two of them.

"You're mean," ventures a silvery voice. Another pause. A mind is made up.

"Why?" shortly, almost gruffly, from the other chair.

"Because"—a woman's invariable reason, invariably given.

Not enough reason for the man, but he'll die of curiosity before he'll ask for more.

A minute passes, and still no question from the Morris chair.

"Because—because"—the *Smart Set's* pages are turned rapidly, vigorously—"because you haven't spoken to your cousin in two weeks."

The paper is rattled hurriedly, almost madly, possibly excitedly.

"I'm not in the habit of speaking to cousins who snub me. Once is enough for me"; said with an effort, nevertheless said.

"Suppose the cousin is sorry," hesitatingly; he thought she would never speak.

"I couldn't be," indifferently.

A tall figure walks over to the window and taps on the glass with the magazine. She half turns and looks out of the corner of her eye towards the Morris chair.

"I could"; the voice is more silvery, sweeter than ever.

The Morris chair occupant comes to life. He is on his feet, and it looks as if he'll cross the room.

"You mean you—" he begins.

"M'hm," anticipation, incoherent answer.

Magazine and paper meet in a pile on the floor. Their owners are dangerously near over by the window. A silvery voice, slightly muffled now, though, chimes, as best it can:

"Are you ashamed of your country cousin now, Mark, dear?"

THE PERSONALITY OF DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

BY GERHARDT.

The year 1709 witnessed in the quiet little town of Lichfield, Staffordshire, the birth of the last disciple of the classical school. Samuel Johnson was the son of Michael Johnson, a poor bookseller of Lichfield. Nature gave to him a body tainted from his birth with the "king's evil," and according to the superstitious custom of the day he was taken to the court that the Queen might lay her healing hand upon him. Doubtless one of the lad's earliest recollections was of this journey. The royal hand, however, was applied in vain, and the malady remained with him to a greater or less degree all his life.

As a child, Johnson was exceedingly precocious, and though naturally of an indolent disposition, easily outstripped his school-mates. At the age of sixteen, he stopped school and remained at home three years, helping his father and doing a large amount of desultory reading from his father's shelves, which made him when he entered Pembroke College, Oxford, at the age of nineteen, one of the best-read students ever matriculated there.

His stay at Oxford was a series of financial struggles, but even under these adverse conditions he laid the foundation of his future greatness. In his third year he was compelled to leave college without his degree on account of debt. His father died the following winter, leaving him the small inheritance of twenty pounds.

Before leaving Oxford, his hereditary malady had grown steadily worse, and he became a hopeless hypo-

chondriac. He formed a peculiar habit of touching each post he passed, and should he accidentally miss one, he would straightway retrace his steps and repair the omission. At times he would stand gazing fixedly at the face of a clock without being able to tell the hour. A deep melancholy took possession of him, and had he not been afraid to die, he would have killed himself.

Thus afflicted, he found himself at the age of twenty-two left to fight his own battles. He tried various means of livelihood, and in the midst of these hardships fell in love. The lady of his affections—Mrs. Elizabeth Porter—was a corpulent widow twice his age, who had children as old as himself, but this fact did not serve to diminish his passion. He soon declared his affection and was accepted. The wedding occurred in 1734.

His marriage compelled him to redouble his efforts for a livelihood, and we see him advertising in the *Gentlemen's Magazine* for pupils. Only three came, one of whom was David Garrick, and the venture ended in failure.

Finally, at the age of twenty-eight, Johnson determined upon a literary career, and with a few guineas in one pocket and three acts of the tragedy "Irene" in the other, he set out for London. After a year's struggle with the direst poverty, he obtained employment on the *Gentleman's Magazine*. His work was to report the proceedings of Parliament, which, because of the danger attaching, were published as Reports of the Debates of the Senate of Lilliput. His notes were meagre for this work, and often the argument and eloquence of the speakers were the fruit of his own fertile intellect.

From this time on Johnson wrote continuously. In 1738 he won his first laurels by his satire of "London,"



a poem which attracted the favorable notice of Pope. He wrote another satire in 1748, "The Vanity of Human Wishes," an excellent imitation of the Tenth Satire of Juvenal. A few days later his tragedy "Irene" was brought out on the stage by David Garrick. The play was coldly received, however, and after nine performances was withdrawn. For the next two years, Johnson attempted to imitate Addison in *The Rambler* and *The Idler*, and while both were popular for a time, posterity—the only judge of merit—is unanimous in yielding the palm to Addison.

In 1755, Johnson published his English Dictionary, and in 1759 *Rasselas*—a production written in eight nights to pay his mother's funeral expenses. The following year appeared his "Lives of the Poets."

About this time a pension from the crown lifted Johnson's burdens, and during the remainder of his life he ruled as the literary autocrat of London. He was the leading spirit in a literary club which boasted as its members such men as Burke, Goldsmith, Garrick, Fox, Gibbon and Sheridan, and it was here that his dictatorship most strongly asserted itself. Macaulay says that "the verdicts pronounced by this conclave on new books were speedily known all over London, and were sufficient to sell off a whole edition in a day, or condemn the sheet to the service of the trunk-maker and the pastry-cook."

Johnson had the happy fortune of being written about by the Prince of Biographers—James Bosworth. For twenty years Bosworth studied Johnson, following him about like a faithful dog, filling note books with the great man's sayings, with the view to immortalizing Johnson, but in the end immortalized himself as well.

Edmund Gosse says of Johnson: "In the person of

this ever-fascinating hero of the world of books we find the dictator of letters, the tyrant over the conscience of readers, that the militant Bishop of Gloucester was too ready to conceive himself to be. Other writers, however sympathetic or entertaining their personal characters may have been, live mainly in their works; we read about them with delight, because we have studied what they wrote. But with Johnson it is not so. If we knew nothing about his career or character, if we had to judge him solely by the works he published, our interest in him would shrink to very moderate proportions. Swift and Pope, Berkley and Gray, Burke and Fielding, have contributed more than Johnson to the mere edifice of English literature. But, with the exception of Swift, there is no one in the eighteenth century who can pretend to hold so high a place as a man of letters. He talked superb literature freely for thirty years, and all England listened; he grew to be the center of literary opinion, and he was so majestic in intellect, so honest in purpose, so kind and pure in heart, so full of humor and reasonable sweetness, and yet so trenchant, and at need so grim, that he never sank to be the figure-head of a clique, nor ever lost the balance of sympathy with readers of every rank and age. His influence was so wide, and withal so wholesome, that literary life in this country has never been since his day what it was before it. He has made the more sordid parts of its weakness shameful, and he has raised a standard of personal conduct that every one admits. He was a gruff old bear, "Ursa Major," but it would surely be hard to find the man or woman whose opinion is worth having who does not love, almost more than revere, the memory of Sam. Johnson.

## TO THE SEA.

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[Translated from the Spanish.]

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I gaze in wonder at thee, oh sea! alike when thou dost  
kiss

The changing sand lying languid at thy massive base,  
And when in fury thou dost roar, and when bursts forth  
Thy hoarse tempests deafening all the world.

How kingly and how grand when thou art calm!  
How terrible when in battle thou dost strive,  
In violence lashing the eternal wall  
With all the fury of a slave against his chain.

And yet like heaven thou hast tempests, too,  
Infinite, prodigious, hidden worlds  
Which thy huge fingers press;  
And thy vast solitudes and caverns huge  
Are most magnificent, like God Himself—  
Creation and Creator most sublime.

—*Rafael Maria Baralt.*

## HEARD AT JACK'S.

BY CHAS. U. HARRIS.

"It happened in a small town in South Carolina," said Bob King, the genial drummer, who always had a new story when he came to our college town. The general subject under discussion was poker, and when Bob volunteered a story, all the fellows, sitting around the stove at Jack's, refilled their pipes and settled back for a good story.

"There was in this town a tough gang of professional gamblers, who plied their trade with ardor. These sharks had their club in a room over the dispensary. Drummers and young men were the main objects of this gang. Of course there was nothing fair in their games. Every young man in the town was subjected to the temptations of this gambling den. The sharks would get around some innocent young fellow who happened to be drawing a good salary, and who hardly knew a pair from threes. They would paint the picture of the gambling room in most glowing colors. He would be told of how George Williams had won \$1,500 in one jack-pot, and how Ed. Stallings had won \$800 in one sitting, etc., etc. These little stories usually end with a cordial invitation to 'drop in some night, old fellow, when there is nothing else doing.'

"There came to the town in the course of events a young fellow from up in the Tar-Heel State. He hung out his modest sign announcing himself as J. B. Ray, Lawyer, and settled down to wait for clients and business.

"Ray was exceedingly innocent and guileless in ap-

pearance. He was of a reserved, retiring disposition, and evinced no inclination to associate with the 'sports of the town.'

"Only a short time passed before Ray was made the mark of the 'gang.' Several of them secured introductions. They began their campaign by telling him how thrilling and how innocent a 'quiet game' was. How time, which hung heavily, would pass away quickly under the subtle influence of a little game. As usual, he received an invitation to visit the 'club.'

The invitations, which were of daily occurrence, were politely declined. But in time Ray became wearied of the old story of how warm and comfortable the club-room was, how time was thus passed away, and how much was won in a single night. At no time did he indicate by word or action that he was possessed of any knowledge of poker. On the other hand, he asked questions which to a gambler were conclusive proof of his ignorance.

"Ray's practice did not prove to be of a lucrative nature, so, one night, being in a bit of hard luck, he accepted an invitation to go up to the club and join in a little game. Besides himself and the usual gamblers, there was a clerk in the village bank playing.

"At first there was a small limit. Ray was allowed to win a little to give him his nerve. The bank clerk won also. At times Ray would ask questions which would bring smiles to the faces of the sharks. After awhile the man at Ray's left suggested that the limit be raised. This was done several times, until finally the sky was made the limit. The bank clerk had lost his nerve and was losing heavily.

"Ray had noticed that the sharks had a code of sig-

nals. He had caught them signalling several times, but said nothing. He concluded to beat them at their own game.

"He was alert, and soon caught the signal for everybody in. He smiled brightly, and with a confident air drew one card. The bets were made of \$5 at a time. The bank clerk raised several times, until there was about \$200 in the pot. The bank clerk raised the last bet \$25, which would make it cost Ray \$50 to stick. He called one of the onlookers whom he knew, and after laying his hand face down on the table, whispered in his ear, 'What does four of a kind beat?' He said it just loud enough for everybody around the table to hear. He put in his \$50 and \$50 more. The gamblers, one after the other, and the bank clerk all laid down. Ray laid his hand down, which was nothing more nor less than a bob-tail flush.

He picked up the chips and cashed them in, and then said to the sharks, 'You fellows took me for a sucker, but you were mistaken. I have played poker with the best players in the South. I knew all the time that you were cheating. I saw your little signals, which a mummy could have caught on to. So I'll tell you right now if you don't desire future trouble you had better close this club.' With that he asked the bank clerk how much he had lost, and on being told, returned it to him with the advice to avoid those fellows in the future and stick to his business. The rest of the money he walked out with."

"But what is a bob-tail flush?" asked Jack.

## OLD BRINKLEY'S SON.

BY GEO. A. PEEK.

The gale was at its height, and it swept up Mobjack Bay, carrying the willing waves before it. The cold northwest wind and the waves howled together like demons to see which could outdo the other.

On the shore at the mouth of the bay stood a dilapidated fisherman's cottage. The only sign of any living being anywhere near was a stream of light which issued from a window as the wind blew the piece of canvas which covered it aside.

It was bitter cold. On the hearth was a fire made of drift wood. On a bunk in one corner of the room lay a man breathing his last. At one end of the bunk sat an old fisherman, with his head resting in his hands. On an old stool near the side of the bed sat another fisherman like the former, and on the other side of the bed sat a boy of about twelve, all eagerly watching the dying man.

All was silent except the noise that the wind made in blowing the sand around the corner of the cottage and the flapping of the canvas over the window.

A slight movement on the bed caused both fishermen to start from their seats. The dying man, turning to the boy, said:

"John, I ain't got many more minutes here, but 'fore I go I want to tell you something. Long 'fore you was born, Bill Gibson an' me owned two big fishing smacks, an' did good business. I let Bill do all the money matters. One day Bill comes to me an' says: 'Jack, we're busted an' got to sell the smacks.' We sold an' I was

left nothing. I came here an' tried to make a living by fishing. Your ma died here ten years ago an' is buried over yonder on the sand hill. A few years ago I found out that Bill had cheated me. Listen, John. If you ever get a man, revenge me. Bury me over on the sand hill." Turning to the fisherman near the side of the bed, he whispered a few words, turned on his back, and expired.

Both fishermen arose and went out, leaving the boy with his dead father.

The wind had abated a little. The moon was up, and the clouds were slowly disappearing.

"Well, Bill, I reckon that the ole man has sailed his last craft here. I hope she obeyed the hellum an' he reached port all safe."

"Yes, Jim. It looks like we'll have some better weather now. I think the win' is goin' to haul 'roun' here to the sou'wes' an' clear up."

The next day, as Bill had said, it cleared up. A long sea was running, and a light breeze came from the southwest. The old man was wrapped in a sail, put into a box made of timber from an old wreck, and buried on the sand hill beside his wife.

Years passed away. Bill complied with the old man's dying request, taking care of his son John until he became a man.

John was reared as a fisherman, and underwent all the hardships that one of that occupation experiences.

One day years after the old man died, a big excursion came to the Virginia Beach. The day was warm. A high sea was running, and all of the bathers stayed close to the shore except one young man, an athlete, and an excellent swimmer, but this time he ventured too far out



and in spite of his desperate efforts to reach the shore he was steadily borne out by the undercurrent.

On the shore the crowd was perfectly wild. An old man wept bitterly. All at once the crowd was seen to give way. A man dressed in fisherman's clothes, with a rope coiled in his hand, came walking through the crowd. He alone of all the crowd seemed to possess his true mind. Hurriedly throwing off his hat and oil-skin coat, and tying one end of the rope around his waist, he beckoned to one of the men, gave him the rope, walked up the beach and plunged in.

The crowd held its breath as it eagerly watched the efforts of the fisherman. They seemed to live ages in the space of minutes. Occasionally he would be completely submerged, but he would soon reappear, desperately swimming.

When the fisherman reached the drowning man, he recognized him at once. "The son of Bill Gibson," he exclaimed. "For years I've been praying for an opportunity to avenge my father's horrible death. You've my place to-day, but—" hesitating a moment he said. "I'll save you," and at the same time dealt him a blow that knocked him senseless. Quickly tying the end of the rope around Gibson's waist, he raised his hand as a signal to pull away.

Immediately the rope began to tighten, and both saver and saved were dragged at a rapid rate through the water. As long as possible, the fisherman held Gibson's head above the water, but a few minutes before they reached the shore a huge wave struck them and he was knocked entirely loose from Gibson.

When the two men were drawn ashore, both were as lifeless. Quickly summoning a doctor, Gibson recov-

ered, but in spite of all efforts the fisherman remained the same.

To-day there are three graves on the sand hill. Over one is a marble slab bearing the inscription, "Sacred to the memory of John Brinkley, who lost his life while saving another's."

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JACOBUS.

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Out from the dust-covered book-case he lopeth,  
Saddled and bridled as he was of yore;  
Nearer he comes as the poor "Newish" gropeth,  
Filled with the tales of long Latin lore.

Patient he stands while the scared "Newish" mounteth,  
Then like a gentle beast walketh away,  
While the poor "Newish" gleefully counteth  
Himself right happy to ride all the way.

But woe to the "Newish" who rideth on Jacobus,  
For thro' 'zaminations he refuseth to go,  
And in that sad hour the poor "Newish" sticketh,  
And "sixty-nine" cometh out on his score.

## SQUIBS.

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Mary went to market  
Upon a gusty day;  
The naughty wind came blustering by  
And blew her hat away.

A gallant youth was standing near  
Who picked it from the street,  
And now he does the marketing,  
And Mary cooks the meat.

---

There was once a girl named Dora,  
And Dora I adored,  
But all my adoration my Dora ignored.  
And now she is a quaint old maid,  
Past thirty, and I am afraid  
She rather wishes she had stayed  
A Dora adored.

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There was once a man named Rover,  
Who lived on the chalk cliffs of Dover;  
But now he is dead, and the people all said:  
"He went out one night and crossed over."

# STORIETTE DEPARTMENT.

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STATE vs. JERRY SMITH.

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RUPERT.

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Jerry was a young negro of the new variety. He was on trial charged with housebreaking. The State had rested its case—having introduced testimony to show that Jerry had been seen loitering around the house entered the afternoon before the entry. That among other articles stolen from the house was a hunting-coat with five loaded shells in the right-hand pocket. That Jerry, when approached the next day by the Deputy Sheriff, had denied all knowledge of the entry or of the stolen property. But as the deputy testified, Jerry said that he was a *conjure* man and could take a pack of cards and make them reveal the whereabouts of the stolen property. A deck was produced. Jerry shuffled them several times, then made a few mysterious passes over them and at the same time uttering some unintelligible sounds. Then he pulled out the queen of spades, took it up a moment, and said: "Dis here queen uv spades hit tells me dat dem clothes is in de corner uv de fence next ter Mister Dunn's hog pasture under er brush heap." Then he withdrew the five-spot of spades and continued: "Dis five-spot uv spades hit tells me dat dere is a huntin' coat 'mong dem clothes, and dat dare am five cartridges in de right-hand pocket." The deputy took Jerry along with him, and sure enough found the missing articles just as Jerry said he would. But to Jerry's consternation, instead of being praised and looked upon with awe on account of his conjure powers, he was arrested and put in jail.

Jerry not having a lawyer, was asked by the Judge if he had anything to say.

"Yes, sir, Jedge, I is got sumpen ter say. Dem cyards told me de truf. I did not know where dem clothes was till I insulted wid dem. Dem cyards has been good ter me and ain't never fool me yit." With that Jerry pulled out of his pocket a greasy pack of cards, much the worse for use, struck a mysterious attitude, shuffled them once or twice, pulled out the queen of spades, and said: "Dis queen hit tells me dat dat Jedge am a good man. Dat hit has done him er lot uv good when the udder man had three of a kind

and he only had two queens by getting in his hand, making him win. It says dat dat Jedge ain't gwinter do nuthin ter me, cause he knows dat I did know nuthin about gittin inter Mr. Hunter's house but what dis queen done told me."

Up to this point Jerry was listened to with amusement and interest, but the Judge, when Jerry was about to "insult" the five-spot of spades, said: "Let me see that five-spot, Jerry; I can read cards myself." Jerry, very much awe-stricken, shambled up to the bench and handed the Judge the five-spot. The Judge looked at the card quizzically, struck Jerry's attitude, and turning to the jury, said: "This five-spot tells me that Jerry has lied. That he took them clothes, and that I ought to send him to the penitentiary for five years."

The jury found Jerry guilty, and the Judge gave him five years.

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## TWO KINDS OF NEW YEAR'S FOOLS.

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### MEDUA.

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It was such a night—exceedingly cold, but that kind of coldness which invigorates and strengthens. The ground was frozen as hard as granite, and overhead the stars shone with that brilliancy known only to the winter night. Then, too, the moon, just at its fullest, bathed all the world in mellow light. All was dead silence save for the humming song of the winter night.

I stepped into the street, buttoned my overcoat and lit a cigarette, at the same time making an effort to regain my equilibrium. We had quarrelled again, and over such a trifle—the girl of my heart and I. My heart throbbed with that intensity of feeling which only one in love can know. Why had I been so cross? I always carried things to extremes. It was my fault. She, dear angel, was not at all to blame. I had provoked her into saying what she had.

It will all blow over, I tried to assure myself as I increased my pace, hoping that by so doing I might leave behind me my bitter anguish.

Thus it was in this state of mind that I reached my friend's room with whom I was to spend the night. I lit the lamp, kindled a roaring fire, then fell into a chair near the stove and sank into a reverie. Jim hadn't come in, and likely as not wouldn't for an hour or more. I would not retire before he came. We'd talk the

matter over; probably he could give me some good advice. Jovial fellow that he was, I knew that he could certainly cheer me up. I drew nearer the fire and lit another cigarette. Despair gave place to sleep.

How long I had slept I can't say. The first thing I knew I was rudely jerked out of my chair and given a good shaking. It was Jim, of course.

"What in the name of common sense are you sleeping at such an important time as this for? Don't you hear the bells ringing? Happy New Year and a prosperous one to you," he said.

"Thanks, and the square root of the same to you," I managed to stammer.

"Must have 'popped the question' to her, or else had a couple of drinks. Seems that you have lost your mind," I added, rubbing my eyes in a vain endeavor to wake up. His answer nearly floored me—

"No such luck," said he. "Kate and I broke up for good to-night, and I feel as if a great load has been taken off my shoulders. Guess its the best for both of us."

"What on earth can be the matter," I hastened to reply—Kate and Jim had been sweethearts for years.

"Oh, I didn't believe in long engagements, and she seemed opposed to short ones, and we couldn't come to any agreement, so decided to try none at all," he answered with as little concern as one could well imagine under the circumstances.

Neither spoke again. I was too full for utterance, and he too empty, very probably. In a few moments we were in bed; but thoughts of the last few hours' happenings trooped through my weary brain. My sympathy for him had completely drowned my own petty trouble. What a difference there was between us. One about to end his life because of a little quarrel; the other seemingly contented and relieved, in spite of the fact that he had just been discarded. The comparison bordered on the ridiculous. What a born fool I was. I ought to commit suicide on general principles. With the last thought I turned over and fell asleep.

# EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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## STAFF EDITORS :

DR. G. W. PASCHAL, Alumni Editor.

### EUSEBIAN SOCIETY.

G. S. FOOTE.....Editor  
H. L. STORY.....Associate Editor

### PHILOMATHESIAN SOCIETY.

C. P. WEAVER.....Editor  
J. S. HARDAWAY.....Associate Editor

W. C. BIVENS, Business Manager.

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## EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

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C. P. WEAVER, Editor.

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The unprecedented lateness of the last An Apology. STUDENT rightly calls for some explanation on the part of the editors. When the present editorial staff assumed management of THE STUDENT, it was determined that whatever else might be the shortcomings of the magazine, it should at least reach its readers at the first of each month, and up to the January issue the editors prided themselves that THE STUDENT was always one of the first college magazines out. But alas and alack! despite the vigilance and assiduity of the editors, the January issue failed to appear at the appointed time. Had the proper care been exercised by the railroad officials, THE STUDENT would have arrived on time, but through the carelessness of a freight conductor, THE STUDENT was carried by our little village, and after much and varied peregrination in the north, returned at last to joyful arms of its Alma Mater, but in the interim our reputation for promptitude was smashed.

The School of Journalism. The establishment of a school of journalism at Columbia University by Joseph Pulitzer, editor of the *New York World*, brings before the public mind the relation of colleges in general to the journalistic profession. The question naturally arises, Can the average college, or indeed, can any college, equip the student specifically for successful journalistic work? It was a theory held by Horace Greely, who was doubtless one of the most, if not the most, powerful editorial writers America has produced, that journalists, like poets, are born, not made; that the truly fitted journalist was the man who as a boy had snatched his slumbers on piles of newspapers and fed on printer's ink. In other words, that practical, not theoretical education was necessary to a success in the newspaper profession.

The attitude of the world, however, has changed. Technical knowledge of the art of printing is no longer considered necessary for the newspaper man, though it proves a valuable accessory, and some of the best newspaper men have been themselves practical printers. The world has come to appreciate more fully the value of an educated press, and the journalistic ladder has its first rounds in the English departments of the schools and colleges, for in no other professional branch is an intelligent and facile use of the mother tongue so essential.

But is this the only advantage the journalist derives from a college education? Mr. Horace White, in the *North American Review*, maintains that the college or university has nothing to teach the journalist in the special sense that it has to teach the lawyer, the physician, or the architect; no school can teach the technique of journalism save by publishing a newspaper in compe-



tition with the other newspapers in the same town. Indeed, there is one essential, "a nose for news," which only Mother Nature can give, but the college, besides inculcating a fluent and limpid use of the English tongue, instils, or should instil, the power to lead and direct men's thoughts in the right and proper channels.

It has come to be a habit to bewail the present status of the press, and the vile character of "yellow journalism," and it is just this which the School of Journalism established by Mr. Pulitzer can eliminate. The press controls public opinion and the prurient tastes of the public, which causes the popularity of "yellow journalism," is due to an education in filth received at the hands of "yellow journalists." It is this deplorable decadence of the press which the schools and colleges of the land, as well as Mr. Pulitzer's school, can arrest, and do humanity an inestimable favor by rejuvenating and revivifying the pristine power for good which the press formerly exerted, and which neither the pulpit nor philanthropy can exert, for the newspaper occupies a distinct and unique field which no other human agency can fill.

The Trend  
of Higher  
Education.

Within the last few years there has been observed a marked change in the educational trend of colleges and universities.

The most notable change, perhaps, is the position of commanding importance which the laboratory and the library are coming to occupy in the higher institutions, especially the universities. These two departments, while seemingly having little in common, are coming to be closely associated; the library is already the laboratory, and the quantity of scientific literature

which annually emanates from the laboratories promises soon to furnish a scientific department in every modernly equipped library.

So great has become the annual output of good books that the average student finds it impossible to purchase even the smallest fraction of the total number necessary to his use. It is here that the college library comes to his assistance by placing these books within his reach at a small cost. Where annual accessions to the library were formerly hundreds, they are now thousands, and the work of looking after these books has become so great as to necessitate a librarian schooled in bibliography and methodology.

The same process of improvement and enlargement has taken place in the case of the laboratory. Instead of the different laboratories occupying one small building as formerly, each department of science will soon have a building of its own, where experiments may be carried on without interference or overcrowding by a sister science.

The reading habit and the habit of scientific investigation—the delving into the inner nature of things, means much to the cause of higher education. The former will exert a polishing, refining influence upon the student, and the latter will prevent him from degenerating into a mere dreamer by keeping constantly before him the unvarying laws of science and give him a breath of perspective which reading alone could not do, and thus save him from the Scylla of bookishness and the Charybdis of scientific theories.

Apropos of  
Medals.

The sphere of a college magazine is to mirror the literary activities and scholarly attainments of the college which it represents, and to encourage any student who has aspirations to become a *literateur* by bringing his productions before the public gaze. Such has ever been the policy of THE STUDENT, and such was the desire of the two literary societies when they passed jointly a few years past a resolution giving two medals each year to contributors of the college magazine, one to the writer of the best piece of fiction, and one to the writer of the best essay.

The awarding of these medals has been productive of much good in the past, both to the writers themselves and to the magazine. In addition to these incentives to literary endeavor, a medal is offered annually by Thos. Dixon for the four best essays on current events, the themes of which are taken respectively from the political, the religious, the literary, and the scientific worlds, and is open to all competitors who will comply with the regulations.

We call attention to these trophies with the hope that it may result in renewed efforts on the part of the competitors, who in past years have been too few. The editors stand ready to assist any would-be contributor by suggestion or kindly criticism, and will give each contribution a careful and sympathetic reading before refusing it for publication. The medals themselves, while not of intrinsic value, are equivalent in value to any awarded in college, and the winning of one of them carries with it an honor to be coveted, and a prestige which will be of service to the winner in after life. So let the arena resound with the *gaudium certaminis* for the victor's honor is magnified by the number of his victims.

## EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.

GASTON S. FOOTE, Editor.

Again the editor took himself to his easy chair—and why is it called the easy chair? Surely not because it is the model of comfort, for rarely is it a Turkish rocker or a Morris, but fortunate is the editor if the chair has sufficient cane for the bottom to keep him from slipping through; it must be because the work of the easy editor is easy, and because he has nothing to do but dream and write and write and dream; yes, maybe so,—maybe so, but this little digression has nothing whatever to do with the editor's taking himself to his easy chair, nothing whatever. To return to the subject, the editor again took himself to his easy chair.

Tired of books, papers and pencils, he turned his lamp down low and moved his manuscript away from his manuscript-laden table. And where did he place his chair? Now why should you ask such a question. With the lamp burning dimly—really it scarcely knew that it was burning, so little light did it give—a stein of beer—honestly it was made of nothing but locusts and persimmons—near at hand, a cigar between the editor's fingers, and the February wind making the rain-drops beat a hurried tattoo upon the window pane, where could he conscientiously place his chair but before the assuring blaze of a cheerful, open oak fire. After a few minutes, the editor reluctantly placed his stein—it was now empty, which accounts for his seemingly rash move—out of reach, and in its stead closed his fingers upon the stump—at any other time he would have called it a “duck”—of a half-smoked cigar. Soon the room was full of soft, bluish, floating curves of smoke, and as these fairy-like curves would come in contact with each other, they were transformed as if by magic into the smiling faces of beautiful girls. The room was quickly filled with these phantoms of delight, and as they gracefully floated hither and thither about the room, they stretched forth their snowy-white arms to the sole occupant of the easy chair, begging him to join them in their revels. Not being able to allure him from his seat, with beseeching eyes they stood before him as if awaiting the decree of the court. A breath of wind came down the chimney and created a gentle swaying motion in the line of pigmy maidens, and as they gently touched a lovely

maiden, surpassingly beautiful and tall, was formed. She made a mock bow to the easy chair, and then began a little speech that sounded like the free loosing of pent-up sweetness.

"I am the Anniversary girl," she proudly said.

At this announcement a blush of mental anguish amounting almost to despair surmounted the cheeks of the editor. He was in the presence of the most dreaded person on earth, and one whom he had successfully avoided for weeks. Boys, intimate and otherwise, had persistently urged him to take an engagement off their hands anniversary night, and the editor, well, he had persistently—yes he had, holding out to the last that he *expected* a friend whom he was bound to look after on said night. He knew well that his friend wasn't coming, but he didn't want a "date." Such things prove awfully boring at times.

The shadow called the editor to himself again by repeating, "I am the Anniversary Girl." Then she added with a pronounced degree of sarcasm, "and I, I suppose, am the girl you refused to take an engagement with. I am an awful bore at times, am I?" and then the merriest little trill of laughter filled the room as the maiden bewitchingly tossed her golden head from side to side. The editor straightened up. The Anniversary Girl had made his easy chair very uncomfortable. "I must disabuse her mind of such notions. Since I have lied once, I might as well again," he thought. "My dear," he said, "you do me wrong. You have been misinformed. I wanted an engagement with you all the time, and tried hard to get one, but"— But just here a stick of wood burned in two and caused the Anniversary Girl to begin to disappear. "Wait, please," cried the editor; "won't you please give me a da—; wait," but she had entirely vanished. Quickly the editor rushed to his table and scratched off the following note:

"Have just heard from my friend. She can't come. Give me a date with the Anniversary Girl Friday night. Am also open to an engagement in the afternoon, and any other time you can *possibly* use me. Don't disappoint me."

The editor then refilled his now dry stein and with a sigh of relief sank into the chair which all at once became the easy chair again.

## EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

JOHN S. HARDAWAY, Jr., Editor.

Xmas is over and probably by some strenuous souls almost forgotten; however that may be, it falls to our lot to "review" the holiday exchanges. Quite a generous pile of them has collected during our absence; some gaily clad, adorned with holly and evergreen; others in their usual covering. Of course a number contain a Christmas story, and the merits of these stories vary as the distance from east to west. Yet in one respect they are all alike—in the air of expectancy and cheerfulness which pervades them. Expectation is by many held as greater than realization. Evidently this was the case with most of the Christmas writers. We can almost see them as they sat writing, inspired and urged on by the thoughts of what a grand time was just ahead of them. Only a little effort on the reader's part is necessary to discover at the bottom of it all—a girl. The poet also is in evidence, and we must admit that the verse is of a much better quality than the stories. "A Christmas Picture," in *The Randolph-Macon Monthly* is about the best we have seen, but it strikes us that it resembles "An Old Sweetheart of Mine" too closely, both in metre and in thought.

The best pieces of fiction (not Xmas stories), in our estimation, are "The Syndicate of Crime," in *The University of Virginia Magazine*, and "The Hand of the Lord," in the *University of North Carolina Magazine*.

We picked up the *Southwestern University Magazine* and read only one story—"Confusion," the plot of which is as old as the hills. We have heard it told for the truth, but we hardly think it possible that such a thing would happen, at least at a dozen different schools. That seems to be too much of a coincidence. The essays were lacking in length. They resemble synopses rather than live, beneficial treatises.

*The Furman Echo* needs to be overhauled and put in working order. The print is bad, and the pages have the appearance of being overcrowded. An index would also help the matter considerably. The author of "The Doctor's New Patient" must be gifted with both a very hard heart and a vivid imagination. We are unable to imagine anyone so base as the "Doctor." This story does away with the old adage that "Truth is stranger than fiction."

The Christmas issue of the *Hampden Sidney Magazine* abounds in stories, poems, essays—a plentiful supply. We had just got interested in "The Mystery of the Mountains," when we discovered that it was a continued story. Strange to say, we next began to read "The Fortunes of a Man," but luckily turned to the end and found that it was also continued before we had made much progress. We have nothing whatever against continued stories, but to the tired editor they are sometimes a little exasperating. The title of "The Development of Psychology in America" might have been more appropriately "The Relation of Psychology to Religion."

The *University of North Carolina Magazine* for December shows quite an improvement over the earlier numbers. A glance at the "contents" rather conveys the impression that the fiction department is lacking. However, a closer examination brings to light "The Hand of the Lord"—a lengthy story of more than usual merit. It is written in the dialect of the ignorant mountaineer, and is admirably done. At the head of the department we ranked it as one of the best stories of the month. The amount of verse contained is very limited—only two short pieces, and one of them by Cowper. It seems to us that out of five hundred young men several at least would be gifted(?) with a poetical turn of mind.

The outside appearance of *The Randolph-Macon Monthly* is one of the most striking we have seen. It carries with it a sort of guarantee par excellence which invites a closer inspection. "A Christmas Picture" we have already mentioned. "The Legend of St. Christopher Re-told" is well worth the space given to it. The author has handled the subject in a praise-worthy way. The verse—all of it—is of the first water. Taking the *Monthly* as a whole, it is an exceedingly well-rounded and finished publication. It is a pleasure to review such an exchange. We regret that it has not been on our list before.

The author of "The Syndicate of Crime," in *The University of Virginia Magazine* bids fair to rival Conan Doyle. His treatment of the criminal is wonderful. We have read several of his stories, and must say that he comes nearer having a distinct style than any college writer whom we have read after. "William Byrd as a Literary Man" differs from the usual college essay widely. There is no attempt at praise where it is not due. So many students think that the more word-painting the better the essay. We have said before that *The Magazine* is the best exchange in the South, to our mind—and that in every aspect.

# CLIPPINGS.

## THE UNFINISHED SONG.

Ere yet my heart knew aught of love—  
All through one fragrant summer day,  
When tender skies bent blue above—  
I trolled a blithesome roundelay.

My song was all of lovers' joy  
Beneath the slender crescent moon;  
"For happiness without alloy,"  
I sang, "is free to all in June!"

"What men call grief shall ne'er bestride  
This heart of mine—while I can sing  
Of carefree Youth and Hope," I cried—  
"And all the joys that love doth bring."

But while I sang, Love like a flame  
Swept through my heart—and swift revealed  
Such depths of woe! Ah, then there came  
Strange silence—for my lips were sealed!

—I. L. Walker, in *The Chisel*.

What shall we do with the old maids?  
'Tis a problem hard to solve.  
It has puzzled harder heads than mine.  
Young men make your resolve.  
Their numbers moving upward,  
They rapidly increase,  
So let us adopt the Mormon plan  
And all take two apiece.

—Emory Phoenix.

A man may gather in the gold,  
And get to be hard hearted,  
But now and then he'd like to be  
Back yonder where he started.



## "ON A PAR."

A maiden fair was bending o'er  
 A book of Math, one day,  
 And one who stood near heard her sigh  
 And very wisely say:

"Why, did you ever?  
 Just look here  
 And notice the connexion  
 That I have found be-  
 Tween old Math-  
 Ematics and Complexion.

"The first few years of Math. are *pure*  
 And also of complexion;  
 In after years they're both *applied*—  
 And that is the connexion."

*Dr. M. in Emory and Henry Era.*



## A SONG.

## I.

My soul is a sleeping tide  
 With surge and ebb and flow,  
 When thy love-thoughts shimmering glide  
 Through the waves where the moonbeams glow.

## II.

But far in the depths of my life  
 Are the fathomless caves of the sea,  
 Where the waves of the wild world's strife  
 Are calmed, Oh, my love, by thee.

—*L. V. L. in the Morningside.*



## AFTER MARRIAGE.

Wonderful how love concise  
 Grows from day to day!  
 Once he called her "Angel Eyes,"  
 Now he calls her "Say!"—*Ex.*

PASSING THE LIMIT.  
—

Twilight and evening hour,  
 And one sweet girl for me!  
 And may there be no other fellows there  
 When I go her to see;

But all my joyous feelings may I keep,  
 Too full for earthly joys,  
 When through the window softly I shall peep.  
 And find no boys.

Midnight and ringing bell,  
 And after that the voice!  
 Then I must neither stop to say farewell  
 Nor take a choice;

For though, perhaps, her heart I'd almost won,  
 Full well I knew  
 That if I'd ventured there till one,  
 Her Pa would be there, too.

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The Wesleyan girls say,  
 As at Vespers they pray;  
 "Help us good maids to be;  
 Give us patience to wait  
 Till some subsequent date:  
 World without men—ah, me!"

—Brunonian.

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He who courts and runs away  
 Shall live to court another day;  
 But he who weds and courts girls still  
 Shall get into Court against his will.

—Selected.

# WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

H. L. STORY, Editor.

- '99. Mr. L. R. Varser is one of the leading attorneys in Kinston, N. C.
- '02. Mr. J. T. Buff has a flourishing school at Pilot, Franklin County, N. C.
- '94. Mr. Charles E. Taylor, Jr., is achieving high business success in Wilmington, N. C.
- '77. The many friends of Dr. E. E. Folk, of Tennessee, were glad to see him at the Convention in Charlotte.
- '73. We are glad to be able to say that ex-Judge E. W. Timberlake has removed his family to Wake Forest.
- '93. Rev. I. T. Newton has been elected County Superintendent of the schools of Transylvania County, N. C.
- '81. Dr. E. M. Poteat, President of Furman University, delivered an address on Ministerial Education at the Convention.
- '90. The Sunday Schools of this State are to be congratulated on the selection of Rev. Hight C. Moore as State Sunday School Secretary.
- '00. One of the best speeches made for Wake Forest at the Convention was by Mr. A. W. Cooke, a rising member of the Greensboro bar.
- '77. Mr. J. W. Denmark, of Raleigh, founder of the Student's Aid Fund of Wake Forest College, has sold the *Progressive Farmer* to a stock company organized to publish it.
- '03. Mr. Walter Keener enters the editorial fraternity as associate editor of the *Lincoln Courier*. He shows his loyalty to his Alma Mater(?) by frequent visits to the Hill.
- '92. Mr. O. J. Peterson has begun his third year in managing the *Lumberton Argus* under favorable conditions. This paper is fast becoming one of the best weekly papers of the State.
- '56. Through the inspiring leadership of Dr. J. D. Hufham at the Convention, money was raised to place a portrait of the Baptist pioneer, Rev. Martin Ross, in Wingate Memorial Hall.
- '92. Lieut. O. H. Dockery, Jr., after spending a few weeks with his father in Richmond County, has returned to his post of duty in the far-away Philippines. His many friends in North Carolina rejoice in his brilliant prospects.

For the following notes we acknowledge our obligation to the *Biblical Recorder*:

'56. Elder L. H. Shuck, D.D., has accepted the call to the church at Cheraw, S. C.

'81. Elder M. V. McDuffie, of East Orange, N. J., has accepted a call to Seventh Church, Baltimore.

'95-'7. Elder A. W. Setzer has been called to the pastorate of our church at Burlington. We hope he will accept.

'78. Elder W. T. Jordan has resigned the pastorate of Calvary Church, Denver, Col., to give his whole time to raising a debt on the Colorado Baptist Woman's College.

'90. Mr. John B. Spilman has taken charge of a paper in Salisbury. He will make a place for himself in North Carolina newspaperdom, being a good writer, an independent thinker, and a brave soul.

'87-'9. Elder J. J. Adams accepts the call to Milton, Blanche and Beulah churches. He will be succeeded at Graham, Swepsonville and Haw River by Elder J. E. M. Davenport. They are each excellent young men, devoted to their work and growing steadily in usefulness.

'99. W. F. Powell was ordained to the full work of the ministry at the Fruitland Church on the fifth Sunday in November. Elders E. Allison and A. I. Justice constituted the presbytery. Brother Powell graduated at Wake Forest College in 1899, and was in the Seminary last year.

'84. Elder W. B. Morton has accepted the call to Marion, and has entered upon his work. He is another strong addition to the middle west. He and Mr. Kesler have come into that county, we hope, for a great work. Brother Morton is an all-round man. We congratulate our Marion brethren.

'88. On Sunday, Pastor M. L. Kesler resigned his pastorate at Scotland Neck to accept the call to Morganton. There is no better pastor in the North Carolina ministry, and Morganton is, therefore, to be heartily congratulated. Of Brother Kesler's good work at Scotland Neck, we will write later.

'92-'5. Elder S. W. Oldham writes from LaGrange: "The next union meeting of the Neuse Association will be held with the LaGrange church the fifth Sunday in January and Saturday before. People coming by rail will be met at the train if they will notify J. P. Joyner, or myself, when they will come."

'97. Elder C. M. McIntosh, of Carthage, and Miss Maud Coble, of Laurinburg, were united in marriage December 30. Brother McIntosh is one of our strong young ministers. We congratulate him on his happiness.

'93. A letter received from Missionary C. J. F. Anderson, December 21 dated November 8, says: "I have resigned as missionary to Italy, and will return to America and resume at once my medical studies. It is far from being my purpose to abandon the idea of spending my life in the missionary work. My wife and I are enjoying excellent health." Brother Anderson's address is Coleraine, N. C.

'80-'3. Elder N. S. Jones, having finished his work at Burlington, is at Raleigh for a few days. Brother Jones did excellent work at Burlington, and the church there was reluctant to accept his resignation. He is an excellent preacher and pastor, and he has had remarkable success in the management of his churches. We have no doubt that one of our North Carolina churches will lay hands upon him.

'97-'00. We gratefully acknowledge an invitation from Mrs Martha J. Scofield to be present at the marriage of her daughter, Blanche, to Mr. Oscar L. Powers, Wednesday, December 23, 1903, at 3 o'clock, from her residence, Farmdale, Kentucky. Mr. Powers is a promising son of North Carolina, and we trust that in thus joining the numerous host of "Kentucky sons-in-law," he will lose none of his ardor for the old State.

'66-'8. W. A. Pool told us a story at the Texas Convention which we greatly enjoyed. He said: "At Statesville, N. C., we held a meeting in the years gone by and only one little boy joined. The outsiders laughed at the Baptists, saying they had spread their net wide, and had caught but one little minnow. But that minnow was Archibald T. Robertson, of the Seminary."—*Baptist Argus*. Elder J. B. Boone was pastor there then, and baptized Brother Robertson.

'84-'6. We take the following from a letter by Elder J. A. Campbell: "At Spring Branch, Friendship and Bule's Creek I have preached on 'Search the Scriptures,' and have secured a list of names, about 75 in all. Will try to secure others at Green Level next Saturday and Sunday. Our fall term closed December 17, with orations and debate by representatives from the societies. We have enrolled more than 310 for the year, and have all the classes in the new building."

## IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

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G. S. FOOTE, Editor.

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MEASLES!

MUMPS!

GRIPPE!

LOOK OUT!

MISS MARIE LANKFORD spent Christmas with Miss Sarah Parham, of Oxford.

MR. CALVIN HOLDING, of New York City, spent several days in January with relatives on the Hill.

MISS EULA NEWSOME, of Littleton, was the guest of Mrs. W. W. Holding for several weeks in January.

MR. AND MRS. JOHN A. WRAY, of Milledgeville, Ga., spent some time with Professor Mills in January.

MR. HENRY LANNEAU, of Savannah, Ga., spent Christmas with his parents, Professor and Mrs. Lanneau.

MISS MARY PUREFOY, who spent the fall in Monroe, is at home again, much to the delight of her many friends.

MRS. CLAUDE KITCHIN, of Scotland Neck, spent a few days with her father, Professor Mills, en route to Washington.

MISSSES EMMIE AND BESSIE ROGERS, of Raleigh, visited their aunt, Mrs. W. M. Dickson, a few days during the holidays.

WHY IS IT that two of our already popular students have become more popular after spending Xmas in Jacksonville, Florida?

MR. EDGAR W. TIMBERLAKE, JR., of the University of Virginia, spent Xmas with his parents, Judge and Mrs. E. W. Timberlake.

MR. C. G. KEABLE, a graduate of Wake Forest, and professor in the Raleigh Male Academy, spent a part of his vacation on the Hill.

NEWISH break in where Seniors fear to tread. Such was the case when Newish X. broke through the ice while skating a few days ago.

MRS. E. Y. WEBB, with daughter, Miss Elizabeth, has gone to Washington to spend the rest of the winter with her husband, Congressman E. Y. Webb.

BE SURE to attend the Glee Club concert on the night before Anniversary. The voices are in accord, the instruments newly strung, and if you are present, you are promised a good time from start to finish.

MISS MARGARET ETHERIDGE, of Selma, was the guest of Miss Mattie Gill during the early part of January. Miss Etheridge is quite a favorite on the Hill, and her visits are always looked forward to with much pleasure.

IT IS with regret that we note the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Hagwood for the eastern part of the State, where they will reside for the future. They will be missed by the Hill, but since they have decided that it is for the best to leave, the best wishes of the whole community go with them.

WAKE FOREST still possesses charms for her old sons, and is always glad to see them, even though all her present sons be at home for the holidays. Such was the case with Mr. Eugene S. Green, Jr., of the University of Maryland, who was here for part of his vacation, and while he missed the familiar faces of his old boy friends,

we have no doubt but that the campus and college buildings were just as familiar and friendly as when he was a student here. Come again, "Leugin," and give the boys a peep.

ARRANGEMENTS have been completed for the debate between Furman University (South Carolina) and Wake Forest, which will take place on Easter Monday night. The question chosen is: "*Resolved*, That the expansion policy of the United States Government is for the best interests of its people," and Wake Forest will defend the affirmative ground. The debate will come off in Charlotte, and it is hoped that it will "come off" as easily and pleasingly as the Thanksgiving debate did in Richmond last fall.

WAKE FOREST was the scene of much pleasure and merriment during the Christmas holidays. The whole of Christmas week was a round of continuous enjoyment. On Monday afternoon there was a Sunday School entertainment, and a real, genuine Santa Claus for the little folks. On Tuesday afternoon, from four to six, Miss Mattie Gill gave a reception in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Briggs, of Charleston, Illinois, while on Tuesday evening she entertained the young people in honor of her friend, Miss Etheridge, of Selma. On Thursday evening, Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Riddick gave a delightful At Home in honor of Miss Riddick, of Raleigh, and Miss Annie Dickson. On the same evening, Miss Lizzie Caddell entertained a number of friends.



# WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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## YOUTH.

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The road is straight; avaunt  
What sights stretch out to view;  
The sun is blazing in the sky,  
Up, dormant, up, the moments fly:  
The ruddy rays drink fast the dew.

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## AGE.

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The hills are steep and hard to climb;  
The flowers have lost their bloom;  
How drooping looks yon Columbine;  
The sun is setting, and 'tis time  
For vespers and the tomb.

## THE STUDENT AND ATHLETICS.

BY G. W. PASCHAL.

What is the proper place of athletics in the life of a student? This question has recently acquired new and vital interest from the fact that known excellence in some manly athletic sport was put by Mr. Cecil Rhodes among the qualifications of him who is to enjoy one of the numerous Rhodes' scholarships. The great Englishman, no doubt, wished that such men be selected as were most likely to succeed in life, and so we are sure that he believed that the athletic young man, other things being equal, has more chance of success than the non-athletic. If a man of Mr. Rhodes' wide experience with men so believed, it may be well to consider some of the whys and wherefores for such a view.

First, let us define athletics.

Athletics differs from gymnastic training. Every one now admits that the gymnasium is a necessity. The student who takes exercise has better health and can do better work than one who does not. But the gymnasium gives only exercise and training, and leaves out an element that enters into athletics proper. This element is the contest. Athletics, as its name implies, means a struggle in manly sport with a contestant for a prize, for victory. So one may have all the muscles of his body trained to perfection in a gymnasium without attaining to the state of an athlete. This name is properly reserved for him who in a contest can so use his strength and skill as to win victory.

We are now in a position to consider wherein athletics excel gymnastics, or, in other words, wherein play at

tennis or baseball excels dumb-bells and parallel bars. As has often been pointed out, athletics is the only thing in the student life that really educates the will. In the class-room, the student is in the attitude of recipient. He recites and listens, everything is under the direction of the teacher; there is practically never any ground of dissent from the teacher's view, who usually knows his subject, whose words are accepted as oracles. Nor in any other ordinary college work is there much room for the exercise of will power. How necessary, then, it is to have some agency that will train this most important part of our intellectual faculties, for success in life is incompatible with a weak or untrained will. This agency is athletics.

The following are some of the ways in which the spirit of the contest develop and train the will. In every game every player must recognize that the issue of the game rests largely upon him. A weak man on the nine may easily give away a baseball game. So players come to have a sense of responsibility, which is the proper foundation of will power. Again, it is necessary for a player to keep on a steady strain for a long period. If he plays badly for a little while, he may give his opponents courage and lose the point for which he is struggling. So he must learn to keep his energies constantly directed on the game. Besides, he must learn to be calm and reserved, and to act with precision and steadiness in the face of danger. Again, he will often find it necessary to throw all his strength and energy into the work of a moment, to put forth his utmost effort. It can easily be seen wherein all these things are of the very highest value in an educational way. To feel a proper sense of one's responsibility, to be able to keep

persistently and steadily at the work in hand, to be calm and reserved, and to act with coolness in danger, and to be able to put forth herculean effort to overcome obstacles, are all no small part in the make-up of a successful man. It will be seen, then, that the student who actively engages in athletics will so far be better equipped for life than the one who does not.

But while athletics are good, it must be constantly borne in mind that they do not constitute all of college life. They are not an end, but only a means to an end. The game of baseball should enable the student to make his mind subservient to his will, to apply it more perfectly to the mastery of his lesson, and to become more alert and strong mentally. Whenever any one pursues athletics further than this, neglects his other work and gives his whole attention to them, they have become to him a dissipation and a snare. He is failing to provide himself with knowledge which is, after all, the power that moves the world, and he is like a man who lights a ton of coal to run a one-horse power engine. Much fuel is useless without a large engine. So with all your getting, get wisdom.

How about intercollegiate athletics? They are good for the same reasons that other athletics are good. The student who succeeds in being selected to represent his college in a contest with another college has indeed won a place of honor and high responsibility. His fellow-students and all friends of his institution have a right to expect several things of him: he should never consent to take his place unless his health is fairly certain, unless he is determined to abstain from such things as are likely to injure his health, unless he is willing to work harmoniously with the other members of the team, and

always do his utmost for success. Certainly this much may be rightly demanded of him. Now these things involve "two moral elements—toil and expense. They are moral elements because they involve self-sacrifice, submission to authority, devotion to the public weal. 'So run that ye may obtain,' is not merely an illustration, it is a lesson. Whether it be fleetness of foot or swiftness of horse, it demands the renunciation of self-will, and the glory is, after all, not the winner's," (Prof. Gildersleeve, *Introduction to Pindar*), but the college's.

Intercollegiate athletics, again, offer some lessons to those who do not "make the team." They should give a cordial and sympathetic support of the common enterprise. This is the duty of every student—to contribute what he can of moral support to the maintenance of the team. This feeling of a common interest will develop into a true *esprit de corps*, a proper kind of college spirit. This is not that howling mania which goes wild at some piece of good luck, and which creeps with sad face into its hole when a strong team is to be combatted. This false kind of college spirit is abroad in the land. Only last fall, many who would otherwise have gone to one of our own games, stayed away because a panic struck them and they feared defeat. So far as they were concerned, our team was left to tread the wine press alone. A proper college spirit will not be too much elated by victory—which is childish—nor be too much depressed by defeat—which is very childish. What it will fear, as a disgrace worse than defeat, is that some player will not play in proper form, or with sufficient determination.

Finally, the student should severely discourage any effort of professionalism to creep into college athletics.

They yearn too foolishly for victory who welcome professionals on the college team, for professionals represent not the college. They are always a fly in the ointment. The college team should be free for students—they need the development it offers—and should represent only them. And last of all, no student worthy of the name will ever contemplate athletics as a profession.

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#### THE WISH.

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The many-mantled miser stood upon the sandy main;  
“I would that I had dollars brown for every single  
grain,”

When like a flash the sands became minion mounds of  
gold,

And in among the shining mass the miser's fingers stole.

But as he stooped a billow broke upon the shining sands,  
And drew into the seething deep from out the miser's  
hands.

Then with a cry of pain he sprang his treasure to regain  
And groaning, gasping, gurgling, he sank beneath the  
main.

## ON THE ROAD TO JERICO.

BY 'IMER 'EST.

In the beginning let me say that my name is Dee—Rusticus M. Dee. I belong to that old family of Dees whose name has been kept flourishing so long by its many noted sons. My grandfather's name was Ay Dee. He had four sons whose names were, respectively, Em Dee, Dee Dee, Dubble L. Dee and Pee H. Dee. Now, my uncles were all great men, and in order to give their sons at least the *name* of their greatness, they named them after themselves. That is how I came by my good name, Em Dee, Junior.

Now, my father was a doctor by chance, and living in a very well-to-do part of the country, had a good rural practice. Seeing what a goodly inheritance—in the way of practice if nothing more—would come to me after my father's death, if I were a doctor, I determined to study medicine, and prepared myself accordingly. As fate—whether good or bad—would have it, my father died when I had finished my course in medicine, and I came into a good practice at once.

It was no easy task, this one of a rural doctor, to go through rain or sleet, hail or snow, at any time of night, any distance, to answer every call that might come, even if only that of a pin-stuck baby. But I did not mind it. I was always of a solitary disposition, and when, on some dark night, I could mount my horse and ride through the mysterious woods that surrounded my home, over hills and through valleys, letting my imagination have full play, I was in the height of enjoyment.

Accordingly, on this night about which I am speaking, as I was returning home from a professional visit in H—— county, some twenty miles from my home, I was enjoying more than ever my solitary surroundings. A storm had arisen on my way back such as I had never seen before. The rain fell in torrents, and so dense was the darkness that I could not see my hand a foot from my face. The wind was howling like a thousand demons through the trees, and so great was its force that I could scarcely keep my saddle nor my horse the road. Stronger and stronger grew the wind, and deeper and deeper sank I into my meditations. Vivid flashes of lightning lighted up my surroundings, ghostlike in the red glare. However, I paid no attention to the storm, but drawing my great coat closer around me, I gave myself up to pleasant thoughts. They were pleasant indeed. To tell the truth, I had been successful enough in my practice of late to think of taking unto myself a better half, and in fact I had my marriage license in my pocket well sheltered from the storm without. Therefore the picture of a dark-eyed maid back in my own county was the only thing that at that moment held possession of my mind, and I was riding on never heeding the rain nor the road.

I had proceeded in this semi-conscious condition for possibly two hours, when by a sudden flash of lightning I perceived that my horse had left the road and was following a foot-path which ten yards ahead of me entered a dense wood. To my left I saw a deep gulch or ravine through which the water, increased by the rain, was rushing madly down into the woods. The dripping moss hanging from the trees above felt like the clammy hands of some hobgoblin as it dragged across my face in the darkness. The gulch roared dangerously near, but my good steed moved on without misstep.



Another flash of lightning lighted up the ghostly wood. Fifty feet in front of me I saw a rude bridge crossing the ravine, then pitchy darkness enveloped all again. My horse soon reached the bridge. He stopped for a moment as if testing its strength. The water roared underneath with the sound of thunder. He started across. When midway, with a crash, it suddenly gave way, hurling me and my animal into the seething flood twenty feet below. I clung frantically to the saddle, and together we were swept with horrible rapidity down the stream. There was another flash of lightning, and just before me I saw the projecting limb of a fallen tree, but too late. With great force my head struck the tree, and I knew no more.

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How long I remained in this condition, I have never known. However, I became aware of my returning faculties by a sharp pain in my head. "Where am I? What has happened?" I thought. Then a faint remembrance came to me, and I tried to raise my hand to my head, which was aching with an unbearable pain. To my astonishment, I could not move a muscle. I tried to open my eyes, I tried to cry out for help, but I could do neither, and there I lay painfully and helplessly thinking. Just then I heard some one talking. It seemed far off and indistinct, but I understood. It was a squeaky little dried-up voice that spoke.

"Where do ye say ye found 'im, Jim? He's a fine lookin' specimen of 'umanity."

"Gad, Jake, how many more times hez we got ter tell ye," said a hoarse, rough voice. "We found him down yonder in the gulch and the water runnin' over him like he wuz jest takin' a mornin' bath, 'nstead of bein' dead as a nail in a coffin."

"An' ye made a gude haul, sho as my name's Jake Parker. Fifty dollars, a horse an' a watch! Ye don't git them kind every night, an' ye didn't hev ter go ter the trouble uv killin' 'im, neither. Do ye know who he be?"

"Och!" said a voice I recognized as Irish, "I know the gintleman, or my name's not Pathrick O'Larry, and a nate and proper gintleman he is. Faith, he is no ither, more nor liss, thin that young docthor over in the nixt county. Its mesilf that's bin sain' him all me life. Fait, and if he didn't 'ave one o' them papers what ye git married wid, me name's not Pathrick. Some purty maid'll be wapin her eyes out complatly and entirely ef she knowed where he is. I diskivered a hole in his hid big as yer fist. Sthruck a knot up the sthream, and no mis-thake at all."

For some moments I gave myself up to thinking painfully what all this could mean. Then, as quick as a flash, I perceived the whole situation, and my heart sank within me. From the first I thought I recognized the squeaky voice of the one called Jake, but when I heard him addressed, I was certain.

For many years the name of Jake Parker had been spoken with terror in H—— county among the more ignorant class. There was a cemetery not far from the town of B——, and Jake Parker was its sexton. Many dark mysteries hung about the little brick lodge in which he lived at the entrance of the cemetery. That he had "lightened" the body of nearly every person buried in this cemetery, was a conceded fact. It was rumored also that he formerly belonged to a bold band of robbers that infested those regions, and it was true that he had strange visitors at still stranger hours of the night. It was also said that when it became necessary for that

band of banditti to send a bullet through a victim's head to reach his pocket, they would carry the body to Jake, and there in the silent hours of the night cremate it and fling the ashes to the four winds.

Jake, although of so questionable a character, had a son known as Kid Parker, who was very bright and ingenious. He thoroughly hated the work he was engaged in with his father. Kid was ambitious, and even wanted to go to school, but Jake had no such ideas for his son, and wanted him brought up in the good old way.

You can imagine my horror when I found myself in such hands, and dead, too! at least to them. In vain did I try to scream, to kick, to do anything to attract attention. Meanwhile the conversation continued.

"How long do ye reckon he will keep," said the rough voice I had heard before. "We don't want him ter spile too soon, we might git somethin' for the carcas."

"O, he'll keep all right," said Jake, "but I expects we'd better put a little fire under him. Thar'll be some un lookin' fer 'im by mornin,' and a few ashes tells no tales."

"Come ter think about it, Jake's right," said the rough voice. "Fire's none too good fer him. He's got ter git used to hit, anyhow."

"Fait," said the Irishman, "isn't this gintleman a particular friend o' mine, and isn't it entirely and althegither the wrong thing to do to burn him? Now, thin, its mesilf that's fer givin' him a dacent burial."

"Hit's two ter one, Pat," said Jake, "an' ye know the meajority allus wins. I'll go in the cellar and git the fires ter goin'. But hold on, here comes the Kid; let's see what he thinks."

I heard some one walk across the floor and come to-

ward me. In vain did I try to attract his attention, but could not move a muscle.

"Why, it's that young Doctor Dee," said Kid, in no way surprised to see a dead man in the house. "What ye goin' ter do with him?"

"Now, that's jest what we're deliberatin' about, Kid," said Jake, "whether to set fire under 'im an' swinge his feathers, or give 'im a decent burial. Speak yer mind, ye allus wuz sharper than the rest of us."

"The devil take you, Jake Parker," said the affectionate young son, "if ye keep up this burnin'. The gallows is good enuf fer us all, but ye oughter be hung up till the crows pick yer bones an' yer brains rattle in yer skull. This young man's of a decent family, and deserves a decent burial. He don't look like he's dead, no way."

"Gad er mighty," squeaked Jake, "ef he aint dead the gulch down thar can't kill 'em. Got a hole stuv in his top big as yer fist. But the Kid's right. We'd better bury 'im; he's worth of it. Its half past one now. Kid, ye stay here with the carcass' an' we three 'll go and open up a hole. We'll soon hev 'im tucked away where the worms can finish 'im."

They stealthily departed, and Kid and I were left alone. He paced restlessly up and down the room, and then suddenly stopped near me.

"I'll swear, if he's dead I aint never seen a dead man," he muttered. "They might hev put him in a decent box. I'm half a mind to try that new concern of mine on him. 'Twont do no harm. I can get it fixed, I reckon, time those fools git back."

My former horror had now worn off, and I was waiting with curiosity for the outcome. I even saw some-

thing ridiculous in the whole affair. Whether the wound I had received in my head had made me lose my mind to some extent or not, I can not say, but the whole thing amused me, and I would have laughed could I have opened my mouth. "What can my friend Kid be doing?" I thought, as I heard him tacking the top of my coffin on. "Ah, I see; he is going to ship me home in a box. Will he never finish nailing me up?"

After what seemed hours, I heard the men returning.

"All right," said Jake, "everything's in ridiness. Got 'im nailed in tight, Kid? Hook on to them handles, and let's be movin'. Gad, aint he heavy?"

I became aware of being borne from the house. They moved slowly and silently, and seemed to pick out their way with great care. After a march of ten minutes, they stopped.

"Here we is," said Jake in a squeaky whisper. "Jim, ye're master of cirimonies, can't ye say somethin' worthy of the man?"

"All I kin say," said the rough voice, "is, may the devil git as much out uv him as we did."

"Amen!" squeaked Jake. "That's good enuf prayer fer the President. Drap 'im in, boys."

"Wait a minit," said Kid; "lemme fix this kiver on tight."

"That's right, Kid; fix hit on tight so he'll hev a hard job gittin' out Jedgment Day," laughed Jake.

"Hurry up an' dump that dirt onto 'im," growled Jake.

Just then I heard a shovel full of dirt fall with a hollow sound on my coffin. It did not worry me in the least. I compared it to the sound of a bass drum, and wondered where the rest of the band could be. My only

regret was I could not tell my new friends good-bye. Fainter and fainter grew the falling clods, till they ceased entirely and all was still.

Suddenly I found I could open my mouth, then I found I could move. With my returning activities, my mind also became sane, and I realized the utter hopelessness of my condition. In my horror, I commenced to kick madly and to strike with my hands, and in my agony I gave one long scream. But the muffled sounds told me how useless were my efforts, and I ceased. But my minutes were becoming numbered. The fresh air within my coffin had given out, and I was breathing with great difficulty. Presently my breathing changed to gasping. Shorter and shorter came my breath, till my lungs felt as if they would burst. I thought surely my hour was come. Just then I heard a faint sound above me. I could not tell what it sounded like should I try, but it was the sweetest sound I ever heard. Nearer and nearer it came through the earth above. My heart beat fast with hope. Louder and louder it became, till with a thud something struck the box. A few more strokes, and then the top was wrenched off, and I lay looking into the face of a man who was bending down over me. In a minute he had jerked me to the ground above, and I stood looking into the face of—Kid Parker. I looked at him in astonishment, and having recovered my breath was about to speak, when he said:

"Well, stranger, I guess I've saved yer life, and I'm glad I could give ye a lift. My name's Kid Parker, old Jake's son. The least said about him the better, I reckon'. I've bin experimentin' a little with 'lectricity, and I made a consarn to put down in a feller's grave, and if he aint dead, his breathing makes a 'lectric bell ring in

my room. That's what saved yer life, stranger. But come on, this is no time for argufying, let's make fer the lodge. Jake Parker and them other two devils are in there takin' a drink er two ter keep up their sperits. They bin pirty narvous ever since they tucked ye away. Now, I tell ye what I wants ye to do. I wants ye to steal up there kinder quiet like and jest poke your nose in the door an' see what'll happen."

I followed him hesitatingly and we soon stood at the door, out of which I had been carried a few minutes before a corpse. Within there was a clinking of glasses, mixed with loud guffaws of laughter and toasts.

"Here's to our friend we jest tucked away," laughed Jim, hoarsely, "and may the devil roast his soul."

"Amen," squeaked Jake. "That marriage paper'll never do him no good less he falls in love with the devil's wife. He! he! he!"

At this moment the door flew open and I stood on the threshold with all the looks of an avenging ghost I could command.

"Good Gad er Mighty!" squealed Jake, as he disappeared through the nearest window.

"Och!" said Pat, "hits the divil himsilf, cot tam."

"Ugh!" growled Jim, and ripping out an oath half under his breath, he tossed down the last glass of whiskey, strode over to the window and gracefully swinging himself out, disappeared in the darkness.

I turned to Kid.

"I knowed it," he said with a grin. "That'll be the last of them. Yer horse is on the outside. Keep straight down the gulch and ye'll find the road. I leave this pesty place this night. Good-bye," and with that he was gone, leaving me gazing curiously after him.

## THE WINTER ROSE.

BY HUGH LATIMER STORY.

The winter rose is mine, is mine,  
The winter rose is mine.  
The winter rose  
In summer grows  
And lives through all the year.  
It has no need to fear  
The falling snow,  
The winds that blow  
And parch the tender blossoms at its feet,  
So beautiful, so sweet.

The winter rose is mine, is mine,  
The winter rose is mine.  
It slowly grows,  
And wisely shows  
How strength and beauty can combine.  
It does not grow as does the vine,  
Devoid of grace,  
But in the race  
It gathers beauty, fragrance, strength to bloom  
To cheer dead winter's gloom.

The winter rose is mine, is mine,  
The winter rose is mine,  
It seemed to say,  
One summer day,  
To all its rival beauties at its side,  
Which grow to-day, to-morrow open wide,  
"Why hurry so?



Take time to grow,  
And be prepared to meet the stormy gale,  
The pelting rain and hail."

The winter rose is mine, is mine,  
The winter rose is mine.  
Its rivals said,  
"We'll not be led,  
Advised by such a proud and ugly bush.  
But we will deck with beauty, make it blush  
To own its name,  
Brought thus to shame,  
When every bee shall taste and suck our sweets.  
The rose one hardly greets."

The winter rose is mine, is mine,  
The winter rose is mine.  
The quarrel o'er,  
It said no more,  
But looked with pity on the foolish, tender buds,  
That yielded first to bees and then to winds and floods,  
And now are strown.  
The rose alone  
Is left to tell the story of their woe—  
"Take time, take time to grow!"

## DAME STOCKARD'S STORY.

BY C. T. GOODE

"Who is the little old woman down there at the bridge, did you say?"

"Why, that's Sister Aletha. You see she stays down there most all the time now. But I must call her in, for it's too cold for her to be out to-day. Poor soul, she says she's waitin' for the boys to be mustered out, but the boy she's waitin' for was mustered out long years ago."

"The story? Why, sir, I'm not much at a story, and perhaps you have heard some like it before. But sit down over there, and I'll tell you as best I can as soon as I've mended the fire and finished this bit of sweeping. You're the new teacher, aren't you? Then you may get tired before I'm through; for when I get to thinkin' about those old times, it's as much as ever I know where to begin, much less where to end."

"Yes, sir. Aletha is old and wrinkled now, but she was not always that way. Once everybody said she was the prettiest girl in all the country round. We lived in the big house over there in the valley then. Maybe you have seen it—the one with the trees and the broad verandah lookin' out towards old Broad itself. There were just four of us—I mean without the blacks. We had just scores of them—father, mother, Aletha and me. And a happier lot I guess it would a been hard to find. I was just a slip of a girl then, but I remember it all as if it were yesterday. I can almost see those blacks now a workin' and singin' around, with father a watchin' over and tellin' 'em what to do. And, too, there was

mother back in the house, or maybe sittin' out on the porch lookin' at us over her spectacles, all sedate like. And then there was Aletha, the very life and soul of us all, pretty as a picture and graceful as a young fawn, with all the boys in the whole country a sighin' after her. But she didn't seem to care for or take any note of them. Looked as if she was goin' to go right on into womanhood without caring for anybody but us. But there was comin' a time when she'd see matters different.

"One night—I think it must a been just a few nights after Christmas; leastways, we hadn't taken down the holly and mistletoe from the front room—we had a party at our house. All the young people in the country round were there, and some, too, from a distance—among them a young fellow from Brownlow, Grant Morson, him as she's down there waitin' for now. He was tall and handsome, though you may have seen handsomer. Anyway, he was just such a fellow as you would like to have on your side in time of trouble, he looked so strong. And then he was one of them that get handsomer every time you see them, any way. All of these young folks were in the big parlor having as big a time as ever they could, it seemed, and I went in. Some were sittin' and some standin', all were talkin' and laughin'. Aletha was standin' by the center table arrangin' some flowers, herself as pretty as any flower there. She was not thinkin' about the big bunch of mistletoe hangin' down from the ceilin right over her head. But Morson saw it and stepped right up and kissed her on one of her red cheeks. Everybody laughed but Aletha. She looked up in surprise, and her cheeks turned redder than ever. Then, before you could say 'Jack Robinson,' she struck him a rap across the mouth that made his head spin, I

guess; at least it cut a gash in his lip against his teeth. He saw in an instant that he had made a mistake, that we weren't like the Brownlow folk, and so without so much as sayin' 'with your permission,' he got down on the floor on his knees and begged her pardon like a true gentleman. Aletha held out for a minute, but seein' the blood on his lip, come right over and pardoned him.

"After that he came to our house pretty often. It wasn't but fifteen miles from there to Brownlow where he lived. He was such a gentleman that no one could object to his coming. Aletha was eighteen. Sometimes he'd come over in the morning and they'd go for a drive, or, when the weather became warm enough, maybe we'd all go for a fishing or a flower hunt; and then in the afternoon and night he'd go back. Sometimes, if there happened to be a party in the neighborhood, maybe he'd stay over a night or two. So, with flower hunting and picnicing and so on we passed away that spring and most of the summer; and to some of us at least as happy days as ever were spent.

"But when the summer was drawin' to a close, matters began to change. For some time I had been hearin' them talk about war and abolition and Sumter and the South, but I didn't pay much attention to it. I thought that if war did come one day, maybe it would be like a camp-meeting and go away the next, leaving us all as happy as before. But sometimes I'd see father and mother talkin' real serious about something or other. Finally, mother quit smilin' altogether, and got to sittin' up late at nights. Then again I'd see father walkin' about all solemn like and readin' at spare moments from a little leather-bound book that he said was his 'tactics.' Whatever that was, I didn't know. All that time Mor-

son kept comin' and it was when he was there that I felt most like something wasn't going to happen, for he was most always jolly. But even then sometimes he and Aletha would sit together for hours without ever payin' any attention to me or anybody else. At last I felt sure that something was going wrong.

"At last it came. The beautiful autumn weather had just begun. The corn blades were turnin' yellow, the apples gettin' juicy and sweet, and now and then you might see on the maples a few leaves tinged a little bit red. The golden days of the year had come. And just when one of those days was nearin' its noon, a little squad of horsemen came riding up to our house and called for father. He must a been expectin' them, for he came out in a minute all dressed up in a suit of gray clothes that I had never seen him wear before. Mother came out with him, all white and tremblin' and clingin' to his arm. He looked pale, but I heard him say, 'Don't bother, Ally, It's nothin' serious. I'll be back in a month.' Then mother burst out to cryin'. Aletha came out, but when she saw the men and the horses, leaned her head on the palings and cried, too. Father came round to kiss us all good-bye, and when he came to me I saw that his lip was quiverin', and hardly knowin' what for, I cried, too.

"That was the last time we ever saw father. He went marching away with the others, but didn't come back in a month. Every once in a while we'd get news from him—sometimes a letter—that he was well and expectin' to be back soon. But for a whole year he stayed away, going here and there we knew not where, and at last went to Sharpsburg. From there like a call to the dead a letter came all fringed in black, sayin' that he'd

been shot while rallyin' some men to hold a gun till others could come up. The letter had been on the road for two weeks, so we didn't try to have him brought home then. Since the war we've tried time after time, but we never could find where they laid him.

"From that time on matters that were bad enough already began to grow worse. Mother's health commenced to give way under the strain of sorrow, together with lookin' after the work of the whole plantation, keepin' the negroes straight, and so on. Some of them had grown restless, dreaming of emancipation and talkin' of being like white folks. During all that time all that could be done to allay our sorrow or help us along in any way was done by Grant Morson. On his mother's account—she was an invalid—and perhaps Aletha's, too—he had never gone to the war, though any one could see that it was tellin' on him not to go.

"One day when he and Aletha were in the flower garden all alone, as they thought, I heard him say that he just couldn't stand it any longer. If others had to go to the war and be shot, that he was goin' to take his chances and go, too. Furthermore, that it was better to have your heart torn out actin' like a man than to have it eat out being like a woman. To which Aletha's face turned white as a clout, and I saw her put her hands up to her head like as if something had struck her. Then his face, which may have been a little stern and hard a minute before, became soft and tender, and putting out his strong arms caught her about the waist and kissed her on her white forehead. She didn't strike him this time, either, but leaned her head all weak and weary like against his breast and cried like a child. I felt my own self all choke up and ready to burst out, so I tripped away and left them alone.

"Morson went to war, and then there followed two of the gloomiest years. You have never seen anything like 'em. Everything was trouble, without a single bit of joy. Mother was gettin' thinner and thinner every day; the negroes were gettin' insolent, and some of them leavin'; and with lookin' and waitin', Aletha, too, was wastin' away. Looked as if her very life had gone off with Morson and was follerin' him around through fire and blood over the fields of Virginia. Of course he'd write to us, but his letters couldn't come often; and when they did, like as not they'd be but a line or two scratched, as he'd say, while the other boys were at breakfast. Once or twice he came home for a few days only. Each time I could see by his face that he had been having a hard time, and each time as he'd start off again he'd look back a little more wistfully. Then, seein' us so gloomy, he'd stop and say that he'd soon be back for good, and then tell us what a good time we'd have then when the war was over and we all to ourselves. At which we'd brave up and almost forget our troubles in the thoughts of what might be in time to come. Just then he'd break off and say good-bye before we'd have time to be gloomy again. And then would follow another long spell of waitin' and watchin' that would almost eat out your heart.

"When two years had passed—maybe more—he came home very sudden one day to stay a week. Matters were at a crisis, he said, and so couldn't stay longer. But before the week was half out there came a message that General Lee had surrendered and the war over. I was the one that took the letter from the soldier's hand and carried it to him. He was in the flower garden with Aletha, where I had seen them once before. He glanced

over the letter hurriedly and turned as pale. He wasn't any paler when we laid him in his coffin. I thought he was goin' to faint; but he soon collected himself and called to Aletha, who was all anxious to know what it was. 'Cheer up, little girl,' he said; 'the Cause is lost, but the war is ended.' She looked at him a little like that couldn't hardly be, but soon brightened up and burst out to laughin' and cryin' all together. Perhaps you would a thought that she didn't care if the Cause was lost, but it wasn't that.

"Then for a few days everything brightened up. The old ringin' laugh that had been gone so long came back to Aletha, and even mother forgot herself and smiled again. But if the war was over, Morson couldn't stay at home. He had to go back and report when his furlough was out, just the same as if there had been no surrender. But we didn't mind for him to go back this time. We felt like he had gone away at first and taken all our happiness with him, but now was goin' away to bring it all back again, leaving out father's death, of course. No one could bring him back.

"Just a week after the day he came, he laughingly told us good-bye for a little while, as he said, and started off. Aletha went with him as far as the bridge. And when I saw them walkin' off, as handsome a couple as ever were seen, she a little pale and thin, maybe, but still beautiful, he young and strong though roughened some by being in the field, I thought how nice it would be in a few days when he was her husband and could take care of mother and me all the rest of our days. I didn't think then I'd ever want a husband of my own.

"At the bridge they parted. She didn't come back to the house on the instant, but stood with her hands locked



behind her head, watchin' him disappear around the road. She didn't see the big rough man in ragged blue clothes that stepped out from the bushes on one side of the road until he had spoken to her. 'Don't watch him too long. It's bad luck, I've heard say,' said he, and stalked away in the bushes on the other side. And then we heard a gun fire, once, twice, down the road. Aletha screamed and fainted away. I had started towards her at sight of the man in blue, and reached her just in time to catch her as she fell. Mother came out and we carried her to the house. Then, with a few of the slaves that were left, I started down the road towards where the shootin' had been, feelin' a nameless terror and dread that made me not hesitate to go. When we got there, sure enough there he was on his back by the roadside, with the roses still on his cheeks, but worst of all one over his heart blood red. It was the 'Jayhawkers' that had done the deed. We carried him to the house and laid him out in the best room, so young and handsome notwithstanding the death set on his face. How different from only one short hour before! The crack of doom had come.

"That night we all sat by his side with the white cloth over him and the tapers burnin' low—just we three, with maybe a black or two asleep in the hall near by. Aletha had revived, but was sittin' like a piece of cut marble, never speakin' a word, not even cryin'. None of us spoke for that matter. It couldn't a been quieter if we had all been under the white cover instead of one. We had sat there I don't know how long, when there came a knock at the door. I sprang up to open it, whatever it might be, for my heart was sick and felt like lead under that awful still. I opened the door and the scent of

whiskey came into the room. There stood a rough looking squad of soldiers in blue. They had to have something to eat, they said, and without being asked strode into the room. I noticed that one of them was the same one we had seen on the bridge. At sight of the white covering they all stopped short. 'Uh!' said the foremost, 'who's dead? Some d--d Reb?' Then for the first time since the shooting Aletha opened her mouth, but it wasn't to speak—it was to give vent to the awfullest, blood-curdling scream you ever did hear. And after it she began to laugh like a spoiled child. Her mind was clean gone. How we passed the rest of the night I hardly know. The next day, with the help of the few remaining slaves, we laid him over there on the hillside under the trees. Aletha is better now, but she never has been her old self since then. Though it has been forty years, she still thinks the war has just ended, and even now is waitin' for the boys to be mustered out."

## HUMOR IN SHAKSPERE.

BY PEARL D. MANGUM.

In the study of Shakspeare, one is impressed with his humorous appreciation of the world with its dreams, joys and even its sorrows. The man who can smile in spite of sorrow and suffering is an oasis in this world of complaints, sighs and tears.

In many respects, Shakspeare was supreme in the realm of humor. Not only did he smile at human folly and absurdity, but he could smile at human sorrow, for he knew that for it, too, there was an end and a quietus. He could smile through his tears.

Shakspeare took a comprehensive view of life, and saw things from the standpoint of others as well as from his own. He was never dominated by a narrow or intolerable spirit. When his intense nature was brooding over some great problem, it was his humorous appreciation of things that saved him from madness which threatens the man of genius when he attempts to penetrate too far into the unknowable. It was his sense of humor that separates him from most of the great writers and men of genius. He was never shrill, biting or declamatory in his writings. They are pervaded by a mellow, charitable feeling towards the world. His humor was never like the caustic wit of Swift, for he could laugh at people without producing resentment in their hearts. "It is like the play of summer lightning, which hurts no living creature, but surprises, illuminates and charms."

In the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," the humor is that of a young man with his conceits, fancies and light

flashes of wit. The comedy of the play is in charge of two clowns, Speed and Launce. Speed professes to be the wit, but it is not spontaneous like the wit of Launce. It has the sound of tinsel, and does not have the ring of true steel like that of Launce when they meet in the encounter.

It is a pleasure to listen to the overflowings of the really witty person, but it is weariness to the flesh when you hear some conceited coxcomb try to be witty. Wit must come natural; it must not be forced or artificial.

Launce is humorous even if he does not say a word; there is something in his aspect that is mirth-provoking. When he begins to tell you in his doleful way of the things he has suffered on account of his dog Crab, it is simply impossible not to laugh, even though it is tragedy very real to Launce. As he comes leading Crab up the street he says, "I think Crab my dog be the sourest-natured dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid wringing her hands, our cat howling, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear; he is a stone, a very pebble-stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog."

Soon after this it is really sad and yet amusing to hear Launce chiding Crab for his mean ways, as he tells him how he had brought him up from a puppy, and now in return for all this kindness he is continually getting him into trouble by stealing.

"If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hanged for't. \* \* \* How many masters would do this for his servant? Nay, I'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed; I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath killed, otherwise he had suffered for't."

In a "Midsummer Night's Dream," Shakspeare's humor is enriched by its union with the fancy. Mr. Dowden, in a chapter on this subject in his "Mind and Art of Shakspeare," said: "The comic is here no longer purely comic; it is a mingled web shot through with the beautiful. The fairy world is brought into conjunction with the world of grossness and clumsiness in such a charming way. It is as if threads of silken splendor were run together in its texture with a yarn of hempen homespun, and both these with lines of dewy gossamer and filaments drawn from the moonbeams."

In this play, Shakspeare's humor is expended at the expense of the poor, conceited, clumsy actors that infested the London theater at this time. He made use of the rough, dull-witted handicraftsmen of Athens to represent them, and of this number Bottom stands head and shoulders above his fellows in his self-importance. How magnificently nature has endowed him! How vast are his accomplishments! He can speak in a monstrous little voice—"Thisne! Thisne!" He can play the part of a lion and roar so loud that the Duke will say, "Let him roar again, let him roar again"; or he can sooth the ladies by the "aggravated voice" in which he will roar you as gently as any suckling dove. But from these soaring dreams of "universal ambition" he is soon recalled, for Quince tells him that he can play no part but Pyramus.

"For Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day, a most lovely, gentleman-like man; therefore, you must needs play Pyramus."

It would have done Shakspeare's heart good if he could have seen all the poor, conceited actors of London come to the same end as Bottom when he was crowned

with the ass's head and thus stood revealed to the world in his true character. The ass's head seems hardly a disguise, so naturally does the human-asinine seem to come to Bottom. And gladly Shakspeare could have said of these as Quince said of Bottom:

"Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee!  
Thou art translated."

In the play of "Romeo and Juliet," Shakspeare used Mercutio as an outlet for his humor. The nurse of Juliet comes close after Mercutio, but her wit is a different kind from that of his. The humor of Mercutio is for the most part delicate, sparkling and varied. He never lacks for something to say, and Romeo uttered an immortal truth about Mercutio when in excusing him to the Nurse he said:

"A gentlemen, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk, and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month."

The jests of Mercutio are like the fitful rays of the sun as they now and then flash out from a rift in the cloud on a rainy day. Mercutio's "gleaming vivacity" and humor never deserted him. And when he lay dying from his wounds the last word he uttered was a jest, as he said:

"No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door, but 'tis enough, 'twill serve; ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man."

In the play of Henry the Fourth, there is portrayed the most wonderful creation of Shakspeare's humorous characters in the person of Sir John Falstaff. Only Shakspeare could have created such a character. He is, as Mr. Dowden says, "at once young and old, enterprising and fat, a dupe and a wit, harmless and wicked,

cowardly in appearance but brave in reality, a knave without malice, a lion without deceit, and a knight, a gentleman, and a soldier without either dignity, decency or honor." Sir John truly declares that he is not only witty in himself, but the cause of wit in other men.

Falstaff tries to reason away the realities of life, but the fact presses upon him relentlessly. Shakspeare's earnestness now goes hand in hand with his mirth, there is a mixture of sternness in Shakspeare's laughter now that we have not seen before. As you read the tilts between Sir John and Prince Henry, you almost split your sides at the absurdity and wit of the two.

Prince Henry: Peace ye fat-guts! lie down; lay thine ear close to the ground and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers?

Falstaff: Have you any levers to lift me up again being down?

But the best scene of all is when Falstaff and his crowd rob some travellers and are in turn robbed by Prince Henry and Poins. One feels inclined to pity Falstaff the ton of flesh trying to run away, if it were not for the Prince's saying:

"Falstaff sweats to death, and lards the lean earth as he walks along."

And when the Prince reached the Boar's Head Tavern, and in telling of the scene said to Falstaff, who had just come in:

"You carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull calf."

As Falstaff stands before the Prince with his clothes stuck full of holes by himself, and his sword hacked like a hand-saw by his dagger to make the Prince think he

had made a brave stand, he appears very ludicrous, still one can't help liking him as he unconsciously lies while reciting his little story of the attack.

In telling how he was set upon by two men in buckram suits how naively unconscious he is of increasing the number in the recital of the robbery until the Prince exclaimed: "O, monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two."

But Falstaff continued right on with his little story made to order until Prince Henry told him that he and Poins were the only ones who did the robbing, and then thinking he had Falstaff trapped, he said:

"What trick, what device, what starting hole can'st thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?"

But there is no such a thing as demolishing Falstaff for he is ready with an answer as he says:

"By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters; was it for me to kill the heir apparent! Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, then knowest I am as valliant as Hercules, but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct."

There is no such a thing as destroying Falstaff by ridicule, he is invulnerable to everything but the stern invasion of fact. I am of the opinion that Nym and Pistol told the truth of the matter when they discoursed of Sir John's unexpected collapse: "Nym. The king hath run bad humors on the knight, that's the even of it. Pistol. Nym, thou hast spoke the right; His heart is fracted and corroborate." In the relation, by Mrs. Quickly, of the death of Falstaff, pathos and humor have run together and become one. "A' made a finer end and went away on it had been any christom child; a' parted even just between twelve and one, even at the



turning o' the tide: for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a' babbled of green fields." Here the smile and the tear rise at the same time.

As Shakspeare grew older his laughter became more and more pathetic. And it was not only pathetic, it was tragic and terrible. Life grew more solemn for him as he neared the great unknown into which he had looked further than any of his seers.

In the tragedy of Hamlet we see this reflected. There are no more flashes of bright and tender fancy that we saw in his earlier plays. Life has grown grave and real. The jesting of Hamlet with the grave diggers has something of the awful and gruesome about it. Shakspeare wished to show how hardened people can become about the solemn things of death when they are suffering deep anguish of soul. You feel a shudder as you listen to the grim humor of Hamlet. It has about it the sulphureous flash of a Dante or a Milton.

The humor in the tragedy of King Lear becomes more intense. The gloom has deepened about the life of Shakspeare. He has also gained complete possession of his powers. The humorous, the pathetic and the tragic has become complete.

Never has there been created as entirely pathetic, humorous character as that of Lear's fool. Mr. Hudson understood Lear's "poor boy" with such delicate sympathy that to arrive at the right point of view we need not go beyond his words: "I know not how I can better describe the fool than as the soul of pathos in a sort of comic masquerade; one in whom fun and frolic are sublimed and idealized into tragic beauty. His 'laboring

to out-jest Lear's heart struck injuries tells us that his wits are set a dancing by grief; that his jests bubble up from the depths of a heart struggling with pity and sorrow as foam enwreathes the face of deeply troubled waters. There is all along a shrinking velvet-footed delicacy of step in the fool's antics, as if awed by the holiness of the ground."

Still, one can't help smiling as they listen to the dialogue between Lear and the fool.

"Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet fool?"

And Lear says,

"No, lad; teach me."

FOOL: "That Lord that counselled thee,  
Come place him here by me;  
Do then for him stand  
The sweet and bitter fool  
Will presently appear;  
The one in motley here,  
The other out there."

"Dost thou call me fool, boy?"

"All thy other titles thou hast given away; that, thou wast born with."

One can read in the grim humor of Lear Shakspeare's revolt against the insufficiency of the world and the bare facts of life. Shakspeare's satire is not the bright airy mockery of *Mid-summer Night's Dream* now. How great a distance has been traversed since then!

In the *Tempest*, which may be called Shakspeare's farewell address to the world, there is a change from the intense, high-strung humor of Lear. Shakspeare has passed from under the cloud that was weighing him down in Lear. Once again before the end his mirth is bright and

tender. From his height of almost calm serenity he can again smile down upon men and his heart can pass into the simple merriment of rustic festivity; he enjoys the company of country clowns. But there is one kind of laughter he detested. The laughter of an Antonio or a Sebastian, barren and forced laughter of narrow heads and irreverent and loveless hearts."

The most humorous scene in the *Tempest* is when Caliban sees Trinculo and thinks it is some one sent by Prospero to torment him for being so slow in bringing the wood.

Caliban says: "I'll lie flat and thus I may escape." Trinculo hears the roll of thunder and looks around for shelter and on seeing Caliban, says: "I will creep under his gaberdine until the storm is over."

Stephano, a drunken butler, now comes up singing and swinging a bottle. Caliban imagines it is someone else come to pinch him and he exclaims: "Do not torment me."

Stephano is surprised and exclaims:

"What's the matter? Have we devils here! This is some monster of the isle with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where in the devil should he learn our language? He shall taste of my bottle if he has never drunk before it will go near to remove his fit."

Stephano now tells him to open his mouth when Trinculo recognizes his voice and says: I know that voice.

Stephano: "Four legs and two voices, a most delicate monster! His forward voice, now is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague. Come. Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth."

Trinculo: Stephano!

"Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy, this is a devil, and no monster."

Trinculo then says:

"If you are Stephano speak to me, for I am Trinculo.

"If thou beest Trinculo, come forth; I'll pull thee by the lesser legs. How camest thou to be the seige of this moon calf? Can he vent Trinculo's."

Caliban now promises to serve Stephano as master for he wishes to be free, he says, and in the ecstasy of his joy, he cries out: "Freedom hey-day!" But he is more in love with Stephano's wine bottle than he is in love with Stephano, or is inspired by love of freedom.

And at last when he awakes from his folly he says: "What a thrice double ass I was to take this drunkard for a god, and worship this dull fool."

In tracing the humor of Shakespere through his different plays from his earliest to his latest we have been able to read somewhat the course of his life and to trace the growth of his humor from *Mid-summer Night's Dream* of the *Tempest*. Launce followed by his dog Crab, heads the line of Shakspere's humorous characters. There is a long train of mirth-provoking characters marching after him, from Bottom with his matchless voice to Falstaff, the hard drinker, and yet again from Falstaff to the pathetic fool in *Lear*.

## THE SAPPHIRE COUNTRY.

BY J. KENNEDY HENDERSON.

The beautiful country of Sapphire  
Is free from the storms of the sea;  
The great ocean rolls in grandeur,  
But this is the country for me,—  
These mountains of Carolina  
Lying westward from the sea,  
The green hills of Transylvania,  
Yes, this is the country for me.

"The Land of the Sky," and the "Fairfield,"  
'Tween the blue of the sky and the sea;  
The low sultry plains are fertile,  
But this is the country for me,—  
These mountains of Carolina  
Lying westward from the sea,  
Of Jackson and Transylvania,  
Yes, this is the country for me.

The essence of life is so lavished  
And nature so wondrous to see;  
The great cities boast of invention,  
But nature is grander for me,—  
These mountains of Carolina  
Lying westward from the sea,  
Of Western North Carolina,  
Yes, this is the country for me.

The poets that sang of the beauty  
Of Switzerland, Alps and the Rhine;

Ne'er dreamed of this lovely country,  
This Sapphire country of mine,  
These mountains of Carolina  
Lying westward from the sea,  
In fullness of nature's grandeur,  
But this is the country for me.

Our poets sing faint, for the muses  
Are gone from their haunts by the sea,  
To pure flowing rivers of water,  
To these very mountains, may be,—  
These mountains of Carolina  
Lying westward from the sea,  
'Mid clear sparkling crystal fountains,  
And this is the country for me.

The bard that can tune to the music  
That floats in these forests of green,  
And rivers and lakes and cascades,  
Will sing to the ages I ween.  
These mountains of Carolina  
Lying westward from the sea  
Should stand fair "Eastward in Eden,—"  
There's no other country for me.

Then come, all ye sages and glee-men,  
Who copy from old classic lore,  
Seek fresher fields for your fortunes,  
And sing old Bacchus no more.  
These mountains of Carolina  
Lying westward from the sea  
Are full of the freshness of heaven,—  
There's no other country for me.

**COCO.**

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[Translated from the French of Paul Marguerite by Gaston S. Foote.]

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The Bonamys were an old family without children. From humble life and modest tastes the inheritance of an aunt had placed them in more comfortable circumstances and had allowed them to satisfy the two great desires of their life—a house in the country and a little horse and buggy.

After extensive explorations and long reflections, weighings of the pros and cons, they chose a pretty locality, wooded, cool and inviting, which united at the same time the charm of water, the calm of fields and the beauty of woods, a country with good roads and easy drives, for they thought of their pony and carriage.

The house which they rented on trial with the intention of buying if it pleased them did not have a stable; but to atone for this defect, it was built high above the cellar, strongly constructed, and it faced the west and south with large windows through which the sun entered in a flood, warming the walls and the floors—an ideal place for old people, good for the rheumatism, and its chimneys, as if in anticipation of the storms of October, drew well. A court-yard, always full of shade beneath a thick foliage of chestnut trees, extended in the rear to a fence; and in the front displayed a long border flourishing with roses, and around a lawn of velvety green were four corners of flower beds of red geraniums, begonias and fuchsias. Some fruit trees farther on bent under the fruit; and in an orchard a great many raspberry bushes, strawberry plants, current bushes, green peas and beans abounded. From the first floor

of the house a balcony furnished a splendid view as far as the eye could reach; it was a vast panorama cut off by the river, with a bluish background of hills on the horizon, where could be distinguished patches of poplars, broken stretches of fields, the red tiles of towns lost in the distance.

But to so perfect a site a stable was lacking. They were going to build it at their expense in a barn full of wood, which they rented for that purpose. Nothing pleased them more than to follow the work of the carpenters, to see the walls cemented as high as the horse, the floor furnished with the customary slant, then the fastening to the wall of a hay-rack, of a manger and of a swinging pole. They bought the necessary utensils, a jack, buckets, brushes, a currycomb, varnish and blacking.

These things attended to, they busied themselves with the carriage. Its purchase was for them a great affair. They visited the carriage makers, consulted the catalogues of models, and figured out the cost. Finally they chose an English cart, low upon its wheels in clear varnished wood and cushioned with green cloth.

Then the pony was to be secured; should they hire him or would it be better to buy him? Suppose they should hire him for five or six months; that would be less expensive at first. But would it not be more economical in the long run to buy him out and out? Besides, they would have less responsibility if he belonged to them, they would fear an accident less. That which decided them was the hope of becoming attached to that animal, for never having had any children, they had been compelled to bestow a little of their tenderness upon Moumoutte, Madame Bonamy's cat or upon



Castor, Mr. Bonamy's bulldog. But a horse would be to them a better friend, of superior race and of quick intelligence also. They bought, therefore, a black pony, answering to the name of Coco, an animal with fine limbs and black eyes, with a short mane and tail, which the horse trader guaranteed them as excellent and without other faults than being a little whimsical, so gentle, however, that a child six years old could drive him.

Coco was brought to them the same day that the carriage-maker delivered the cart; they had then a double joy. Oh! a great and childish joy, for for a long time they had hoped to be able to satisfy their great desire. You should have seen them going from the cart to the horse caressing and stroking them with their hands, their eyes examining everything with delight, and casting on each other their delighted glances.

Coco above all attracted them. He allowed himself to be tied up without much ado; but, not feeling at home, he blew at the oats and snorted at the fresh straw.

"Come, Coco, eat, my friend," gravely said Mr. Bonamy patting him gently upon the shoulder.

"There are some good oats, Coco, he is going to have a good little dinner," joined in Madame Bonamy. And in their impatience to see him eat they offered him the oats in the palm of their hand. Then he dained to crunch them.

"Oh! good Coco, how well he eats, how fat he is going to become," said the good Madame delighted.

But at that very moment, the pony, perhaps it was a fly that bothered him, or it might have been some other caprice, struck her full in the breast with his head and flattened her against the wall.

"Oh! oh!" stammered she, breathless, "oh! bad Coco!"

And some tears of pain or chagrin filled to her eyes seeing her cares so wickedly rewarded.

"It is very bad Coco, very bad," said Mr. Bonamy with an air of disapprobation. "Houh!" cried he immediately, "won't you take your foot away? Houh! move your foot, sir! He has crushed my big toe that rascal of a horse!"

Limping quite a bit he went away followed by a glance from Coco, which showed all his teeth with a villainous and most evil smile. The husband and wife looked at each other, and Madame Bonamy in a motherly and confidential manner suggested: "It is because he is not accustomed to being here, don't you see."

Mr. Bonamy replied, coughing in the hollow of his hand:

"Yes! perhaps it will be well to insure ourselves, yes, to insure the pony and the cart against accidents, hem! improbable, but possible, hem!"

And as his foot hurt him very badly he took off his shoe and looked at it; his toe was of a beautiful violet color.

"Oh! My poor dear," sweetly groaned Madame Bonamy, herself panting with difficulty in order to regain her breath.

They left Coco to his dinner and ordered the maid to bring him a pail of fresh water, half of which he drank, after which he thought it a good joke to turn over the pail and to bite the nurse upon the arm, luckily catching hold of her dress only a bit of which remained between his teeth. At the cry of that girl the Bonamys dumfounded knew not what to think: the husband especially was a little pale:

"Perhaps, hem! that we had better take our first drive. What do you say if we put it off till tomorrow?"

But Madame Bonamy, more plucky, replied:

"But we ought to tire him, to weaken him a little."

They decided then to hitch up Coco. Contrary to all expectations he made no resistance. Perhaps it was that the gardener of a neighboring house whom they had hired for that purpose, frightened him by speaking harshly and crying out to him:

"Whoa! Whoa! Very well! Back now! Whoa! Dirty beast!"

"No, no!" protested Madame Bonamy, "good little horse, gentle, gentle!"

And Mr. Bonamy in the way of atoning for the insult, offered Coco a bit of sugar lisping as if he were speaking to a little child:

"Good sugar, Zozo! Good to eat, su-sugar!"

On leaving they vied with each other in courtesy.

"You drive, you!" said the husband.

"No, you," said the wife, "you have the strongest wrist."

"But you, you have the gentlest hand," objected he.

She at last took the reins, and soon Coco set out at a good trot, without the least shying, without the slightest caprice.

"That's the way," said Mr. Bonamy.

And she replied:

"It is fine, he just wanted to be driven, that's all! that's all he wanted."

He proposed:

"If he goes all the time like this we shall perhaps be able to come home by the river road and make a visit to Bigorgne."

"Certainly."

And artlessly straightening herself upon the seat the good woman said, with a little vanity:

"I do not drive very badly, do I?"

"You drive very well!"

At a little hill Coco stopped short and absolutely refused to advance.

"H'm!" cried the husband alarmed, "what ails him?"

"Perhaps he sees something which frightened him."

"But there is nothing upon the road."

"Perhaps it is that wisp of fodder, a few steps off. Go and move it."

Mr. Bonamy went there and scarcely had he picked it up than Coco started off in a brisk trot forcing him to run, breathless, after the carriage, without being able to overtake it.

"Stop, stop I say!" cried he.

But Madame Bonamy replied:

"He pulls so strong that my hands are tired out."

Coco fortunately stopped of his own accord, and Mr. Bonamy again got into the carriage. The drive was continued without accident. They came to the river road. Their confidence had returned: already the Bigorgne's terrace could be seen overhanging the road which followed an embankment whose side plunged perpendicularly into the river.

"They have seen us," said the wife.

"Yes," replied he, "I recognized Bigorgne."

"He tips his hat!"

"There are Madame Bigorgne and her children!"

"But there are also some other people! They are motioning to us, the children are clapping their hands."

"Oh! now we're coming up in style! Do your prettiest, Coco!"

Already they were under the terrace of their friend's house, wavings of hats, of parasols, little cries, smiles, compliments and confused words greeted them, and they replied, beaming, flushed and happy, when Coco, suddenly provoked, began to back.

"Whoa!" cried Mr. Bonamy, imitating the gardener's big voice. "Whoa!"

Coco continued to back and broke the shafts and the axle. A cry of terror went up from the terrace, the carriage was rolling toward the water. Some confused cries of whoa! whoa! a sign of the cross made by Madame Bonamy, all as if in a dream, and carriage, pony and man and woman fell into the river.

It was shallow, fortunately, and filled with brushes. They fished out the Bonamys, the carriage and pony, muddy, chilled and woeful. They sold Coco the next day to the same horse trader who gave them only half price; and with that money they bought a mule, a big mule sly and stubborn, who did not care a fig for blows, and who embittered their life so much that, disgusted, they got rid of him, as well as the carriage which formerly they had so much desired.

And they ever after spoke of Coco half in spite and half in tenderness.

## A MODERN LOVE LETTER.

The account of an incident that occurred in the town of Murfreesboro, N. C., while I was a clerk there during the spring of 1860. (We are indebted for this bit of real experience to an old Confederate soldier who is now on the decline of life, but whose vision of the "sweet-voiced daughters of the old-fashioned South" has not been dimmed by the passing years. And we have it just as it came from his pen in 1860—excepting, of course, the sequel.)

On a Saturday night during the month of May, 1860, a young man—Jack Frost—an apprentice to the tailor trade, whose education had been very seriously neglected, told me that he wished me to write a love letter for him after I had closed the store. As I was somewhat of a novice in that line, I asked John Boone, a clerk in the same store, to assist me in the great production. Accordingly, after the store was closed and all the preparations for writing had been made, we asked Frost to state his case. It seemed that, hitherto, he had been very successful in paying his attentions to a young lady—Miss Adelia. He had at all times "cut out" nearly all the other boys of the town. In fact, I was one to be made thus to stand back when Frost was about. But after exhibiting a constancy of some six months' duration she had shown strong symptoms of jilting the favorite Jack Frost. On the previous Sunday evening she had, very much to his astonishment and humiliation, declined to take his arm upon leaving the church, but had thereafter taken the first man's arm that was offered her. Frost was now bent upon receiving from Miss Adelia an explanation of her unaccountable con-

duct and determined, at the same time, to "give her a piece of his mind." He, therefore, desired us to begin the letter in strong terms, and we complied as follows:

"Murfreesboro, N. C., May 10, 1860.

"Miss Adelia:—

"I write this to ask an explanation of your conduct in giving me the mitten on Sunday evening last. If you think, madam, that you can trifle with my affections and turn me off for every little whippersnapper that you can pick up, you will find yourself considerably mistaken." We read thus far to Jack, and it met his approval. He said that he liked the idea of calling her "madam" for "it sounds so distant." The term "little whippersnapper" also delighted him for he guessed it would make her "feel cheap." Boone and myself were not quite so sure of its aptitude, since the chap who succeeded in capturing Adelia on the occasion alluded to was a head and shoulders taller than Frost. However, we did not intimate our thoughts to Jack, and he desired us to go ahead and "give her another dose."

"You don't know me, madam, if you think that you can snap me up in this way. I wish you to understand that I can have the company of girls as much above you as the sun is above the earth, and I won't stand any of your impudent nonsense, no how." This was duly read and approved. "Now," said Frost, "try to touch her feelings. Remind her of the many pleasant hours we have spent together." And we continued as follows: "My dear Adelia, when I think of the many pleasant hours we have spent together—of the delightful walks which we have had on moonlight evenings to and from church, also of the many pleasant evening

strolls down upon the river banks and there sat and viewed the rippings of the Meherrin as her waters sped swiftly on to help form the great ocean; then the pleasant walks through town, college lawn, and C. B. F. I. lawn—when all these things come rushing on my mind, and when, my dear girl, I remember how often you have told me that you loved me better than any body else, and I assured you that my feelings were the same as yours; it almost breaks my heart to think of last Sunday night.” “Can’t you stick in some affecting poetry here,” said Jack. Boone could not recollect any to the point, neither could I; but as the exigency of the case seemed to demand it, we concluded to manufacture a verse or two, which we did as follows:

“Adella dear, what have I done,  
That you should use me thus and so,  
To take the arm of Tom Ealey’s son,  
And let your dearest true-love go?

“Miserable Fate, to lose you now,  
And tear this bleeding heart asunder.  
Will you forget your tender vow?  
I can’t believe it—no, by thunder!”

Jack did not like the word “thunder,” but being informed that no other word could be substituted without destroying both rhyme and reason, he consented that it should remain; provided, we must add two more stanzas of a softer nature—“something,” he said, “that will make the tears come, if possible.” We then ground out the following:

“Adella dear, do write to Jack,  
And say with Ealey you’re not smitten,  
And thus to me in love come back,  
And give all other boys the mitten.



"Do this Adelia, and till death,  
I'll love you to intense distraction,  
I'll spend for you my every breath,  
And we will live in satisfaction."

"That will do very well," said Jack. "Now I guess you had better blow her up a little more."

"It makes me mad to think what a fool I was to give you that finger-ring and bosom-pin, and to spend so much time in your company just to be flirted with and bamboozled as I was on Sunday night last. If you continue this course of conduct, we part forever, and I will thank you to send back that jewelry. I would sooner see it crushed under my feet than worn by a person who abused me as you have done. I shall despise you forever if you don't change your conduct towards me and send a letter of apology on Monday next. I shall not go to church tomorrow, for I would scorn to sit in the same meeting-house with you until I have an explanation of your conduct. If you allow any young man to go home with you tomorrow night I shall know it; for you will be watched." "There," said Jack, "that is pretty strong. Now I guess you had better touch her feelings once more, and wind up the letter." We proceeded as follows: "My sweet girl, if you only knew the sleepless nights which I have spent during the present week, the torments and sufferings which I have endured on your account; if you could but realize that I regard the world as less than nothing without you, I am certain that you would pity me. A homely cot and a crust of bread with my adored Adelia would be a Paradise, where a palace without you would be a Hades." What, in thunder, does Hades mean?" enquired

Jack. We explained; he considered it rather bold and requested us to close as soon as possible.

"Now, dearest, in bidding you adieu, I implore you to reflect on our past enjoyments, to look forward with pleasure to our future meetings, and to rely upon your affectionate Jack in storm or calm, in sickness, distress or want; for all these things will be powerless to change my love. I hope to hear from you on Monday next, and, if favorable, I shall be happy to call on you the same evening, when in ecstatic joy we will laugh at the past, hope for the future and draw consolation from the fact that "the course of true love never did run smooth."

"This from your disconsolate but still hoping lover and admirer,

JACK FROST."

Forty-odd years have passed since that Saturday night in May, 1860,—forty eventful years for an old ex-Confederate who charged with Pickett up the heights of Gettysburg and surrendered with Lee at Appomattox. And changes—great changes for nation and for persons—have come with the passing years. We are all passing away; Frost and Boone have gone long ago. We are only two left—Adelia and I. And as I, with dimmed eye and trembling hand, am trying to prepare this for publication, there comes a smile—a knowing smile—from the other side of the hearth. For who is it there but Adelia, and who am I but one of those "little whippersnappers" who marched off victoriously with Adelia clinging to my arm. I might tell you how it all came about, but that is another story, and the lightwood knots are already burning low upon the hearth. Come Jack and take away the ink and pens, for my task is done, and I have given the boys a glimpse of love-making as we used to do it.

## STORIETTE DEPARTMENT.

### THE MAN WHO FORGOT.

A gale had been blowing all day, but at dusk the wind fell and a freeze set in. It was bad enough to be hovering over a wood fire (the strike kept us from getting any coal) in a little insignificant railroad station away from everybody and everything, but even that was better than pulling the throttle on such a night.

I looked at my semaphore boards, threw on a stick of wood and lighted my pipe. Outside it had begun to snow, and it promised to have a nice white coating on the ground by morning.

The President's special was on our division that night, and I was on the *qui vive* for any news of him that might pass over the wires. I even imagined him dropping in to see me, for he was an eccentric old chap, and did all sorts of queer things, so I tidied up the dingy little office and sat down to wait.

The special ran on its own schedule, and had right of way over all trains. The engines that pulled it were the fastest on the road, and it was only the best and most trusty engineers who were entrusted with their precious freight.

Hugh McDade was pulling the special on our division that night. He was a handsome young Scotchman, who had risen from the ranks in a remarkably short time to one of the best engine-drivers on the line. He was a good friend of mine and I was interested in his success. Half the road envied him, and to make his luck so much the better he had married the prettiest woman in the country, Miss Lorena Dartmouth, who for years was belle of the State.

McDade loved her insanely and gave her every luxury possible, which he could well afford to do with his large salary. He loved her too much, for he was jealous if a man looked at her.

About 10:30 the dispatcher called Vandalia, and I heard this come over the wire: Ms., 31 qk., which means train order, quick. In a moment I had copied down the following:

Special. Engine No. 856 will pass No. 73 at Melrose. No. 73 will take siding and give special right of way.

(Signed) J. Q. R.

The order was repeated by the operator at Vandalia and O. K'd. and pretty soon the dispatcher gave me an order for No. 73. I turned the red board and waited.

Pretty soon I heard the roar of an approaching train. Thinking it was No. 73 I picked up the order and started to the door just in time to see the green lights on the rear of the special disappearing up the track, paying no attention whatever to my red board.

It was only a question of time before it would be ploughing through No. 73.

I sprang to the key and called the dispatcher. For a moment the sounder fairly spluttered with rage. Then it began frantically to call Winthrop, the only station at which either of the trains might be stopped.

Winthrop replied: "No. 73 just passed."

There was a deathly silence; then Winthrop began to call W. K., W. K. (wreck), and I knew the worst had happened.

In half an hour the wrecker pulled up in front of the station, and at the order of the dispatcher I boarded it and proceeded to the scene of the disaster.

I will never forget the sight—the telescoped cars, the debris of shattered timber, smoking from the impact, and in the middle what remained of two of the finest engines on the road.

McDade's fireman had escaped by jumping, but Hugh had stuck to his engine, and was dead when they got to him.

The action of McDade in running against orders puzzled me, and I asked his fireman for an explanation.

He hesitated at first, but when I told him of our long friendship he yielded.

McDade had been ordered to pull the vestibuled limited which left four hours before the special, but at the last minute the order had been countermanded and he was given the special. He had kissed his wife good-bye, but finding he had still four hours to wait he returned home. He found the house dark and upon inquiry learned his wife had gone to the theatre with a shoe drummer. At first he thought of killing the man, but after a moment's meditation he went into a bar-room and took the first drink in his life. Then he went wild. He had run at break-neck speed all the way, till it seemed the cab would leave the rails; but he never shut off steam until the headlight of the approaching 73 loomed up before him. In one hand he held his wife's picture, in the other the throttle; and so he had gone to his death.

It was a miracle, but when they took him out of the cab he was scarcely bruised, and he looked as handsome as ever, only a little pale.

He still clutched the picture of his wife, and in his pocket was the tissue-paper train order which he had disobeyed.

## A MIDSUMMER PHANTASY.

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J. H. CAMPEN.

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Yes, he was weary. A whole day's hunt in the thick woods is enough to fatigue any young man. So he reached an open field and lay down in the shade of a tree to rest his wearied limbs.

Night came on. Still the young man lay under the tree, his gun by his side. Flocks of little birds whirled chirping by in the dim twilight and sought roost in the hedges and shrubbery. Now and then they were startled by the mad rush of the young hunter's dog through their roosting place. Countless numbers of frogs set up a loud and ceaseless "tee-whackety-whack" in the nearby swamps and ponds. The sun had shortly since set and left now in its wake only an awe-inspiring picture of brightness and glory. A dark and mysterious shadow settled itself about the edge of the woods as if to guard their recesses from the prying eyes of Nature's nightly marauders. The sweet odors of wild daisies, lilac blossoms, blue-bells, cape jasmines and wild roses permeated the cool and refreshing summer breezes and were borne to the weary young hunter.

Soon the stars began to steal to their respective places in the deep, blue vault of the heavens, shining there like so many myriads of sparkling diamonds. A mysterious darkness had crept slowly over the face of Nature, and now that grand old mother was enwrapped in a dull and oppressing silence.

The young man still remained under the tree. So tired! so tired! Yes, home was not so very far off—he could rest a little longer! As the beautiful scenes of earth faded slowly from his dimmed vision he turned his gaze heavenward and lost himself in a deed study of the inspiring grandeur of heavenly nature. A peculiar feeling of loneliness and drowsiness crept over him and soon he found himself sinking into gentle Somnia's arms. No noise disturbed or attracted him. Gentle zephyrs raised his long, black locks and fanned his cheeks, while the faithful little diamonds in the sky kept watch. A sweet smile, the beautiful outward reflection of a happy and kind soul, played on his lips.

The night wore on. All nature was asleep amid a soul-stirring silence. Presently the weary hunter saw a beautiful young woman approaching him, as it were, on a breath of wind. Nearer and nearer she came, enveloped in a sea of radiating glory. Now she stood beside him. She bent her eyes upon him as he lay there enwrapped in a maze of awe and happiness. Her face was of angelic beauty, her sweet and bewitching smile irresistible, her

skin as fair and unblemished as the lily, while through the vapour-like gauze that covered her were visible the dim outlines of a body majestic in its poise, magnificent in its perfection of form.

The young hunter's eyes feasted greedily on this vision of loveliness. Could earth bear such beauty? Could she belong to our world, or did she dwell among the sun's bright rays? Who had ever beheld such perfect limbs, such dreamy, dark eyes, such lily-white hands? Where could be found so graceful a figure?

Still the young man continued to enjoy the exquisite loveliness of the maiden. Was he frightened? No. The maiden still stood beside him, now blushing as she caught sight of his eyes turned longingly on her, now shaking the beautiful dark curls from her white forehead, now clasping her hands and looking dreamily into the distance.

All at once a smile of joy lit up the young man's face. Then stirred by deep emotion he spoke aloud:

"Yes, she is mine—she must be mine! Oh, fortunate man! Long have I sought my bride, for in the dead hours of the night have I dreamed of her, and now have I found *her*—yes, the sharer of my joys, of my sorrows, of my trials, of my life! Oh, heaven! to thee I raise my prayers of gratitude. Oh, my joy, my life, my bride! tell me that God sent you to share my life!"

Only a ringing and joyful peal of laughter answered him. Now she flitted away, ostensibly to leave him, now she floated back to his side and lit up his face with her entrancing smiles. The young hunter's soul was in his eyes. He gazed ardently at her. Could she not see that he loved her? Why should she behave so strangely? But then, she was only a woman, and women rejoice in such nonsensical whims. Again he spoke.

"Oh, my dear little bride! tell me you are mine—oh, tell me! Until now my life has been one vast expanse of sorrows and loneliness. Now there is no sweeter music among the angels in heaven than that in my heart. My soul is singing of the grand future of fame and happiness that awaits us. Come, my little maiden, come, my love, sit here beside me! Tell me that my claim is good!"

Again a merry peal of laughter floated away on the gentle breezes, a peal so sweet, so melodious, so charming that the young man was drawn from his seat. The maiden peeped coquettishly into his face, smiled bewitchingly, then again floated, as it were, on a zephyr to a soft bed of daisies nearby, where she sat carefully down.

Again the young hunter spoke—yes, spoke, with his heart in his throat with a feeling of despair. He approached her for his answer.

Oh, God! would she answer yes, would there be eternal happiness for him? Then came the answer, sweet, meditated, musical, "Yes!"

Could an utterance so sweet come from mortal being? No, no, no! Only an angel could have such a voice! The young hunter's body shook from sheer joy, his soul brimming over with grand and happy visions of the future. Never was man more fortunate than he, never had man a fairer bride than he, never had man been more blessed by heaven.

In an instant he was beside his lovely bride of the woods. His arm stole gently round her graceful waist. A smile passed between them, love's sweet and silent message. He enfolded her in his strong arms and pressed her to his bosom; they smiled, blushed and looked heavenward.

Suddenly the young man's body shook with terror, his eyes protruded wildly from his head. The young maiden, but a few minutes since the loveliest maiden that had ever trod the earth, was now growing gradually taller; the beauty of her face and form was disappearing; her body was growing cold and rigid. Taller and taller she grew, faster and faster her beauty faded.

"My God!" gasped the young man, pinioned to the ground in an extremity of amazement and terror. "Oh, heaven! oh, horror! my love! my bride!"

Then a most amazing change took place—the young man awoke, to find, to his surprise, his arms clasped tightly around the dear old tree that had so gratefully favored him with its shade. His dog looked amazedly at him, blinked his eyes, wagged his tail, then turned his head homeward, for it was nearly day.

## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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### EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

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C. P. WEAVER, Editor.

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The Athletic and the temperature begin to race upward  
Outlook. college spirit receives a corresponding impetus which displays itself on the athletic field and the mettle for the baseball teams begin to make itself apparent. This year as we survey the prospective material for the team, we feel encouraged, for the outlook is unusually bright for a winning team.

The past few years have displayed the fact that a coach is absolutely essential to the placing of a strong team in the field. Hitherto it has seemed that batting was an inherent weakness of the Wake Forest team, but the work of our coach last year, while not of the best, helped to remove, at least to some extent the patent weakness. Base-running in the past has also been of a poor grade, but by patient practice this defect can also be eliminated. The coach this year is one of the best base-runners, and altogether one of the snappiest and most versatile players in the Southern league, and when the season opens in earnest we should place in the field one of the best all-round teams we have ever had.



Another defect which has been apparent in the past is the lack of co-operation on the part of the team, which in some cases has lost us the game. The making of an error instead of causing the team to lose spirit, should draw it closer together, and cause every member to redouble its efforts to win. Nothing is so discouraging to the pitcher as to feel he has not the support of the team behind him, and this often accounts for the poor work of other members of the team as well.

The majority of the games are to be played on the home diamond this season and this fact calls for the financial as well as the "vocal" support of the student body. Whether victory or defeat let the sentiment prevail that the entire college is behind the team and appreciates its services, for such a sentiment is the key-stone of success.

The following is the season's schedule of games:

March 21—Bingham at Wake Forest. April 2—Davidson at Davidson. April 4—Furman at Charlotte. April 8—Trinity at Durham. April 11—A. and M. at Raleigh. April 12—St. Albans at Wake Forest. April 14—Trinity at Wake Forest. April 15—Randolph-Macon at Wake Forest. April 16—A. and M. at Wake Forest. April 19—Richmond College at Wake Forest. April 21—Trinity at Raleigh. May 6—Guilford at Wake Forest. May 9—A. and M. at Raleigh. May 13—Wofford at Wake Forest.

Purity in  
College  
Athletics.

College athletics presents one of the most pleasing phases of college life. College popularity forms a halo about the fancy twirler of the baseball and the graceful punter of the oval pig-skin, and this fact together with a desire to excel in manly sport makes each year the diamond and the gridiron the gladiatorial arena for excellence.

The high standard to which intercollegiate athletics has been raised is due to the fact that rules and regulations have so hedged in the sport as to not only make it bad taste but even ungentlemanly to injure one's opponent in any contest of brawn. The Roman gladiator and the Greek wrestler alike sought to inflict bodily injury upon their opponent and to win the laurel crown of victory by subterfuge and deceit; but the first lesson of modern athletics is gentlemanly conduct and fair play.

The result of such contests has been a general increase in average of bodily strength, and to transform the student from a stoop-shouldered, pale-faced, long-haired grind into a strong, healthy being with his mental and physical powers in equilibrium. The world admires strength. The same spirit, though more fully developed that causes the boy to stare with wide-mouthed admiration at the strong man in a circus makes him when a college student lift his voice in loud huzzas for the disheveled hero who has won a college victory, and as he desires to be a circus wonder when a boy, so he uses his every endeavor to make some college team when grown to manhood. What father's breast does not swell with pride, and what mother's heart does not beat faster when she beholds her boy in the gay costume of his *alma mater* on the athletic field, and what sweetheart bedecked in college colors does not love a little harder as she beholds the spectacular play of her lover.

But this admiration while essential to the college in making a strong team by healthy competition for the various positions does not end here. It continues beyond college days and its result is the "professional" and enter the mercenary and commercial spirit into ath-

letics exit the high plane which has hitherto characterized inter-collegiate sports. The man who comes to college solely to win victories for his team and this too animated by dollars and cents may as well be considered a part of his distinctive college as the brick and mortar with which the buildings are put together, which are essentially like those to be found in places as far removed from college atmosphere as goals and prisons.

What is a professional? The following definition of an amateur taken from the rules of the Amateur Athletic Union of United States by telling us what he is not will by a negative process of reasoning tell us what he is:

"One who has not entered into an open competition; or for either a stake, public or admission money, or entrance fee; or under a fictitious name; or has not competed with or against a professional for any prize; or where admission fee is charged; or who has not instructed, pursued or assisted in the pursuit of athletic exercises as a means of livelihood, or for gain or for any emolument; or when membership of any athletic club was not brought about or does not continue because of any mutual understanding, express or implied, whereby his becoming or continuing a member of such a club would be of any pecuniary benefit to him whatever, direct or indirect; and who shall in other and all respects conform to the rules and regulations of this organization."

The entrance of professionalism into college athletics undermines and destroys the moral calibre of the contestants. No man who enters into a contest from sheer love of the sport prefers to compete with a man whose salary varies directly with his proficiency, because the

man who plays for money will not scruple to resort to underhand means in order to win victories since continual defeats will reap for him a discharge.

The feeling that exercise is essential for proficiency in mental capacity is growing, and it often occurs that the best athletes in college are at the same time the best students. While the truth of this statement is not invariable it can always be said that systematic exercise is essential to the health and well-being of the student. Cecil Rhodes felt this to be true when in his regulations for the apportioning of his Oxford scholarships he made love and proficiency in manly out-door sports a prerequisite. Man must first of all be a good animal, and if he be a good educated animal there is much in his favor.

The primary purpose for attending college is the development of the mind, the power to think and think rightly, and so college athletics, while essential to being a good animal should be made subordinate to study. The second principle leading to purity in athletics is that every athletic organization which goes before the public as emanating from a college should see to it that each representative shall be a bona-fide student, and that such organization shall so conduct itself as to bring honor and not reproach upon its *alma mater*, and coupled with and equally essential to its success is the co-operation of the students who shall give evidence of their support even in defeat, and when this status is reached perfection in college athletics will be within a hand's grasp.

## EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.

GASTON S. FOOTE, Editor.

While the thunders of Russia's and Japan's cannon are reverberating around the globe and we hear in anticipation the sound of excavation on the Panama canal, there comes to the ear of the easy chair editor a much sweeter sound, a sound that "exalts each joy, allays each grief, expels diseases, softens every pain," the echo of the music of the Glee Club, now returned successful from a week's concert trip. This is not the music that maddens one, but it comes over the ears "like the sweet south wind that breathes upon a bank of violets, stealing and giving odour," and it is especially adapted to those "that trade in love." It is interesting to notice the growth and development of the Glee Club at Wake Forest. Its development even is satisfactory and interesting to biologists as well as musicians—and we do not mean to intimate that biologists are not musicians—for it evinces the utmost increase in complexity of structure up to its present state of maturity to which its director has brought it. In its advancement from the low place which it has occupied for years past up to its present status the Glee Club has as its parallel the advancement of *The Howler* from a bulletin-board publication of irregular and spasmodic appearances to an annual that easily ranks among the foremost of southern colleges. In bygone years the Glee Club consisted of a heterogeneous aggregation of singers and otherwise, whose greatest boast was that they possessed a couple of "cat-tenors" who could introduce more barber-shop minors than any other club in the country, and this primitive Glee Club wisely gave all its performances upon the campus after night had come down to protect them in their daring. And such was the Glee Club until last fall, when Professor Eatman took charge of the matter and by his untiring efforts and zeal gave to the college a musical organization which has been pronounced by many competent critics as good as any that has ever been on the road. This club has just returned from a tour of the eastern part of the State and one town in Virginia, and everywhere has it been spoken of in the highest terms and as reflecting credit upon the institution which it represents. The college orchestra, which accompanied it, was pronounced by many as the best amateur orchestra in North Carolina. The Glee ..

Club is composed of sixteen voices and all are well trained, for Professor Eatman, the director, enjoys no little reputation, both North and South, as a trained musician and a skilled and successful director.

But some one may ask, "What is the good of such a club other than to furnish pleasure to the members that compose it?" Well, it is true that it is a source of great enjoyment to the boys, for they all report since their return from the trip a most delightful time and speak in glowing terms of the hospitality of the towns they visited and of the friends they made. But this is secondary to the good which it did the College. In advertising features a glee club—that is, if it is a good one—occupies the same place with base-ball and foot-ball teams, and it is quite probable that it appeals to a much larger circle of prospective students than either of the above-mentioned sports. From the reports that the club brought back we fearlessly say that an increased interest in Wake Forest has been awakened, her number of friends enlarged, and aspirations to attend school at Wake Forest kindled in the hearts of boys who will enter college within the next few years. We hope that the good of a glee club will appeal to the faculty, that they will think it as satisfactory a means of advertising as any other, and that they will give the Glee Club permission to make another successful tour of the State in the near future.

## EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

H. L. STORY, Editor.

The exchanges for January have been very late in reaching us—some even after the February numbers had begun to come in. However, we think we can account for their being so late. Oh, Christmas “booze,” what deeds are committed in thy name!

Some of the magazines are very good; but, generally speaking, they are hardly up to their usual standard. Some of the best are *The University of Virginia Magazine*, the exchange department of which is excellent; *Randolph-Macon Monthly*, *Southwestern University Magazine*, *William Jewel Student*, *Chisel* and *Criterion*. The reason we do not criticise these separately is that we think it best not to confine our criticism to those which please us most, but to extend it to others also, some of which deserve severe criticism.

*The Buff and Blue* is an attractive-looking magazine, containing some well-written articles. However, some verses interspersed among the prose would make it less monotonous. “A Washington Forest Fire” shows considerable ability for description. “The Reckoning” is somewhat unusual for college love stories, and, therefore, interesting. “Bob’s” replies to “Dot” show some evidence of humor. The story is appropriate for leap year.

*The Baylor Literary* is a good magazine in an almanac cover. The articles are arranged with taste and some of them are good. “The University of Paris” is instructive, but we like especially “The Reward of Waiting,” a charming little story. Love stories are sometimes amiss, but we wonder if the writer of this is a *miss*. Its poems seem original. We hesitate to criticise them, but quote one stanza for the criticism of others:

“There are flowers of Nature we gently pluck,  
And think them pure and sweet,  
But the noblest flower I’ve ever struck  
Is the one we call ‘Help-meet.’”

*The Palmetto* is a neat magazine, containing several articles characteristic of college compositions. Their brevity makes them more readable than they would be if longer. Short original stories, if not very good, are at least readable. This magazine is lacking in essays and verse. The exchange department is well edited.

In *The Philomathean Monthly* is not "A Father's Life—How It Was Saved," somewhat inconsistent? Would a child five years old "urge his mother," steal away and face bursting shells and a field of dead bodies, fearlessly "pressing on"? Besides, is it probable that "Earl" would have been five years old in June, 1862, if his parents were married only three years before the war? "What the Progress of the Nineteenth Century Predicts" is a short, well-written, encouraging article. "Some of My First Canvassing Experiences" is written from experience, and is, therefore, interesting. The description of "The Sistine Chapel" is good. This magazine also needs some original verse.

Did the editors of *The Triumvirate* ever "stop for a minute and think what is meant by the word, *system*"? Are they striving to make their magazine a success as an advertising medium or as a college magazine? They throw in a contribution or editorial once in a while to make their advertisements more interesting.

We admire *The Criterion* very much. It was late in reaching us, but is well worth waiting for. It begins with a beautiful poem, "Messages of the Sea." This poem is one of the best of the month. "Trifles Make Perfection, But Perfection Is No Trifle," is well written, appropriate, and contains a valuable lesson. We enjoyed every article. "An American Artist's Tour Through Athens 400 B. C." is interesting and even humorous. Humor is worth its weight in gold to exchange editors. It is useless to mention each of the other articles. To be brief, they are all good. It contains several good little poems, which can not be said of many of our exchanges.

We hope our exchanges will reach us earlier hereafter so we can have more time for review.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following: *Hampden-Sidney Magazine*, *Guilford Collegian*, *University of Virginia Magazine*, *University of Texas Literary Magazine*, *Pine and Thistle*, *Wofford College Journal*, *William Jewell Student*, *Chisel*, *Southwestern University Magazine*, *Randolph-Macon Monthly*, *Triumvirate*, *Criterion*, *Clemson College Chronicle*, *Blue and White*, *Monroe College Monthly*, *Baylor Literary*, *Buff and Blue*, *Limestone Star*, *Palmetto*, *Philomathean Monthly*, *Exponent*, *Lenoirian*, *Catawba College Educator*, *Mercerian*, *Trinity Archive*, *Central Collegian* and *Winthrop College Journal*.



# CLIPPINGS.

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## THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

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A pretty deer is dear to me,  
A hare with downy hair,  
A hart with all my heart,  
But barely bear to bare.

A wright in writing "right," may write  
It "rite" and still be wrong,  
For "rite" and "right" are neither "write,"  
And don't to write belong.

A dyer dyes, then dies;  
To dye he's always trying,  
Until upon his dying bed  
He thinks no more of dyeing.

A tale I would here commence,  
But you might find it stale,  
So let's suppose that we have reached  
The tail end of our tale.



## TO A FLOWER.

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As when the sun sinks from the western sky,  
And darkness hides the last bright rays of light,  
So shalt thy beauty wane and fade and die  
Like twilight sadly deepening into night.  
But though a withered flower thou mayst be,  
Through dim, uncertain years my life may last.  
Thou'lt be a sweet reminder then to me,  
Of happy hours long buried in the past.  
—Herbert C. Chamberlain, in the *Wesleyan Literary Monthly*.



"Mary had a little clock,  
A clock of wondrous cunning,  
For every night "he" did call  
The little clock stopped running."—*Ex.*

"BREVITY IS THE SOUL OF WIT."

Reuben, filled with love for Grace,  
Dared not say so to her face,  
For he was a bashful lad,  
So he wrote (and 'twas not bad).

"Grant me Grace," so ran the note,  
And these words were all he wrote,  
Then he added '(lovers do)  
"R. S. V. P. P. D. Q."—*Ex.*

The bridal trip was-being planned,  
Between each sigh and coo,  
He wished to take the belt line  
And she liked that route too.

—*Georgian.*

Washerwoman: Mr. Ware, I'se gwine ter charge you double for your shirts.

Ware: Why, what's the matter now?

Washerwoman: Well, I don't mind washing fur an ordinary man, but I draws de line on circus tents.

First Boarder: Is that butter up there fresh?

Second Boarder: No, it was graduated last June and is taking a post-graduate course now.

The little lambs, they gambol on the green;  
Their winning ways  
Command my praise,  
For when I try to gamble on the green  
I always lose—confound the darn machine!

He loved his Dinah dearly,  
And he sighed for her one night—  
"Dinah could you love me?"  
She whispered, "Dinah might."

They were married in the autumn;  
When she blows him up at night;  
He realizes what it meant  
When she whispered "Dynamite."—*Ex.*

## WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

A. L. FLETCHER, Editor Pro Tem.

- '03. Mr. E. M. Britt is taking law here now.
- '78. W. T. Jordan has been elected President of Colorado Woman's College.
- '72. Mr. J. H. Garvey is a successful business man in Deadwood City, S. D.
- '00-'03. Rev. J. M. Haymore is pastor of a flourishing church at Spencer, N. C.
- '92. Mr. Robert Lide is a prominent member of the Legislature of South Carolina.
- '85-'88. Oscar T. Smith is now secretary of the Young & Seiden Company, Baltimore.
- '92. Rev. W. R. Bradshaw is doing a great work for the cause of temperance in Wilkes County.
- '95. Rev. I. S. Boyles has begun the publication of a new paper, *The Baptist Worker*, in Virginia.
- '02. Rev. W. E. Woodruff is business manager of the Evangelistic Band of the University of Chicago.
- '98. Rev. A. C. Cree is preaching to large congregations in Louisville, Ky., whither he has recently gone.
- '93. Rev. C. H. Durham, of Lumberton, has recently been called to Fayetteville, but as yet has not accepted.
- '99. Mr. R. H. McNeill is building up a good practice and an enviable reputation as a lawyer in Washington, D. C.
- '02. Mr. W. D. Adams, now of Charlotte, was here anniversary. He is at present with the New York Life Insurance Company.
- '02. Mr. W. A. Dunn, ('02) Mr. Charles U. Harris, and ('03) Mr. Thomas A. Allen secured their law licenses at the last term of the Supreme Court.
- '56. Rev. L. H. Shuck, D.D., one of the oldest living graduates of the college, has recently resigned his work in Charlottesville, Va., and accepted a call to Cheraw, S. C.
- '02. We beg to announce the wedding of Mr. W. A. Keener, of Lincolnton, N. C., to Miss Mamie Dunn, of Wake Forest. This happy event took place February 2nd.

'03. Rev. I. N. Loftin was ordained recently at Henderson, N. C. Mr. Loftin is a consecrated worker and a speaker of rare ability. We predict for him great success in the work to which he has been called.

'02. Mr. J. A. McMillan, a highly-respected and well-to-do farmer of Scotland County, was with us anniversary. It is pleasing to note that not all of Wake Forest's sons are treading the beaten paths of professional life.

We join with the many friends of Professor Hobgood in hoping that the Oxford Female Seminary will soon be rebuilt. Professor Hobgood has done a great work for the Baptists, and the cause of education would be seriously crippled by the permanent discontinuance of this noble institution.

# IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

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EDWIN COOKE, Editor Pro Tem.

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HURRAH for the Glee Club!

ANNIVERSARY has come and gone. Now for Exams.

MISS LULU BREWER, of Raleigh, spent some time on the hill last month.

MISS ADA LEE TIMBERLAKE has gone for a visit to Savannah and Jacksonville.

THE MANY friends of Mr. Harvey Vann will be glad to hear of his improvement.

MISS STILLWELL, of Savannah, spent several days with Mrs. T. E. Holding last month.

MR. J. A. BARKER, of Robeson County, was recently elected Business Manager of the STUDENT.

MISS HARRIETTE DICKINSON, of Richmond, was the guest of the Misses Taylor during Anniversary.

MISS MARY TAYLOR spent a few days in Raleigh, last month, the guest of Miss Elizabeth Briggs.

MISS PRETLOW, Miss Lawless and Miss Brewer, of Franklin, Va., spent Anniversary week on the hill.

MISS ELLINGTON, of Raleigh, and Miss Etheridge, of Selma, were the guests of Miss Gill Anniversary week.

MISS LEAH PERRY, of Henderson, and Mrs. Percival H. Cooke, of Louisburg, were the guests of Dr. Cooke and Mr. Cooke Anniversary week.

AT A RECENT meeting of the editors of the Howler, Mr. W. C. Bivens was elected Business Manager, Mr. E. W. Cooke, Art Editor, and Mr. Darius Eatman, Faculty Editor.

ON THE NIGHT of the twenty-ninth of January the young ladies of the Hill entertained at a Leap Year reception at the home of Mrs. W. W. Holding. Miss Eula Newsome was the guest of honor.

ON THE SATURDAY evening following Anniversary Mr. Brewer and Mr. Camp entertained a few friends at their bachelor apartments, complimentary to Miss Pretlow, Miss Lawless and the Misses Brewer.

MISS JANE TAYLOR has gone for a visit to Carthage. While there Miss Taylor will be bridesmaid at the marriage of Mr. Henry Powell to Miss Clyde Dowell, which will occur on February the 24th.

MISS EULA NEWSOME has returned to her home after a visit to Mrs. W. W. Holding. While on the hill Miss Newson was the recipient of many social favors. Several receptions, teas, etc., were given in her honor.

A FEW DAYS ago the Wake Forest Dramatic Club was organized with Mr. Gaston Foote as President, Mr. B. W. Parham, Business Manager, and Mr. Picot, Stage Manager. Although the organization has taken no definite steps toward staging a play this spring, it is hoped that the club can give a performance some time soon, the proceeds to go to the Howler.

AT THE FEBRUARY term of the Supreme Court the following men from the law class secured their license: Thomas A. Allen, Granville; Edward M. Toon, Columbus; Walter Jones, Hyde county; Van Buren Martin, Northampton county; John M. Wagoner, Alleghany; Louis J. Bailey, Tennessee; Arthur E. Tilley, Ashe county; Walter M. Wagoner, Alleghany; Willie C. Bell, Harnett county; Julian C. Brooks, Union county; James M. Carson, Rutherford county; William A. Dunn,

Halifax; Charles U. Harris, Wake county; Judge E. Little, Union county, and Charles B. Wike, Jackson county.

ON THURSDAY evening before Anniversary the Glee Club made its initial appearance in the large chapel. In spite of the inclemency of the weather the house was packed long before the appointed time.

Promptly at 8 o'clock the concert began, and from the "Here's to Wake Forest" to the "Stein Song" there was not a hitch. And the whole program was pronounced one of the best of its kind ever heard here.

The following is the list of members:

Talcott Brewer, Business Manager; Darius Eatman, Musical Director; Hubert Poteat, Leader.

First Tenor—F. K. Cooke, M. L. Davis, D. Eatman, J. W. Whisnant.

Second Tenor—D. H. Bland, T. W. Brewer, G. S. Foote, C. A. Leonard.

First Bass—S. W. Bagly, G. W. Coggin, H. M. Poteat, C. P. Weaver.

Second Bass—O. W. King, B. D. McDaniel, B. L. Powers, W. H. Weatherspoon.

The Orchestra, James J. Thomas, Jr., Leader.

First Violin—J. J. Thomas, Jr.

Second Violin—T. W. Brewer.

Double Bass—B. J. Ray.

Clarinet—L. E. Baldwin.

First Cornet—G. M. Trammell.

Second Cornet—O. W. King.

Trombone—S. W. Bagley.

Piano—H. M. Poteat.

Drum—B. L. Powers.

ON MONDAY after Anniversary the Glee Club, under the direction of Mr. Eatman, left for its eastern trip. While away they will visit Louisburg, Oxford, Greenville, Weldon and Franklin, Va.

THE SIXTY-NINTH anniversary exercises of the Euzeilian and Philomathesian societies was one of the best and most largely attended in the history of the school. The debate and orations were on an exceptionally high plane, and delighted a large and appreciative audience. The music was furnished by the College Glee Club, which has been pronounced by competent judges to be the best ever in the State. The debate began at 2:30 o'clock with Mr. E. F. Ward, of Lumberton, as President, who made a brief address of welcome, after which Mr. W. W. Barnes, of Wilson, read the following query:

"Resolved, That compulsory arbitration offers the best settlement of disputes between labor and capital."

The affirmative was represented by Mr. D. H. Bland, of Pender county, and Mr. A. L. Fletcher, of Ashe county, the negative by Mr. R. D. Marsh, of Union county, and Mr. J. A. Vernon, of Person. At the close of the debate the judges rendered their verdict in favor of the affirmative. The following were the judges: Mr. Josephus Daniels, of Raleigh; Prof. F. P. Hobgood, of Oxford, and Mr. R. N. Simms, of Raleigh.

In announcing the decision, Mr. Daniels made a short talk, which was frequently applauded. He spoke of what a college should be, of its duty to the state, and showed how Wake Forest had always measured up to its duties and obligations. He spoke very highly of its conservative course, and of its influence, felt so



strongly in every part of the state. Mr. Daniels was enthusiastically applauded from beginning to end.

In the afternoon a special train from Raleigh brought a large number, especially young ladies, who came for the reception.

At 8:30 a large audience assembled in the Wingate Hall to hear the oration. Mr. J. W. Whisnant, of Catawba, represented the Euzelian Society and Mr. B. A. Critcher, of Martin, the Philomathesian. Both of these gentlemen have already made an enviable reputation as speakers.

The reception after the oration was brilliant and largely attended.

# WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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## EASTER-TIDE.

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Oh day of quietude and bliss;  
Oh sacred hour—the dawn  
When heaven bent low in a holy kiss  
O'er a weary world forlorn.  
The choir of angels sang, methinks  
As when the great white star  
Beamed in the heaven a beckoning  
To wise men from afar.

The darkness fades; the morn appears  
And in the twilight gray  
The mourners come with trembling fears  
Lest He be borne away.  
But lo! an angel white-enrobed  
Sits pointing toward the sky;  
"The Lord is risen, praise His name,  
And ever reigns on high."

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## THE WEIRD SISTERS.

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WALTER L. BEACH.

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Of all Shakespeare's supernatural creations, the Weird Sisters of Macbeth are the most terrible. Ariel is a being light as fancy, Oberon and Titania are children of the flowers and sunshine, but these mysterious beings are offspring of storms and midnight darkness. Nor must they be confounded with the ordinary broomstick witches of popular fancy, such as are portrayed in Mid-

dleton's Witch. Such a group is introduced at the beginning of the third scene, but it is not Shakespeare's creation. The master's hand did not mold them. They are only of common clay. Every gleam of imagination is lost in the deformity of their natures. That Shakespeare could descend to the low and vulgar is clearly shown in the conversation of Juliet's old nurse, but that he would so degrade his genius as to use the coarse, foul jargon of these vulgar hags is inconceivable.

While the Weird Sisters are as far removed from the ordinary witches of contemporary authors as Hamlet, Macbeth, and Lear are from their heroes, still the poet must retain some of their characteristics if he would make himself intelligible to his hearers. The average sixteenth century audience was not susceptible to subjective impressions, and so it became necessary to appeal directly to sight and the coarser sensibilities. Just as the ghost in the closet scene in Hamlet and the ghost of Banquo at Macbeth's feast—both of which are clearly subjective, seen only by Hamlet and Macbeth—were represented on the stage as real ghosts, so it was necessary to make the Weird Sister sufficiently resemble the vulgar, old-woman witches of tradition to appeal to the audience and prepare them for mysterious incantations around the boiling cauldron in which the hell-broth is brewed. But here the resemblance ends. Their total dissimilarity is shown in every scene where they appear. What a contrast between

"And in a sieve I'll thither sail,  
And like a rat without a tail,  
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do."

and

"Fillet of the fenny snake,  
In the cauldron boil and bake;  
Eye of newt and toe of frog,

Wool of bat and tongue of dog,  
Adder's fork and blind worm's sting,  
Lizzard's leg and howlet's wing,  
For a charm of powerful trouble,  
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble!"

The first is reeking with the foul spirit of the traditional witch, the latter has something terrible, weird and uncanny about it beyond the reach of ordinary mortals.

As Macbeth is a "tragedy of twilight and the setting in of darkness upon a human soul," in which that soul is to sacrifice everything to the dreams of its ambition, it is peculiarly fitting that the action should be ushered in by such supernatural beings on the lonely, barren heath near the field of battle; and that they should appoint another meeting,

"When the hurly-burly's done,  
When the battle's lost and won,"

to begin their communications with the soul that is secretly in sympathy with their purposes. Macbeth has already felt their influence before he meets them on the blasted heath of Forres. Already has he been contemplating the murder of Duncan. His surroundings harmonize with the struggle raging in his own bosom. The war of the elements is no fiercer than the war in his soul. His first utterance is an unconscious echo of the parting cry of the witches in the first scene:

"Fair is foul, and foul is fair."

Duncan is a weak king, the government is going to pieces, ruin is imminent; Macbeth is at the height of power, victorious in a great battle, exulting in the day of success, his heart is open to the dreams of ambition, and why not \* \* \*? Then, like a thunderclap, comes

the salutation of the Weird Sisters, "Hail, Thane of Candor, that shalt be king hereafter." He is overwhelmed. His inmost thoughts are hurled at him by these terrible beings that "come not nor go, but vanish" into air. Soon after he is met by the king's messenger and Ross hails him Thane of Candor.

What, fulfilled so soon? His senses reel, his mind is rapt in ecstasy, he sees not nor hears his comrades. Again he hears in his imagination "that shalt be king hereafter." The work of the weird sisters is not done. Their first prophecy is fulfilled, but Macbeth would learn more and trust his hopes to more definite promises, but the strange visitants are gone.

The scattered seed germinate. To-night Duncan sups at Inverness. Macbeth has not seen him. He can not face his king, for strange matters may be read in his face. He courts the shadows, communing with himself. Hold! What is that! No mortal stirs, but still that vision!

"Is that a dagger which I see before me,  
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee,  
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still."

In the darkness the Weird Sisters, invisible in their awful mystery, lead him to his fate. They tempt his outstretched hand with a shadowy dagger which he can not grasp. He interprets their actions as encouraging the murder he contemplates. He is satisfied for the present.

"Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;  
And such an instrument I was to use."

The deed is done.

"Duncan is in his grave;  
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

But complications arise. Malcolm and Donalbain have escaped, Macduff is in his way. Once more he seeks the Weird Sisters. One more encounter, and they have led Macbeth the "step that may not be retraced." By the bubbling cauldron in the witches' cave, amid incantations awful and mysterious, he yields himself to all the prospective crimes incident to the gratification of his ambition. These supernatural visitants appear no more: but Macbeth is encouraged by their promises, and trusts implicitly to their guidance till great Birnam is borne to Dunisnane against him by Malcolm's troops, and he meets death at the hands of the injured Macduff.

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#### A SPENDTHRIFT.

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Once I was rich with yellow gold,  
Locked in the coffers of old Father Time,  
But, prodigal, I squandered all life's golden prime,  
And now my hair is gray, and I am old.

**GOOD FRIDAY UNDER THE REIGN OF TERROR.**

[Translated from the French of Ernest Daudet by W. R. Edmonds.]

In the year 1794, the second year of the French Republic, Good Friday came on the 18th of April, or, as one would have said at that time, the 29th of Germinal. During the entire morning of that famous day, a brilliant sun shone upon the city of Paris. In addition to the disasters of the Reign of Terror, the winter had been hard. Severe cold, hail and sleet, together with abundant snow, had come to aggravate the public misery. The Parisians would have welcomed this token of spring, which appeared so mild and gentle, if their daily calamities had left them the strength to enjoy it.

All was Holy Week. But in the moral and material distress which reigned under the influence of a contagious and dreadful terror, who could think of the solemnities of the church? Who would have dared celebrate the death of Christ? Some, however, so fervent in spirit and ready to die in behalf of their country, even braved death to practice secretly their form of worship. Scarcely anywhere except in the prisons did believers venture to affirm their faith, and without attempting to hide themselves seek in prayer the comfort of which they were in sore need to cheer them in their anxiety and trouble. Such was the condition of affairs in Paris on this famous day known as Good Friday, which began so radiant and cheerful with new verdure and blooming flowers.

About nine o'clock, some persons, either petitioners or inquisitive, who were waiting on the outside steps of the Palace of Justice for the opening of the offices and

courts, saw a man enter the large courtyard whose approach created among them a feeling of fear and apprehension. The groups of people dispersed. Some of them, as if they dreaded to be seen by the newcomer, disappeared into the different apartments of the Palace; others, as if on the contrary they wished to attract his attention, took their stand on the steps and removed their hats to salute him as he passed. But he did not appear to see them, and passed on without responding to their acts of courtesy. He was a man young in years and of average height, dressed in black. Under his hat, which fitted very closely to his large round head, could be seen brown locks of hair encircling a forehead narrow and pale, on which they lay flat. His small gray eyes, which resembled those of a cat, gave to his face, which was large and very pale, an expression of hypocrisy and cruelty. Some one in the crowd pronounced his name—a dreaded name, the name of Fouquier-Tinville, the public prosecutor, and one whom all looked upon with fear and terror. He was now coming as he did every morning, to occupy the post where for long hours he did nothing save only to furnish food for the activity of the hangman. As he arrived at the extremity of the gallery where was situated his office, an usher hastened to open the door for him. Upon his entrance into this room he was surrounded by three or four secretaries, who ran forward to meet him, anxious for his orders.

"Show me the legal papers prepared for to-day's court," he demanded on seating himself at his desk. They carried him a large packet of papers. He counted them. There were eighteen. A smile of satisfaction brightened his face. Eighteen accused! It was a fine



batch. Six women, all of them of noble birth, and among them a girl of twenty-one years; twelve men, the oldest of whom was Mensard De Chouzy, former minister plenipotentiary, who was seventy-four years of age, and the youngest Geneste, the banker, aged twenty-seven.

Now, he drew out these thick bundles of letters of accusation. To all these unfortunate beings were ascribed the same crimes: corruption, treason, plots and manœuvres to stir up civil war, to starve the people, to destroy public credit, to assassinate patriots, and to break up the National Assembly. His examination ended, he placed the legal papers on his desk, saying to his secretary: "All those people have deserved death. They shall be condemned this morning and executed this evening. The most guilty among them, however, is this banker, Geneste, who sent to his wife living at Brussels the ingots of silver. They both wished to exhaust specie and to discredit paper money. It's a pity that only the man has been imprisoned. But the woman shall have her turn yet. They are on her track; she will not evade justice and the law. Until that time let us think only of punishing these brigands who are in our hands."

He drew out a blank sheet and wrote beneath the date:

CITIZENS:—I hereby inform you that there will be an execution this evening at 5:30 o'clock, and one which will demand an armed force more imposing than usual. I invite you to take the necessary steps.

Respectfully yours,

A. B. FOUQUIER.

Having folded and sealed the letter, he addressed it as follows: "To Hanriot, Commander-in-Chief of the National Guard."

At his command, this letter was immediately carried to its destination. No sentence was yet pronounced upon the accused persons; but he could easily deliver them at

any moment to the executioner who awaited them. For were not all arrests dictated in advance?

At five o'clock, two tumbrels, which were escorted by a troop of armed policemen and the National Guard, conveyed seventeen of these innocent people who were condemned in the morning to the appointed place. Pell-mell in the first tumbrel were thrust the women, old Mensard de Chouzy, his son, and Geneste, the young banker whose name had drawn for a moment the attention of Fouquier-Tinville, and whom he had declared to be the most guilty of the entire number. Seated on the front seat, their hands tied, the three men presented a calm and composed appearance to the insulting vociferations of the crowd. Mensard de Chouzy uttered aloud the prayers of the dying, only stopping in order to urge his companions to give him their attention, or to turn toward the poor women who were going to death, resigned but trembling and downcast. In a compassionate voice, he said to them: "Courage, my good women. To-day is Good Friday. Let us think that eighteen centuries ago on such a day Jesus died on the cross for us!" And the unfortunate prisoners, consoled by his words, began in a sad tone but with a fervent spirit to repeat the 51st Psalm.

Suddenly in the street of St. Antoine, a cry of distress and despair filled the air and attracted the attention of the crowd standing along the buildings for the purpose of witnessing the passing of the sad procession. At this cry Geneste rose up. He had recognized the voice which had just come to his ears, and his eyes displaying a powerless frenzy looked eagerly into the mass of people. Finally he discovered what he was seeking. He saw a woman who had fainted and whom somebody was

carrying away. It was his wife who had come there doubtless to bid him a last farewell, but her strength had failed her. Geneste fell back, overcome with grief. "Oh, unhappy wife," cried he, "if some agent of the Committee of Public Safety happens to be here, she is lost!" The carts proceeded rapidly towards the scaffold.

On the same day after dark on the ground-floor of a house which was lost from view in a vast garden, in a room which had been transformed into a chapel, about twenty persons, men and women, were kneeling in worship. A table covered with a white cloth served as an altar. On this table erected between two lighted candles was a cross. An old priest, an outlaw because he had not taken the oath of allegiance to his country, was celebrating the service of "Tenebres." Poor was the temple, but ardent the fervor of the communicants. Some of them lived in the quarter, while others were from a distance.

All wished to partake of the joy of praying in common in these times when the practice of worship was considered a crime. At the same hour in other parts similar scenes were taking place. The Committee of Public Safety could not help it, for its severe punishments shook neither their faith nor courage and whoever found the opportunity persisted in braving them.

In the first row of the faithful persons united in this house, which by its loneliness in the suburbs of the city was protected from the searches made by the agents of the Reign of Terror, was a young woman in mourning. It was the widow of the banker Geneste who only a few hours before had died under the guillotine.

Thwarted in her efforts to save her husband she had

fallen unconscious when in the midst of the crowd she perceived him on the fatal cart. She had been carefully picked up and carried into this place of refuge. She had arrived at the very moment when they were beginning to celebrate Good Friday. Now, having become the object of solicitude and pity, she with cheeks bathed in tears, prayed for the repose of the soul of her dear dead husband, she also ready to die possessed with the hope of rejoining him in a happier life. In the silence of the chapel you could only hear the voice of the priest who was chanting sacred songs in a low tone. When he had finished he turned towards the auditors to speak to them of the sufferings of Jesus Christ.

At this very moment, just as he was about to open his mouth, he saw a man whom he did not recognize slip slyly in at the half-open door and seat himself without making the slightest noise, after having made the sign of the cross. On account of this gesture the priest felt assured that the stranger had come there with the sole desire of praying with his brethren. However, obedient to a thought of prudence justified only too much by those wretched times, he asked: "Who are you, sir?"

"A good Catholic happy to unite his prayers with yours."

But all at once beside the new-comer arose one of the faithful auditors, a robust person with an energetic look.

"This man has lied," cried he. "He was, just now, in the crowd massed along the passage of the condemned prisoners, and if he has followed us here it is only for the purpose of denouncing Mrs. Geneste, against whom, you know, a warrant has been issued, and also to denounce us. He is an agent of the committee." The

accusation was so serious that the agent lost his coolness and filled with anger, instead of denying the charge, confessed it.

"Yes," said he, "the aristocrat, who accuses me, told the truth. I wished to find out and to see; I have seen and learned. You shall soon hear from me."

Proud in his audacity, he was going to leave, but he had not time to get away. His accuser drawing a dagger hidden under his coat leaped upon him and plunged it in his breast while his comrades uttered an exclamation of horror.

"What have you done, my son?" said the priest.

"We had to save ourselves," responded the murderer. "If it is a crime, father, you will grant me absolution."

The next day the following notice appeared in the reports from the police, transmitted to the Committee of Public Safety: "There was found to-night on the banks of the Seine the body of the secret agent Jolead, pierced by a dagger. Jolead was a good patriot, merciless to the nobles. It is thought that he must have been a victim of the vengeance of one of them."

## THE SPRING POET.

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G. W. PASCHAL.

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The wind came out of the wanton south,  
And the poet stepped forth in the brighter air,  
The greening grass showed through the brown,  
And a violet purpled here and there;  
The happy lambs climbed rock and stump,  
And from budding branch of apple and pear  
The first sweet notes of mocking birds  
From his heart charmed all of winter's care.

The ploughman turned the mellowed soil,  
With rod and line came a whistling lad,  
And lit with the beams of the ardent sun  
A maid in springtime garment clad,—  
The poet drank in these things of joy  
And the poet's heart was warm and glad,  
And the poet forgot his own lone life,  
For all that he saw and heard he had.

### THE VISAGE OF DEATH.

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J. HOWARD CAMPEN.

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It was in the summer of 1900. Never shall I forget that summer when for the first time I faced death. I am a well man now, although the debilities of old age are bending my back with their heavy weight. My hair is prematurely white, my once firm step is now feeble, and even trivial things when unexpected frighten me. Yet every natural transifion has a cause, and so had mine.

In the summer mentioned above a popular sea beach in one of the Southern States was swarming with seekers of rest and pleasure. Some were sauntering about idly chatting and laughing, while others sat in groups on the beautiful white sand watching the hundreds of bathers playing in the great Atlantic surf. Low warm winds drifted from the ocean and lazily rustled the tops of a cluster of trees some distance away. As far out as eye could see the surface of the Atlantic was unbroken and its waves, glistening under the burning rays of the sun which was occasionally obscured by passing patches of white cloud, rolled calmly and unruffled shoreward. Large numbers of sea gulls skimmed playfully over the great deep. Far out from land were seen the white sails of several large vessels and occasionally a tiny curl of black smoke feeling its way to holier regions.

Like the other rest seekers I had sought the beach in order to recuperate under the effects of the bracing and invigorating sea breezes. The expenses of staying at the beach were great and my wealth was limited, but

I well knew that wealth expended in the betterment of one's health was not wealth lost.

On this particular day, of which I speak, a group of people were watching several small boats a short distance from the shore. In one sat a comparatively young man, judging the best I could from the shore—fishing, while an old gray-haired sailor kept the boat out of the sea's trough.

While I gazed seaward a tiny patch of black cloud almost unnoticeable, began to rise, as it were, from out the bosom of the ocean. Other clouds began to appear. But I attributed no significance to all this, and loitered on farther down the beach, forgetting even the little boats at the sight of things more attractive.

Thus I wandered about for some minutes, then returned to the hotel. There I met an old friend and entered into a pleasant conversation with him about the old home I had left when quite young.

Hardly an hour had passed when my attention was drawn by a boarder remarking about a storm. Instantly I recalled the patch of black cloud and its warning aspect. The storm was rising with surprising rapidity. Walking to the door with my friend I observed the sky turning to an inky blackness and the mountains of clouds driven toward us by the mad onrush of the wind. The ocean, a short while since of glassy smoothness, was beginning to lose its pent up fury.

Most of the bathers and all the little boats except one—that which the sailor and the young man occupied—had come ashore. A crowd of friends gathered on that part of the beach nearest the boat, gesticulating to the two men to come in. Anxiety was expressed in every countenance. What would happen if the little boat



tried to weather the oncoming storm all knew and their cheeks blanched.

But soon their anxiety was suddenly converted into wonder. The young man was endeavoring to bring the boat ashore, while the old sailor was seen to exert just as much strength to carry her farther seaward. What could they mean? Ah, didn't they know it was death to stay out there? On and on came the storm. The wonder and anxiety of those on the beach became extreme.

At last the storm was upon us. The wind, howling and screeching, lashed the sea into fury with its pitiless strokes. Mountainous billows rolled roaring, raging, toward the shore, vainly endeavoring to engulf the crowd of friends. As far out as eye could see the Atlantic was a leaping wilderness of foam, seething and writhing as if in mortal agony. The jet black firmament was in violent commotion, while the loud and long detonations of reverberating thunder following the wind and bewildering flashes of lightning inspired awe and reverence for the Omnipotent in every heart.

Yet the little fishing boat was on the ocean, now lifted like a feather to the top of a towering billow, now disappearing from sight in the trough of the sea. "Come ashore! come ashore!" cried a thousand throats. Did the boat come? No! Still the young man struggled against the resistless efforts of the old sailor. Could they withstand the storm much longer? No! echoed every heart.

All at once the old man ceased his efforts to force the boat seaward, then walked calmly up to his companion, grasped him in his strong arms and held his writhing body over the side of the boat. A loud, long

and echoing cry of horror escaped the lips of those on shore. Oh, horror! What did the old sailor mean to do? All held their breath, waiting in painful suspense the outcome.

They scarcely had time for second thought when they saw the sailor calmly, deliberately, and with a broad, unnatural grin on his face, drop the suspended body into the ocean, then, as the young man's head came to the surface, push him down again with an oar. At this moment a large wave tore the boat with its solitary occupant away from the helpless man.

Another cry went up from the throats of the onlookers, not a cry of horror alone, but a loud pleading and clear call for help. It were folly to attempt to describe the feeling that took possession of me when I heard that appeal. I had always been accredited with a spirit of fortitude. Yet I had never known why, because I had never accomplished any daring feat. Not even the goblins of childhood days had frightened me.

A second brief glance at the young man battling for life in that frenzied sea, and an irresistible desire to save him overcame me. Down I ran to the beach. The crowd saw me coming and with deafening shouts of encouragement opened a clear way. In I plunged. The ocean was now in its most turbulent state. The main fury of the storm was upon us. The mountainous writhing billows leaped madly in their efforts to overwhelm me, and their towering peaks seemed to reach to the black vault of the heavens. Now I was in a seething wilderness of foam, now buried momentarily beneath a huge wave, now in the vast trough of the old ocean. On, on and on I forced my way. Long since

I had lost all sense of fear. Some desire and force, unknown to me before, urged me on.

"The man! the man!" I cried to myself, and with not the slightest sense of my hazardous situation plunged on. Soon I saw his head. He was using his last strength. Above the deafening roar of the ocean I could hear faintly the shouts of encouragement far behind me.

Nearer and nearer I came to the drowning man. At last I was in reach of him. With a strong effort I thrust out my hand and grasped him, then turned shoreward. My soul uttered a triumphant yell.

Once I heard a dull, thundering roar behind me, and slightly turning my head saw a billow that surpassed in magnitude anything I had imagined possible. The inhuman voices of all the old ocean's demons seemed commingled in the appalling roar it raised to the heavens. On it came, a solid wall of sea water. Did fortitude forsake me? No. With almost superhuman strength I pressed toward the shore. All my muscles were tense under my extreme efforts to reach safety. The crowd on the shore saw the huge wave and their encouraging cries became mingled with cries of extreme terror.

On and on and on came the great wall of water. Casting one more look behind me I gasped a pitiful cry for help and then sank exhausted into—I started to say the ocean; but no, a strong arm seized me and my burden and the next instant we were out of danger. As we reached the shore a long, loud, and reverberating round of applause rose from a thousand throats, and then as I was being placed on a stretcher I swooned away.

Would that I might describe better my terrible risks

in that mad ocean. I came near saying I have never been nearer death in my life, but not so, as you shall soon see. Death had stared me in the face this time, but she had recognized and rewarded my bravery.

But I must on. These perils of my life will not interest you. Some day death will approach your door, then and not till then will you have full sense of the danger to which I was exposed.

As I said shortly ago, I swooned on reaching safety. After that I knew no more until one bright sunny morning about a month afterwards, when I awoke to find myself in a strange room surrounded by a number of strange men and women. My amazement was extreme. But it soon subsided when I learned that the strange people were friends, two of them doctors, one a nurse, the rest persons interested in my recovery. In a few days, when I could manage to talk, I learned from the doctor that I had been brought to the Beach hotel after swooning where I had shortly revived. The expectations of all had been disappointed when I did not immediately recover but dropped off into a violent fever.

In a few days I had become delirious. Days and weeks had flown wearily by. At times my life had been despaired of.

It was impossible for me to realize the gravity of the suffering I had undergone. I now inquired about the rescued man and his would-be murderer. The young man had passed through a critical sickness but was now well. The old sailor—no one knew his whereabouts. His disappearance after the little boat had been dashed on the beach had been miraculous. But detectives were now on his track and hoped soon to capture him.

Few things startled me then, but when I heard the name Seth Worthington and that it was he whom I had rescued, I shuddered from sheer joy and amazement. Seth Worthington, possibly the greatest capitalist in America! How could it be? It was incredible! Yet in a few days I had it from his own lips when he left his work in New York and came down to see me. The old sailor had piloted his little boat in the ocean only to get an opportunity to kill him, so he said. After this a strong attachment sprang up between the great capitalist and me. He sent me all the old newspapers that I might read America's praises for my brave rescue of her man of greatest influence. My name was sung in every home. Thus I basked in the sweet warmth of praises and fame. I began to convalesce gradually. Kind ladies and gentlemen called on me daily. My bed was placed near a window that I might again enjoy the refreshing breezes.

One night I was all alone in my room dozing under the effects of a slight fever, and not yet able to rise from my bed or to walk about. It was near one o'clock. The nurses, physicians and others had long since retired. The silence of everything was complete and oppressing, save for the continual ticking of my watch. The gas light, turned down low, cast shadowy and dancing figures on the white wall. The wind moaned dismally in the tree tops in the yard. I was unable to sleep and was thinking of a beautiful black-haired girl in the Old North State.

Suddenly I became aware of a presence in the room and instinctively turning my head toward the door was startled to see a low, bent figure, in a dark cloak just closing it behind him. Stooping low down he crept cat-

like to the windows and other exits and carefully fastened them, then stole stealthily to a sofa nearby and sat down. An air of mystery settled about him. My body began to shudder and grow cold with fright. The dark figure was motionless and did not look my way. A thousand thoughts flashed through my mind. What did this man want at this time of night? Who was he? Why didn't he speak? Was it Death? Ah, no, but the bearer of death. Weird fancies clouded my brain. Cold beads of perspiration began to break out on my forehead.

The mysterious person sat on the sofa an hour or more, his head resting in his hands. Then he quietly rose and crept toward me. At the sight of his burning eyes and cadaverous face my heart stood still. It was the old sailor! His manner was frigid and abstract; his fingers like claws; his whole body a mere mass of bones and skin and indicative of the unnatural. I endeavored to avoid his eyes and move away from him, but, alas, I was too weak. No one can ever know my feelings at that time. Superstitious fear possessed me.

Now the old sailor was at my bed-side. His face seemed to light up joyfully as he bent over my shrinking body and screeched in my ear "You must die!" "Oh, horrors!" I cried, as I saw in his pallid countenance the unmistakable signs of insanity. A madman was in my room—yes, a *madman*! The current of my blood was frozen. I tried to call for help but had better prayed. I must die! No means of escape!

Again the maniac spoke, or rather rattled his words. "Ah, you thought—you thought—you were doing me a great service when you prevented me from drowning that man."

But I am—oh, I am wise, I can see through the world's follies. Ha, you laugh! Rich—a world of wealth belongs to him—and we are grovelling in poverty. Ah, how well I fooled him! Ha, ha, ha, he thought I was a sailor. A wise man knows how to carry out his purposes, and I am wise. Listen! have you never heard of Black Mammon, the famous murderer of cruel and greedy labor lords and capitalists? Yes—yes, you nod assent.

“Listen again! once a voice called to me out of heaven—ah, out of heaven. It said: ‘Thy divine mission is to kill all great men of wealth’—ha, ha, he, he, how does that sound? ‘For,’ the voice continued, ‘such are an abomination. They starve heaven’s angels to eat up its wealth.’ Starve heaven’s angels! that’s fine. And it spoke again: ‘Let not thy work be thwarted by any man; if it should be, kill him.’”

I trembled like an aspen. My hair was on its end. Cold chills fled through my trembling body. No such voice as that belonged to mortal being. The grating of a file could hardly equal it.

The face of the maniac had grown livid under the joyous fire consuming it. His voice was harsher and hollow. Again he took his seat on the sofa and quietly rested his evil eye on me. The suspense became unbearable and more painful. My heart beat as if it would burst. My body shook with an ague, while the cold beads of sweat ran off me in tiny streams. My teeth sought to escape by chattering. My brain seemed clogged; my faculties were suddenly gone. I cried weakly for help; tried to move, but my limbs and body were as lead. A species of mad hilarity sparkled in the madman’s evil eyes. The pallor of his countenance had

assumed a ghastlier hue. O God! let death come. The ocean did move, it did speak, it did have pity on me. There death would have been sweeter. Here its presence was suffocating.

The maniac crept again to my bedside. His nostrils dilated, his face wore a sickly smile, his breath came in hot puffs, his fingers twitched nervously. Bending over the bed he attempted to seize my throat. With all the strength I had left, with Death staring in my face, I made a superhuman effort and hurled myself off the other side of the bed, and there uttered a brief prayer. My action enraged the old sailor more. In an instant he was on me, a poignard in his hand, his fiery eyes dancing in their sockets, a demoniacal smile on his lips, and froth flying from his livid mouth. I struggled for breath. Death must come. All hope gone, I resigned myself to my horrible fate. Visions of my boyhood days, visions of angels flitted through my mind. The steel of the poignard felt cold on my throat. Death seemed sweet. I began to lose consciousness.

All was lost! I heard a band of musicians—heavenly musicians—playing outside. The voices of my doctors and nurses mingled together in a beautiful hymn. And then—yes then—my door was suddenly burst open and in rushed a crowd of detectives and policemen to my rescue. Thank God I was saved!



## WHILE THE NEW YEAR WAS COMING IN.

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CLEMENT T. GOODE.

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"I have not always been like this boys, a sour old man away out here in these God-forsaken Rockies."

The speaker was Joe Rawls—"Old Joe" as we had learned to call him—and there was evident emotion in his voice. It was the night before New Year. The members of our little mining camp had gathered around the blazing wood fire out in the open to watch for the coming in of the new year. With a game or two at "Jacks" in the early part of the night and an occasional glass of wine to sweeten the passing moments we had spent the time till it was near the hour for the infant year to make his appearance. One member of our company had produced a letter from his sweetheart away back in old North Carolina, and for the benefit of his hearers had read it; then thrusting it back into his pocket had asked old Joe in evident conceit if he had ever known how it felt to have a woman in love with him. To which old Joe in no unfeeling tone responded in the above words.

Joe had been with us in the mining district two years, coming in from no one knew where, but seemingly well enough content to spend his time with us, though why he should be was an inexplicable mystery for he was an excellent miner and could easily have had a better position in a richer mine. Within those two years we had come to understand him, that is so far as it concerned his connection with us and the mine. Of his past life we knew not a whit. He had never seen fit to disclose it and it was not the part of a miner

to be prying into affairs of his fellow miners which didn't concern him.

One of the first characteristics we had noted in Joe was his strange aversion to the company of ladies. We had a few women in our camp, though very few. With the exception of the every day business affairs any connection whatever with the female element was invariably shunned by him. None of us for that matter were overburdened with female society, yet if we wished we could spend a few evenings in each month pleasantly enough with the girls of a nearby town. They in turn would give us once or twice each year a grand "Soiree," or something of the kind. Which word conveying no special meaning to us we eliminated and substituted for it the simple word *party*. As a rule every fellow in camp was invited and generally an equally unanimous response was given.

Not long after Joe had taken up quarters in our camp we all received invitations to such a party. There was, along with the others, a pretty little tinted note to "Mr. Joseph Bowles" requesting his presence at the party. He received the note with surprise, perused it hurriedly, and a flush overspread his face. Apparently without taking the second thought he sat down and scribbled on the back of it these words: "Mr. Joseph Bowles is sorry but jinged if he'll come." Then underneath he scrawled his name in large letters.

This would seem to indicate that his was a rough dare-devil nature but such was not the case. We had all found that a tender heart lay beneath the rough exterior, and when he spoke on this particular occasion it elicited our undivided attention. There was a dead earnest seriousness in his tone and his eyes were just

a bit glassy from having taken, in honor of the occasion, one more glass of wine than was his wont. It was the first time he had ever shown any tendency whatever to give an account of his past life and with the feeling that a disclosure was to follow we sat wrapped in silence while he spoke on.

"Yes, boys it's quite a time since I was a youngster, but I was one once for all that, and what's more I knew what it meant to have a girl in love with me." Here he turned to the conceited youth who had prodded him on this point—"Jessie Weatherly was as pretty and good as any youngster ever looked upon. See here"—and he took from his pocket a neat little leather case and opened it. We saw therein two tresses of hair, one of a dark glossy nature, the other a very little wisp of a much lighter color. There was also in the casket some faded flowers, a note or two, and a miniature photograph somewhat faded, of, so far as we could judge, an exceedingly beautiful young girl. "Folks used to say of us," continued he, "as happy as Joe Bowles and Jessie Weatherly."

"Well, we were happy, and then again we weren't, at least I wasn't. You see there was another fellow in the game, a bow-legged, shock-headed kind of a fellow by the name of Langston. He was given to drink. Whatever Jessie could see in him to admire puzzled me. Though I've learned since, after it's too late, that she didn't really admire him but just kept him as a kind of second-hand in order not to seem too fond of me. But I didn't understand it that way. It seemed to me that he was winning her affections; I wanted her full confidence and I told her so. I stood it a good while before attempting anything but when I did speak I was

mad and said some pretty hard things. Of course she resented what I said and we split. Before leaving—it was in her parlor—I stopped at the door and, without turning round, told her if she would but leave Langston alone she would find me as true and constant as ever. Her reply was in an indignant tone, that if I wasn't a fool I could see that Langston was nothing to her. That was a pretty hard blow and I went.

“For several weeks thereafter we didn't speak to each other. Instead of dropping Langston she seemed to keep company with him only the more. At last in desperation I wrote her a note, in none too generous style either, asking her if I might come to see her. Her answer was couched in the same style, that if I was willing to listen to reason to come on. Somehow I felt there couldn't be any reconciliation, she was independent and I was obstinate. And then taking everything into consideration I believed that the fault was hers and so it wasn't my duty to kneel first. It was too bitter a draught to stand idly by as an eye-witness of my hated rival's successful manœuvres. I left the country; seized the first opportunity that presented itself, and a few days found me out here with the gold diggers.

“I staked off a claim in a rough section away over near the California line and went to work along with the other miners. It wasn't long till I had started a small fortune. Everything that I made was carefully hoarded for I was not entirely without hope that it might yet turn out well with Jessie and me. I had written some old friends by whom she could know where I was if she should care to write. But every letter that came bore the unwelcome news that she was still encouraging Langston. This went on for about two years;

at the end of which time a letter came that almost took my breath away. It contained a clipping from a newspaper of the marriage of Jessie and Langston. The letter went on to say how he had found her down town shopping one day and asked her again to marry him—nobody knows how many times he had asked it before—and how she had finally consented after crying a little, and even when at the minister's had stood on the floor three times before consenting to be married.

"The reception of such news dazed me. I couldn't comprehend how she could bring herself to marry such a fellow. I read the letter over several times; read the clipping again and again in the vain hope that it might be incorrect. At last the true nature of the case dawned upon me, that Jessie Weatherly was herself no longer but was the wife of my hated rival. Those were the bitterest hours I ever knew. It wouldn't have been well for the author of my troubles to have crossed me then. There was only one thing left for me to do, to work, and that I did harder than ever before. I tried to drown my sorrow in the rough wild life of the mines. I didn't take to drink. I was afraid to trust that except as you have seen me here to-night.

"The next five years I spent in digging gold and spending it, as barren and desolate years of any real good on my part as ever passed. From early morning till late at night, I'd ply my pickaxe and shovel in search of the yellow metal. My eyes became accustomed to looking upon it and my ears to hearing the water pouring on the rocks. But the gold was no sooner dug than hated for it suggested castle building and I had no castles to build. My heart was as hard as any rock that my pickaxe struck.

"Thus the years rolled around. In the meantime I began to feel a restless, unsatisfied longing to go back to my old home. I hadn't forgotten Jessie, and felt that I never could, still the feeling grew. I fought against it for a few months but the inevitable seemed to be pulling me eastward again, so back to the East again I went.

"Everything was very much changed from what it was when I had gone away. The little village had grown into almost a town, however, it was still easy enough to recognize the old haunts. The first two days after my arrival I spent in wandering about the place indulging in sacred reminiscences of the past, sweet or bitter, whichever they may have been, with the painful question ever before me 'Where was Jessie?' The strain was too great so on the third day, having met with an old acquaintance in one of my rambles, I made bold to inquire of the object of my thoughts and awaited the answer with sickening dread. I was told that she was still alive, though an invalid and living in her father's house with her one sunny-haired boy, Arthur. Her husband had turned out to be a brutal, drunken wretch and had left her with her infant son in the second year of their married life. At such news my heart swelled within me; my hands clutched at each other convulsively despite my efforts to appear calm; and, lest I should betray too much emotion to my informer, I turned and walked away with a vision of two lives blighted before my eyes.

"I had been at home but a few days when there came a letter to me from Jessie asking me to come to see her immediately. I did not stand on ceremony nor question the propriety of such an act but went post haste. I was ushered into a room where on a couch lay Jessie,

only a shadow of her former self, a mere ghost of what she had been. However, she was the same Jessie to whom I had given the best love of my young manhood and I felt my whole being center in the desire to take her in my arms and blot out the past, but awe for the sick prevented it. She beckoned me to a seat, and smiled faintly as I sat down by her. 'Joe,' she began, calling me by the old name, 'I've waited this long because I had something I wanted to tell you.' Then in a faint voice broken by much suffering told me all; how I had misunderstood her motives in keeping company with Langston, of the long dreary days of watching and waiting for a letter from me giving her a chance to explain, and how at last in despair she had desired to end all the terrible suspense by a leap in the dark into a loveless marriage. Unconsciously I grasped her hand so thin and white while the tears rolled down my cheeks for the first time in years. The iron bands that had been forged around my heart by the wild life in the west were broken, and I begged her to cease. Suddenly speech, which had been denied me so far, came to me and, hardly conscious of what I said, I rattled off into the land of dreams, castle-building for the future when she should be well. Her eyes brightened while listening to me but when I ceased she shook her head. I rose to my feet and her fingers tightened around my hand. Bending over her I kissed her once then turned and walked out of the room. I wanted fresh air wherein to breathe.

"On the next morning I was awakened from a troubled sleep by the tolling of the little village church bell, telling that in the night some life had passed away. The dull sounds fell on my heart like lead. Whose was the

life that had flitted away! At that instant there was a knock on my door. I dressed hurriedly and opened it. A boy handed me a note and vanished. I broke the seal in fear and silence, for I recognized the handwriting though written evidently by a trembling hand. Here is what I read." He handed us one of the letters from the casket which read as follows:

"DEAR JOE:—I'm going to ask a strange request of you, but I know you'll do it in memory of the great love you once had for me. I shall not live till morning, for the great weight that kept me alive this long has gone since seeing you. I want you to take little Arthur and rear him under your own care. I can rest in my grave knowing that he's with you. Do this and you will make happy poor heart-broken  
JESSIE."

He folded the note carefully and tenderly placed it away. "Yes, sure enough, the bells were tolling for Jessie.

"A few days after the burial, at my request, little Arthur, a golden-haired boy of three or four years, was brought over to my home. There had been a question in my mind as to whether I could properly care for the little fellow or not; however, as an atonement for the past I had determined to let my life count towards it what it would. There was no need of such a thought, for my heart went out to him at his first speech. Crossing the room he came directly in front of me, placed a hand on either knee and looked up into my face with his great blue eyes wherein I could see the image of Jessie, and in childish wonder asked. 'Do you know where my mamma is?' At such words a flood of memories swept over me, impulsively I took the child in my arms while the tears again stained my cheeks. In those few short moments a common loss bound our hearts together in bands of steel.



"But the atmosphere of the East soon became oppressive to me. Too many things reminded me of the blighted past. By and by the old restless longing for the wild free life of the West came back again. And a bright sunny day found me with Arthur en route for the Rockies again.

"I found upon my arrival that my old claim at the 'line' was promising quite a deal so we took up our abode there in a little hut amid others of the stalwart miners. It was a rough life but it was under the open sky and we enjoyed it. Indeed everything was bidding fair. The mines were producing well and the men were strong and healthy. The new life seemed to be Arthur's element. It wasn't long till he was on familiar terms with every one in camp, and seemingly was the happiest one of the crew. To me it seemed that he was about to make up what I had lost in Jessie. Some way I felt that he was a trust confided to my keeping which was somewhat to atone for the past and link it with a brighter future. Sometimes, in the dull dead hours of the night when sleep had left me and my thoughts were all of what might-have been I'd place my hand on the brow of the sleeping child and run my fingers through his silken locks while a deep calm would settle down upon me.

"But time flew quickly by. One, two, three years passed in this way. Arthur had become the darling of the mining crew. There was a world of happiness in his merry laugh and musical voice. For me there was still something in life for which to live. Many were the golden day dreams that I had for his future, which, alas, were so many characters traced in the sand.

"In a dead hour of a November night I awoke to find

the child struggling as if something was obstructing his breathing. At intervals he would utter pitiful cries as if suffering intense pain. In haste I made a light but could not account for the child's malady. In fear and alarm I aroused all the other miners in the hope that they might suggest something for his relief. One by one they filed into the room, looked long and tenderly at the little sufferer then to my anxious inquiries, with white faces, slowly shook their heads. There wasn't a physician in the camp. Miners have little use for doctors and medicine. The nearest physician was full six miles away, and before he could be procured it might be too late. What was to be done! We had done what we could to no avail. Something had to be done and done quickly. A short consultation was held in which it was decided that I should take the child to the doctor. I could do so with ease, and relief could be had quicker. In a trice I was in the saddle with the child in front of me closely wrapped and warm.

"The road lay through a great forest, the first part of which was traversed in good time. I suppose I had covered half the distance when far to my right in the depths of the woods I heard a long dismal howl. It was the call of the sentinel wolf to his companions. In a moment there was another like it on my left, then others till the whole forest resounded with the howls. I quickened my pace, knowing full well that in a few moments they would be on my track and possibly at my heels. Another half mile I put behind me, then glancing backward over my shoulder I saw in the distance, by the light of the moon, a solid mass of moving bodies. Then unhappily my noble horse in some way lost his footing and rolled on the ground. I was hurled

some distance, but managed to light on my feet with the child unharmed in my arms. The horse did not rise. I had but time to lay the sick boy down beside him and grasp my revolvers when the wolves were upon me. Wolves! The whole forest was full of them! But I met them with an unflinching eye as they came. They halted.

"The average wolf is a coward and will not make his attack face to face unless cornered or forced by extreme hunger. So on this occasion the wolves formed themselves in a circle around me, while I with extended arms and a revolver in each hand turned myself round and round in order to face them all. I did not dare to shoot, for the smell of blood would have excited them to madness. Every few moments I would hear stifled, inarticulate cries from the child at my feet. My heart went out to him, but I dared not look down. At last the cries ceased altogether, but I kept turning and turning, never taking my eye once from my treacherous enemies until the night was gone. With the coming of day they one by one slunk away fearful of the light. Then with hope and fear, hope that the quietness of the child meant relief, fear lest it was the stillness of death, I allowed my eyes to turn to the ground. With trembling hand I turned back the cover from his face; the white pallid countenance of death met my gaze. I took the little fellow up tenderly and in sorrow slowly wended my way back to camp. We laid him away by the door of our own little hut.

"Since then I've been a wanderer. I staid awhile with the others but there was too much to remind me of Arthur, so with selling out and giving away I disposed of my claims and left. In the meantime I've wandered

all over the Rockies and have been back to the East twice. I am now, as you see, a sour old man without a cross. Yes, the dark braid of hair is Jessie's. She gave it to me while we were sweethearts. The other is Arthur's."

He ceased and we looked at our watches. The new year had already come.

## "ER FROLIC TER-NIGHT."

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JO PATTON.

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G'long Baalam ho'n'l soon blow—

Gwinter be er frolic ter-night.

Lòosen up yer jints twel we finish out de row—

Gwinter be er frolic ternight,

Gwinter be er frolic des ez sho's you's bo'n.

An' I'll dance wif my "honey love" twel de roosters  
crow fer mo'n—

O' de good times am coming wif de blowin' er de ho'n'!

Gwinter be er frolic ter-night.

W'en de big red moon am risin' kinder lazy like an'  
slow—

Gwinter be er frolic ter-night,

An' de whipporwill gins singing ter his sweetheart—soft  
an' low—

Gwinter be er frolic ter-night,

Den its wake up an' hustle, all you niggers fly eroun'!

Kaze Massa say he scuse us w'en de sun go down,

O' take down de banjo an' er let de music soun!

Gwinter be er frolic ter-night.

OP' Aunt Manda done gin out de news—

Gwinter be er frolic ter-night.

An' Deacon Jeremiah gwinter "tribute all booze"—

Gwinter be er frolic ter-night.

So put on yer "Sunday harness" an' er don' be behine;

Come erlong early, fer de possum-pie am fine,

O, shout erlong honey, dey ain't no time ter whine!

Gwinter be er frolic ter-night.

## JOHN FORD.

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BEN. W. PARHAM.

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Contemporary with Massenger, and in a measure possessing similar tastes and talents, was John Ford. Ford was of a good Devonshire family, and was related to the famous Lord Chief Justice Popham. He was born in 1586 and baptized in Akington church. He had the advantage of a university education, after which he went to London and entered Gray's Inn as a student of law. When he had completed his study of law and commenced his chosen profession, he turned his mind to writing plays as a pastime. Very little is known of his private life, but from the dedications, prologues and epilogues, with which his plays abound, he seems to have enjoyed the patronage or at least the good will of several men of rank.

Ford's first attempts as a dramatist were in connection with Webster and Dekker, and later he was connected with Bowley. Ford now took a long rest, and we have nothing from him until 1628, when the *Lover's Melancholy* appeared. In this play he seems not yet to have become aware of the true trend of his genius in dramatic art, though he was in a large measure master of his poetic expression.

Five years later Ford gave to the world his greatest works. The *Brother and Sister*, which is more generally known by an unmentionable name, which is as repulsive as the story, The *Broken Heart* and *Love's Sacrifice*. Then followed *Perkin Warbeck*, a correct and spirited historical drama. These, with a few others, not so well known, complete the list of Ford's plays.

A strain of pensive sadness and pathetic tenderness runs throughout the works of this man, and he clothes it in a peculiarly soft and musical style of blank verse. He is unhappy in the choice of his subjects, and they are for the most part as vile and repulsive as a vulgar age could produce. Yet we can not but wish that the genius which so forcibly portrays the unmentionable story of the incestuous love of Giovanni and Annabella and gives the play a nameless name, could have found a theme in which his genius might still have had full sway and given us a cleaner and more pleasing result.

The play just referred to is probably the finest production of the dramatist. It certainly contains his finest poetry and expression, and is, with the Broken Heart, most expressive of his peculiar strength. The most interesting feature of the play is the different treatment of characters. Here it is that the feeling of the poet is most strongly brought out. When the sin has been committed there is no more wavering in Giovanni. There is only one course which he will take. There is nothing else for him to do. The keynote to his conduct is found at the close of first scene, where in reply to the appeal of the Friar, he says:

"All this I'll do, to free me from the rod  
Of vengeance; *else I'll swear my fates my God.*"

Annabella, on the other hand, is a victim of bitter remorse and a subject to religious influences, until in Act V she says:

"My conscience now stands up against my lust,  
With dispositions characterized in guilt and tells me I am lost."

The character treatment is in every way characteristic of the poet, and brings out in a most marked manner the trend of his genius and his feeling. To oscillate between

the belief that every awful crime brings its awful punishment, that a crime is the direct antecedent of its reward, in short, the old German proverb, "Alle sunde recht sich bien," to oscillate between this belief and the notion that there is something fatal, irresistible, and therefore in a sense self-justified in so dominant and all prevailing a passion. There is no solution to such a conflict between passion on the one side and law, duty and religion on the other, and in the end passion is the victor, and triumphs in the student, struck blind and mad by passion, exclaiming,

"Oh, I bleed fast.

Death, thou'st a quest long looked for I embrace

Thee and thy wounds; oh, my last minutes comes!

Where'er I go, let me enjoy this grace,

Freely to view my Annabella's face."

Throughout the whole play the atmosphere is stifling, and our æsthetic nature is keenly jarred upon from time to time. The under plot with Hippolita makes the plot still more repulsive.

In the "Broken Heart" there is a number and variety of characters and a complexity of structure not to be found in most dramas of the time. There is an absence of much that is repulsive and many of the loathsome scenes which are met with in the other plays of Ford. For this reason it is the most popular and best known of the poet's works. Penthea, though wronged by her brother and her life blasted, her happiness poisoned and destroyed, yet seeks with her last strength to obtain for her brother what she has been deprived of through his agency. However, she declares that it is a precious jewel to her.

"Tis long since I have lost my heart:

Long have I lived without it, else for certain,

I should have given that, too; but instead



Of it, to great Calantha, Spartan heir,  
 By service bound and by affliction moved  
 I do bequeath, in holiest rites of law,  
 Mine only brother, Ithocles."

We almost feel that Orgilus is justified when he stabs Ithocles, but at the same time we admire the manly way in which the latter meets his death.

"Strike, brave! A courage  
 As keen as thy revenge shall give it welcome,  
 But prithee faint not; if the wound close up  
 Tent it with double force and search it deeply.  
 Thou looks't that I should whine and beg compassion,  
 As loath to leave the wainness of my glories.  
 A statelier resolution arms my confidence  
 To cozen thee of honor; neither could I  
 With equal trial of unequal fortunes  
 By hazered of duel; 'twine a bravery  
 Too mighty for a slave intending murder.  
 On to the execution, and infest a conflict with thy honor."

In "Love's Sacrifice" we again have the same abnormal, repulsive theme of the two previous plays. But here the dramatist bases his plot on an unnatural, loathsome possibility and strives to pay a tribute to virtue, but does it in such a way that it is insulting rather than pleasing. We are beginning to fear that the poet has allowed his appetite for repulsive plots to run away with him, but in "Perkin Warbeck" he rises above his contemporaries, chooses a historical subject, and alone among the dramatists of his day strives to emulate the glories of Shakespeare's great series of historical dramas, and while we can not think of comparing Ford with the great master singer of the world's literature, still the effort is at least commendable, and we have reason to believe not entirely unsuccessful.

As I have said before, Ford was unhappy in his choice of plots; yet he is to some degree exculpated when we

remember that he was of a vulgar age and vulgar people, and Coleridge suggests that his choice of horrible plots for his two best plays may have been merely an exercise of intellectual power, and in speaking of Ford uses the following words: "His moral sense was gratified by indignation of the dark possibilities of sin, and by compassion for an extreme of suffering." We must also bear in mind that the dramatists of this period were fond of themes which tempted the imagination and raised the fires of pride, passion and sensibility which lie dormant in every man. Their's was an age of excitement and conflict. They were drawn along with the madding crowd and drank with the multitude from the cup of crime and excitement and sensibility.

Ford possessed, however, the power of sympathetically treating his abnormal subjects, while he is free from certain forms of grossness and extravagance which characterize the drama of the period. Some other has well said of him that his plays too often disturb the mind like a mad dream, which ends in an unsolved dissonance, and this is a supreme dramatic defect. At the same time his peculiar power lies in the intensity of his passion in particular scenes and passages, where the character, author and reader are alike lost in the situation, and the sentiment evoked by it, and this is a supreme dramatic gift.

## THE GHOST OF THE PHŒNIX.

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ARTHUR L. FLETCHER,

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Of all the ghostly beings that awed and terrified my childish heart, the ghost that walks the Phœnix was to me the most terrible. From the gap of the Little Phœnix, along the dark, gloomy Phœnix Creek road to the river, around the great Indian Head Cliff and the rough bluffs fronting on the river to the mouth of Silas Creek, this uncanny phantom nightly passes. Scores have seen it. When it passes, the dogs cease their howling and crouch in abject terror in the darkest corners of their kennels. The sheep huddle together helplessly under the shed, and the horses tremble in their stables. No less terrifying is this ghost to the mountain folk, and there are few who dare travel that gruesome trail after midnight.

In form the ghost is not always the same. Sometimes it looks like a great black dog, with a man's head. Again, it has a human form, and goes gliding along swiftly, bent low, its long arms hanging down, and its ghostly finger-tips skimming the earth. Its face is the most remarkable feature. Those who have seen it say that horror and anxiety are stamped on every line of it. Its eyes search the ground, and its head, with its long white hair streaming in the wind, turns unceasingly from side to side. Tradition says that if once it gives you a glance from its sunken eyes, no power on earth can save you from death. One glance is enough. In a few days the victim sickens. In a fortnight he is dead.

The mountain folk call this terrible phantom "Andy." Only a few of the oldest inhabitants can tell you the

whole story that lies behind this terror of the Phoenix. The story is a long and rather rambling one, but, such as it is, I give it to you.

It was in those days when France was steadily increasing her possessions in the Mississippi valley. From La Pointe in Wisconsin to the bayous of Louisiana, French surveyors were staking off the boundaries of New France. Bands of traders and surveyors were constantly being sent out by the French king. Among these was one led by M. Celeron, a skilled surveyor and woodsman, and in his band was Jean Andere, a youth of twenty, whom Celeron had pressed into service. Good, reliable men were hard to secure; for the New World was far distant, and thousands of untried perils lurked by the way—perils of sea, forest and savage. But it happened that Jean's father owed M. Celeron a large sum of money, and upon M. Celeron's offer to cancel his indebtedness for the services of his son, the father bade Jean to follow Celeron to New France.

Thus it happened that the year 1753 found young Andere with Celeron on the Ohio River. His companions were rough peasants from lower Gascony, and rougher French-Canadians. M. Celeron, the leader of the party, was a big brute of a man, with dark, lowering brow and an uncontrollable temper. He was unjust and tyrannical in his demands, and upon the high-tempered and headstrong young Andere, his exactions fell with exasperating force. Andere chafed under the harsh treatment of his superior. One day, with two or three others, he was helping Celeron to build a raft on which to cross the Great Kanawha. Accidentally he let fall a heavy beam, striking Celeron a severe blow on the foot. His face flaming with rage, Celeron sprang at the boy, a

heavy hatchet in his upraised hand. There was a quick shot, and when the smoke cleared away, Celeron lay dead on the half-finished raft, and Andere had vanished into the forest.

Through the tangled woods fled Andere. Behind him lay his first deed of blood, and before him the unknown terrors of the forest. When night overtook him, miles of dense thickets lay between him and his countrymen. On the following day he struck a narrow Indian trail leading southward. He was not a skilled woodsman, and with his mind troubled with thoughts of the dark deed behind him, and of the uncertain future before him, he paid scant heed to his surroundings. He was walking rapidly along this trail—his troubled eyes bent on the ground—when suddenly he heard the light tread of a moccasined foot behind him, and before he could turn, a pair of muscular brown arms encircled him and, as if by magic, a horde of redskins poured out of the bushes. The Indians were not unfriendly. It was only a band of Cherokees from the mountains of North Carolina. They were returning home after an excursion to the Big Salt Lick on the Great Kanawha, near where Charlestown now stands. Andere knew enough of the Indian dialect to tell them of his sad plight. The young chief in charge of the party, in a friendly and flowery speech, invited young Andere to go with them to their home in the great blue mountains, far to the south.

"There," said the young chief, "is peace and plenty. The deer herd thick in the shaded valleys. The black bear eats the berries on the mountain sides. The limpid streams flash with their myriads of speckled trout. The air is as pure and sweet as the breath of the Great Spirit. The sky is blue—and our maidens—the fairest in all the Land of the Sky, oh, brother. Come!"

Andere could do nothing but accept. Celeron, though a cruel and tyrannical man, was high in favor with the government, and the poor boy knew that if he fell into the hands of his countrymen, he could not escape death. A loyal Frenchman, he could not go to the English on the east; for they were the hated foes of his fathers.

A month later, Andere was far back in the mountains of North Carolina. The little Indian village in which he lived nestled down on the banks of the "Kawatoah, the Roaring One," between two great mountains. Soon Andere learned the Indians' language and acquired the habits of the Indian. Strong and athletic, he won for himself a place among the braves of the village. In the chase none could outstrip him. In contests of running, jumping and wrestling, he finally overthrew the mightiest of the braves. The Indians loved him, and from the day of his triumph he was called "Wahunsonako, the Mighty."

But at times a terrible loneliness came over him. He would climb far up on the crags of the mountain which the Indians called the "Mount of the Morning," and gaze wistfully across the unbroken forests of the Blue Ridge. For hours he would sit there, his face in his hands and his eyes set on the misty mountain peaks far to the east.

On one occasion, while sitting thus wrapped in gloomy thought, a light step sounded behind him, and some one touched him gently on the shoulder and a soft, low voice enquired:

"Wahunsonako, of what are you thinking? Why is your face so full of sorrow?"

Andere looked around in surprise. There stood an

Indian maiden of perhaps sixteen summers. Andere was struck with her unusual beauty. There was an almost frightened look in her great dark eyes; for she knew it was unmaidenly to address the great white brave so boldly.

Without waiting for an answer, she went on softly:

"Oh, I know! Wahunsonako longs for his own people—for his far-away home and the white maiden who awaits him there."

Andere looked at her quietly. In her eyes there was a world of sympathy.

"You are right," he answered. "I do long for my people; but no maiden awaits my coming. Listen, Keenoh, and I will tell you the story."

And he told her of his home in France, and of the crime that forever barred him from his countrymen. Keenoh, for that was the maiden's name, wept softly in the meanwhile, and to the exiled Frenchman, human sympathy was inexpressibly sweet.

Before many moons waned, Andere married an Indian maiden, and her name was Keenoh.

Years passed. Jean Andere lived happily with his bride. The longing for his homeland died away, and he was contented. His happiness was not to last. White traders began to come over the mountains, and with them came a pestilence that swept away the Indians by villages. Keenoh sickened and died, and soon after, little Keenoh, their only child, followed her. Once more all the world was dark to Andere. Once more he haunted the lonely mountain sides. His love for the wild, free life of the mountains departed. The spot where first he had poured out his troubles to Keenoh was especially dear to him, and here he would spend the

long gloomy hours, bitterly cursing the hard fate that had brought him to the forests of America, and, more than all, the hated Englishmen who had brought the fatal pestilence into the little village on the Kawatoah.

He was sitting here one day, listlessly kicking with moccasined foot the stones projecting from the earth around him and pushing them over the ledge to crash down into the treetops. Suddenly, as he turned up a larger stone than usual, a mass of bright yellow metal met his startled gaze. It was loose gold—great masses of it. The greed for gold took possession of Andere, and for months and months he worked incessantly at his find. His Indian brothers thought him mad; and when they would find him digging furiously at the mountain side, or washing the yellow metal in the brook, all the while mumbling to himself, they would tap their foreheads significantly and shake their heads.

At last he could find no more. The precious metal, enclosed in buckskin bags, he took at dead of night from his lonely wigwam and hid securely on the banks of the Kawatoah. On a piece of buckskin he made a careful chart of the spot where lay the treasure.

Andere determined to leave the mountains. His purpose was aided by the fact that the Indians believed him insane. Lunatics, they believed, were the especial care of the Great Spirit, and great would be his vengeance if they sought in any way to restrain those whom he protected.

When all arrangements were completed, he stole away from the little village. With him he carried a bundle of provisions, his bow and arrows, and a small bag of nuggets. As his canoe glided swiftly down the Great Kana-wha, his thoughts went back to the life he was leaving.



The mountains were never more beautiful. The first breath of autumn was in the air, and the mountain sides were faintly tinged with color. Truly, the sun never shone upon a fairer land than that through which the Great Kanawha roars and thunders on its mad way to the sea. Andere's heart leaped up within him. Leave the mountains forever! No, he would come back again. His precious bags of gold lay hidden on the Kawatoah, and besides—a thousand tender memories bound him to the "Land of the Sky." Keenoah lay buried at the foot of the "Mount of the Morning," and by her side was little Keenoah, their child.

After many difficulties he reached the little French settlement, St. Rosalie, near the mouth of the Ohio. It was a glad day for him when once more he heard his native tongue, and, clad in the garments of the white man, he mingled with the crowd at the inn. M. Gaspierre, the garrulous old landlord, when Andere's name was spoken, looked at the big sunburned man with interest.

"Andere—Andere," he said. "Ah, perhaps Monsieur is related to the Anderes of old Gascony?"

A few eager questions brought out the sad story. Andere's father had gone from bad to worse. Finally he had emigrated with his family to Louisiana. Here in the unfriendly climate the younger daughter had died of malarial fever. Father and mother soon followed. One child, a daughter, was still living, so far as the old man knew. She was married and lived in New Orleans. That was eighteen years ago. The old man could tell no more.

In the spring, Andere set out for New Orleans on a lumber raft. He reached the city at Easter-tide in the year 1800. On inquiry he found that his sister had

long been dead, and that only a son, Andere Pierrott, survived her. Young Andere was a fine, manly youth of eighteen or twenty. A strong attachment grew up between the boy and his big, grave uncle.

Jean Andere, strong and healthy though he was, could not withstand the deadly climate. The hurry and din of the city shattered his nerves. The terrible malarial fever seized upon him, and he went away as his father had gone before him. Before he died he called young Pierrott to his bedside. He gave the boy the bag of nuggets which he had kept under his pillow, and the sheet of buckskin on which was carefully traced the long way to the hidden treasure in the mountains. Then he died.

Andere Pierrott was in love. The object of his affections was none other than Mlle. de Sautre, the daughter of the richest man in the city. She was beautiful as well as rich, and withal—in love with Andere. Her father laughed at her “absurd passion” for the penniless young fellow, and her brother Henri bade her be sensible and marry as all sensible girls should—for wealth and social position. But in their hearts both father and son felt a deep respect for the boy. There was no nobler or manlier young fellow in all the city; and when one day he spoke to Henri de Sautre, in trembling tones, of his great love for *petit* Jeanne de Sautre, he could but listen in silence. Emboldened by a silence which he mistook for sympathy, Pierrott went on hastily:

“Henri—I know I’m poor now—but I won’t be poor always. See?”

And he drew from his bosom a little bag, filled with nuggets of pure gold.

"And I know where to get more—yes, more than we can carry away with us. In my chest at home I have more like this—enough to equip us for the long expedition to the mountains."

In a rapid, almost incoherent way, he went on, pouring out his heart's longings to Henri de Sautre. He kept back nothing from the greedy ear of his companion. Love took away caution. Finally, in confirmation of the seeming fairy tale of a treasure hidden in the far-away mountains, he drew out the precious map. De Sautre was convinced, and his eyes gleamed with avarice. A month later the two young men, well equipped, started on their long journey to the mountains in company with a crew of lumbermen from the upper Ohio.

Their journey was not an eventful one. Andere was gay and light-hearted. He would have talked incessantly of his love, but Henri invariably cut him off gruffly at the bare mention of his sister's name. His treacherous heart was full of black designs against his unsuspecting companion. The map was already in his possession. Nothing would be easier than to leave Andere's body in the mountains.

At the mouth of the Great Kanawha, after six months travel together, they took leave of their companions, and the long, tiresome journey up the river began. The way was rough and perilous, but the young men—the one urged on by love of woman, and the other by love of gold—never faltered. One by one they toiled by the landmarks noted on the sheet of buckskin by Jean Andere, as he had passed them on his way down two years before. Henri was moody and taciturn—almost morbid in his silence. Andere, nervous, excitable, passionate—could not be restrained. He chattered continually about

the beauty of the scenery, the glory of autumn's foliage just beginning to show in purple and gold and red on the mountains. At times, despite Henri's angry protests, he would talk of Jeanne de Sautre, and of his hopes for the future.

At length they came to the mouth of the Kawatoah. Below it thundered the falls, and far above, peaceful and still, loomed Indian Head Cliff. A great hemlock, with three transverse slashes on its surface, stood on the right bank. They were nearing their goal. Eagerly they pushed on up the roaring Kawatoah. Nightfall found them in sight of the "Mount of the Morning."

Andere was unusually gay and talkative. He rallied Henri on his apparent ill humor.

"Cheer up, *mon ami*—*qu'a tu?*" he asked lightly. "To-morrow the treasure is ours, the day after we build a canoe, and homeward we fly. Ha! cheer up—home again to ease, happiness, love—brother mine!"

"Shut up," growled Henri.

"Ah, but brother, if you loved and were loved as I—" he began protestingly. Henri turned upon him savagely.

"Brother—do you call me brother? You?" and he laughed sneeringly. "Fool, I've borne your pratings about my sister long enough. My sister—a de Sautre—marry you? Bah!"

And he turned contemptuously away. For a moment Andere stood as if dazed, a wild tempest of wrath gathering at his heart. A moment more—and the two men were fighting desperately under the cold stars. De Sautre went down, wounded unto death.

The whirlwind of wrath passed over. Before Andere lay the unconscious form of the brother of his promised

bride. Around him was the vast stillness of the forest—broken only at intervals by the weird cry of the panther on the distant crags; above him the cold, far-away loneliness of the stars; and in his heart the desolation of utter despair. De Sautre was bitter and vindictive to the last.

"Ah, what have you gained?" he asked mockingly, as the blood slowly trickled from the knife wound in his side. "You can never go back—never go back! My sister for you! Ha! Ha! Ha!"

And he laughed derisively, his voice constantly growing weaker. In a few moments he went on:

"And the gold—ah, where is that precious chart?" and he felt with trembling, fast-stiffening fingers for the piece of buckskin. A look of fiendish joy overspread his pale face.

"'Tis lost, lost, lost—ah, thank God! And something tells me you'll never find it—no, never!"

His life ended in a burst of wild laughter that echoed and re-echoed among the lonely cliffs.

It was more than Andere Pierrott could bear. Far from the haunts of civilization, the stain of murder on his hands, debarred from home, love, fortune at one terrible stroke, reason tottered and fell. From that moment he began an insane search for the lost chart. With wild, glaring eyes bent on the ground, he would travel the winding trail between the mouth of the stream now known as Silas Creek to the fatal spot where he had killed Henri de Sautre. The Indians thought that their beloved Wahunsonako had returned to them in youthful form. The trail leading down the Kawatoah to the river was given over to him. None but the impious white

man dared tread it. Daily they placed by his path little willow baskets filled with food.

White men began to come across the Blue Ridge and settle on the Great Kanawha. They heard of the strange white man that constantly walked the lonely Kawatoah trail. A few saw him. He would speak to no one. One day in late autumn a hunter found lying across the Kawatoah trail the wasted body of a white man, clad in tattered cloths. In an inner pocket was a note-book on which was inscribed:

“Andere Pierrott, New Orleans, Louisiana.”

\* \* \* \* \*

And this is the whole story. The name Andere was reduced to “Andy” by the mountain folk; and Andere Pierrott’s ghost still walks the old Indian trail down Phoenix Creek to the river, around the great Indian Head Cliff to the mouth of Silas Creek—the most terrible of all the ghosts of the mountains.

### SENATOR HOAR ON THE MAKING OF AN ORATOR.

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One of the most valuable books recently published is Senator Hoar's *Autobiography of Seventy Years*. The abundant light it sheds on our political life for the last half a century, the chastened moderation of expression, and the evident sincerity, gentleness, and honesty of the author, make it a book that every young man would do well to read. Besides, there are many practical hints, written with the student and learner in mind. Not the least valuable of these are contained in the chapter "Some Orators I Have Heard," from which some extracts are here copied, with the hope that they will be read with profit and arouse greater interest in Senator Hoar's book:

"The longer I live, the more highly I have come to value the gift of eloquence. Indeed, I am not sure that it is not the single gift most to be coveted by man.

\* \* \* \* \*

"In managing the voice, the speaker, when he is engaged in earnest conversation, commonly and naturally falls into the best tone and manner for public speaking. Suppose you are sitting about a table with a dozen friends, and some subject is started in which you are deeply interested. You engage in an earnest and serious dialogue with one of them at the other end of the table. You are perfectly at ease, not caring in the least for your manner or tone of voice, but only for your thought. The tone you adopt then will ordinarily be the best tone for you in public speaking. You can, however, learn from teachers or friendly critics to avoid any harsh or disagreeable fashion of speech that you may have fallen

into, and that may be habitual to you in private conversation.

"Next. Never strain your vocal organs by attempting to fill spaces which are too large for you. Speak as loudly and distinctly as you can do easily, and let the most distant portions of your audience go. You will find in that way very soon that your voice will increase in compass and power, and you will do better than by a habit of straining your voice beyond its natural capacity. Be careful to avoid falsetto. Shun imitating the tricks of speech of other orators, even of famous and successful orators. These may do for them, but not for you. You will do no better in attempting to imitate the tricks of speech of other men in public speaking than in private speaking.

"Never make a gesture for the sake of making one. I believe that most of the successful speakers whom I know would find it hard to tell you whether they themselves make gestures or not, they are so absolutely unconscious in the matter. But with gestures as with voice, get teachers or friendly critics to point out to you any bad habit you may fall into. I think it would be well if our young public speakers, especially preachers, would have competent instructors and critics among their auditors, after they enter their profession, to give them the benefit of such observations and counsel as may be suggested in that way. \* \* \*

"So far we have been talking about mere manner. The matter and substance of the orator's speech must depend on the intellectual quality of the man.

"The great orator must be a man of absolute sincerity. Never advocate a cause in which you do not believe, or affect an emotion you do not feel. No skill in acting



will cover up the want of earnestness. It is like the ointment of the hand which bewrayeth itself.

\* \* \* \* \*

"In my opinion, the two most important things that a young man can do to make himself a good public speaker are:

"First. Constant and careful written translations from Latin or Greek into English.

"Second. Practice in a good debating society.

\* \* \* "I once studied the biographies of the men who belonged to that period [the period of the great English orators down to Gladstone's death] who were famous as great orators in Parliament or in Court, to find, if I could, the secret of their power. With the exception of Lord Erskine and John Bright, I believe every one of them trained himself by careful and constant translation from Latin or Greek, and frequented a good debating society in his youth.

\* \* \* \* \*

"The value of the practice of translation from Latin or Greek into English, in getting command of good English style, in my judgment, can hardly be stated too strongly. The explanation is not hard to find. You have in these two languages, and especially in Latin, the best instrument for the most precise and most perfect expression of thought. The Latin prose of Tacitus and Cicero, the verse of Virgil and Horace, are like a Greek statue, or an Italian cameo—you have not only exquisite beauty, but exquisite precision. You get the thought into your mind with the accuracy and precision of the words that express members in the multiplication table. Ten times one are ten—not ten and one one-millionth. Having got the idea into your mind with the precision,

accuracy, and beauty of the Latin expression, you are to get its equivalent in English. Suppose you have knowledge of no language but your own. The thought comes to you in the mysterious way in which thoughts are born, and struggles for expression in apt words. If the phrase that occurs to you does not exactly fit the thought, you are almost certain, especially in speaking or rapid composition, to modify the thought to fit the phrase. Your sentence commands you, not you the sentence. The extemporary speaker never gets, or easily loses, the power of precise and accurate thinking or statement, and rarely attains a literary excellence which gives him immortality. But the conscientious translator has no such refuge. He is confronted by the inexorable original. He can not evade or shirk. He must try and try and try again until he has got the exact thought expressed in its English equivalent. This is not enough. He must get the English expression if the resources of the language will furnish it, which will equal as near as may be the dignity and beauty of the original. He must not give you pewter for silver, or pinchbeck for gold, or mica for diamond. This practice will soon give him ready command of the great riches of his own noble English tongue. It will give a habitual nobility and beauty to his own style. The best word and phrase will come to him spontaneously when he speaks and thinks. The processes of thought itself will grow easier.

"The value of translation is very different from that of original written composition.

\* \* \* "Cicero states his preference for translation. He says that at first he used to take a Latin author, Ennius or Gracchus, and get the meaning into his head, and then write it again. But he soon found that in that way

if he used again the very words of his author he got no advantage, and if he used other language of his own, the author had already occupied the ground with the best expression, and he was left with the second best. So he gave up the practice and adopted instead that of translating from the Greek."

## STORIETTE DEPARTMENT.

### "HEARD AT THE WHARF."

G. A. PEEK.

The day had been exceedingly hot, and for three hours Billy Diggs, who "hails" from the mountains, to use a salt-water expression, and I had sat on an old barrel watching the negroes load a large steamer with potatoes and cabbage.

The sun had nearly blistered both of us and what fun Billy could find in listening to the steady roar of fifty trucks rolling on a plank floor with a negro behind each truck yelling at the top of his voice I couldn't imagine, but anyway there he sat, in spite of my entreaties for him to leave. Finally with my patience worn to a frazzel, I jumped up and said:

"Billy you can stay if you like, but I am going to seek more inviting quarters. I don't see what fun you find in staying in this sun watching those wharf-hands."

Billy replied that he intended staying and seeing that steamer loaded if it should be 9 o'clock before it left. And I really believe he would have, but lucky for me the gang planks were pulled aboard and the whistle sounded for to back out just about that time.

I should have considered myself fortunate in getting off as light as I did, for Billy is one of these fellows when he sees anything that interests him, he will see it to a finish no matter if you have only thirty seconds to catch a car or boat, as I said I would have been satisfied with staying three hours on the wharf with Billy, but that day my lucky star seemed to be in the descendent.

This time the obstruction that sprang up in my pathway happened not to be a steamer or negroes, but two old "salts."

I was leading the way out of the mass of men, women, street gamins, and negroes and had gone several minutes before I missed Billy. When I turned my head to see where he was I saw him turn a corner following two old "salts." I immediately started after him, for when these characters see what they call a "green-horn" they seize on to him, and first begin telling some yarn, and he follows wherever they lead, putting implicit confidence in whatever they happen to tell him.

Knowing that if Billy once fell in their clutches he would have a tale to tell when he reached home I started and when I came up to them, Billy was sitting down with his coat across his knees and his head in his hands listening as eagerly as he would have been to a lecture on Romanticism.

The first thing I heard was: "Jack, d' ye remember that lad who shipped with us at Galveston once, an' who th' mate put to bed for a fortnight with a crow-bar across the skull? I saw 'im to-day quite a sprightly lookin' lad now. 'E said to me that 'e'd be 'round this evenin' to see us."

"Shure I remember the lad, Mac. I knew 'is father. 'E once lived 'ere. I say, Mc, this 'ere place is my old home. 'Ere I got my first taste of salt water. I remember th' first storm I was ever in. One of those fellows when ye 'ave to tyke in all th' canvas an' scud under bare poles."

"There was eight of us with th' Cap'n. We 'ad be'n down off Hatteras fishin', 'ad made a good catch an' started back with th' holes full an' some on deck in barrels. We'd just lef' Hatteras when a sou'easter set in an' blew a gale. When we started in between the capes th' Cap'n ordered all sail to be tyken in an' scud under bare poles. I was tyin' th' main sheet when the Cap'n says to me, 'Go lof', Jack, an' tyke in that topsail.' I looked back at th' Cap'n an' then up at th' topsail flutterin' in the win' an' says: 'Aye, aye, Cap'n', but never moved. 'W'y in th' devil don't ye go lof' when I tell ye? Tyke in that topsail 'fore I throw ye o'erboard.' This time I'd made up my mind for I knew I could swim to th' light-house close on my lef', so I says to th' Cap'n, 'Don't go, Cap'n; let the darn thing blow out, I'm goin' to tyke my chances down 'ere.' Then the Cap'n started after me an' yelled, 'Ye think ye can run this smack d' ye? I'll show ye whose boss.' I grabbed a crow-bar an' says back to th' Cap'n, 'Hey! Cap'n, don't crowd me. I'll myke ye food for fishes.' Then th' Cap'n turned 'round an' says to th' man at th' wheel, 'Jack's watch at th' wheel.'"

At this stage of the yarn I interposed and told Billy to come on if he wanted to go with me. He started, but just then Jack began a-fresh, and Billy sat down again.

"Walt 'till I tell yet 'bout th' Cap'n. 'E was a Norwegian, 'ad thin gray beard, wore an' old 'down easter' an' kep' pacin' th' deck like a mad-man. Once I says to 'm, 'Looks like we're goin' to 'ave a bad night of it, Cap'n.' 'E only spit between 'is teeth an' says, 'Just a good sailin' breeze; just a good breeze.' You orter seen those poor devils when th' Cap'n says to me 'Just a good sailing' breeze."

an' we then scuddin' under bare poles, an' every minute looked like th' las.'

"Well we reached 'ere all safe th' nex' mornin' an' unloaded. I got my part of th' sale an' says to th' Cap'n, 'Cap'n, it 'll be a cold day in August when ye git me aboard that craft of yourn agin' an' lef.' Not long after th' Cap'n comes to me an' says, 'Jack, go with me again, but I says, 'No more, Cap'n.'

"That was my first an' las' time on a fishin' smack."

Jack put a fresh chew of tobacco in his mouth and started again, but this time I succeeded in getting Billy away.

When we were nearly home Billy said, "Don't you know I like those fellers? I think they are real civil." "Civil," I replied.

"They would have civilized you by making you food for fish, or else shanghaied you."

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### DON JOSE.

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PEARL D. MANGUM.

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In the quaint old Spanish town of Soria there lived a young student, Don Jose. The city was of the old mediæval type. There was about the town yet lingering the charm of old Moorish romance as yet undisturbed by the great changes that were going on in other parts of the world. It was the latter part of the sixteenth century when many parts of the world were waking up and taking on new life. They were breaking away from the superstitions, traditions and the narrow life of the past, and were beginning the march of progress and investigation into the different fields of religion and science.

There had strayed into this sleepy old town a few books of these new and dangerous doctrines which the church with its narrow ideas felt duty bound to condemn. Don Jose had tasted the forbidden fruit, and began to hate the priests and the church. He was very popular in the University which he was attending and he soon gathered into a secret society all that he could get to believe his teachings and the new era that he felt confident was coming. Rumors began to float about the town that he was scheming to destroy the church and its priesthood—teaching his new and heretical doctrines.

Don Jose was about twenty-three, the age when the problems of life begin to dawn on a man. He was of medium build, dark complexion, thoughtful eyes and a sensitive mouth. He had an over-

mastering ambition to learn new things and his thirst for knowledge was boundless. He had a large heart and when he looked about him and saw his countrymen priest-ridden, narrow and superstitious, he longed to set them free. He was always dreaming of a new age in accordance with the ideas which he had imbibed. But above all the most pronounced thing about him was the restlessness of his heart as he yearned for love which had never been his. He had lost his parents early in life and since then his heart had been starved for love. He passionately longed for some one who would love him and whom he could love devotedly and to whom he could tell the terrible thoughts that came to him in the nighttime as he lay pondering on the problems of life.

One bright June day when his thoughts were more gloomy than usual he decided to walk out in the country and see if he could not recover his spirits. He had walked for he did not know how long, passing farm house after farm house, when all at once just in front of him under a green tree near the roadside he saw the most beautiful woman that it had ever been his pleasure to gaze upon. She was leaning on her elbow looking up into the calm blue sky. She was a petite brunette of the most pronounced Spanish type, her hair was raven and her eyes were large and trustful. She did not appear to be more than sixteen, and there was a halting charm of freshness about her whole figure. It was love with him at first sight. He halted and began to make some inquiries about the country, and this was the way they became acquainted. Every opportunity that he had for leisure he spent at her home. One night he kissed her face all over until it burned as he vowed he loved her more than all the world.

The next day as she went about her duties, as she thought of that scene in the sober light of day, she felt that she had sinned, so she resolved to go to the confessional and confess her sin.

When she stood before the old priest with his gray beard and fatherly looks she felt that she could trust him, and when he said, "Florence, my child," she told all.

"My child," he said, "Don Jose is thought to be a heretic and in that state of mind he could not love you with a holy love. Go back to your home and when he comes to-night demand of him all his plans or the great secret of his life as a proof that he loves you, and when he does this come and report it all to me so I can set about correcting his habits, and I will pray away the stain resting on his soul in order that he may be worthy of your innocent love."

Returning home she did all the old priest bade her. It did not take much coaxing for her to get the secret from him, for he was

already longing for someone to whom he might tell it. In impassioned sentences he told her of his plans, longings and youthful dreams. He talked of things she but dimly understood but remembered afterward with startling vividness. He told her of how the people were priest-ridden and how he longed to free them. Florence was shocked at this and as soon as possible she hastened to the old priest and told him so he could begin at once to correct his habits. He promised to do so, and she tripped back home with a light heart.

That night Don Jose did not come, nor did he come the next night. She grew so uneasy that she decided on the following morning to go again to the confessional. As she turned into the market-place a sight met her gaze that chilled her blood. On a horrible black scaffold she saw her lover strapped fast, while the priest stood by and commended his soul to God. Just then she saw him raise his eyes and they travelled rapidly over the vast crowd and his voice then rang out with startling distinctness: "You may hang my body and try to stifle the truth that is trying to overthrow your superstition and the blighting curse of your priests, but it will yet triumph in spite of every priest and imp of hell in this kingdom. I leave to the judgment of history my cause and my unjust death. In the name of God I beg you to prevent my murder, whose only crime is my love of truth and freedom. You may strangle me to-day but my death and the silence of the grave will be more powerful for the cause of truth than my life. I die gladly for this grand cause, and, mark me, God will yet raise up men to avenge my death, and to punish proud old Spain for her crimes against truth and progress."

The perfidious role which she had unconsciously played flashed upon her. She rushed to the scaffold, and falling on her knees begged with all the agony of her young soul for the young man's life. But the mob was obdurate and in a few moments the martyred Don Jose had paid the penalty of heresy.

Florence returned home with a heart of stone. The very sight of the pointing spires goaded her like a thousand demons to revenge. She sought the old priest and hurling herself upon him, she bore him tottering to the ground. He struggled for a moment in the death agony and then lay still. And with a look of satisfaction she turned from the sanctuary and was gone.



# EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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## STAFF EDITORS :

Dr. G. W. PASCHAL, Alumni Editor.

### EUZELIAN SOCIETY.

G. S. FOOTE.....Editor  
H. I. STORY.....Associate Editor

### PHILOMATHESIAN SOCIETY.

C. P. WEAVER.....Editor  
J. S. HARDAWAY.....Associate Editor

J. ABNER BARKER, Business Manager.

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## EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

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C. P. WEAVER, Editor.

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The next commencement will witness the **Class Spirit**. resumption of the time-honored custom of holding class-day exercises. The day fixed upon by the committee is Monday afternoon of the commencement season, which has hitherto been unoccupied by any commencement event, and it is to be hoped that this arrangement will be instrumental in causing an earlier arrival of the commencement guests.

The good to be derived from such exercises can not be overestimated, aside from causing a healthy class spirit to spring into existence it will result in a unity and coherence which could be realized in no other way. College friendships are the strongest and most binding often of life, and there is no reason why the different classes which yearly go out from these college walls should not have equally strong binding ties. It is a practice in some institutions to have class re-unions at different periods, and the beneficial results derived are sufficient argument in their favor, and for the spread of this practice.

There is a tendency, especially in the lower collegiate class to ignore class affiliations, or at least to make light of them. Freshmen, scarcely if ever, know the members of their own class, and class organization never takes place until such is made necessary by the need of class officers for special occasions.

We are prone to deplore the lack of college spirit manifested in athletics, but we never realize the lack of a healthy class spirit. College spirit is but another name for class spirit; it is the union of the classes of a college behind the different representatives of the classes who comprise the various athletic teams. The comparative easiness of uniting the members of a class is apparent, and when this is done, compactly and completely, the *esprit de corps*, which is a composite of class spirit will follow as a natural sequence.

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The so-called "Race Problem" has been the theme of much flighty oratory, the rallying cry of the politician and the demagogue, the all-absorbing question for debate in literary societies, and yet solution in the eyes of many is as far from being realized as ever. Whatever else has been learned by its recent agitation, this much has been forcefully demonstrated, that no *coup d'etat* will reap a satisfactory solution, but that final settlement will come alone through the ameliorating influence of time.

Some who know little of the real situation have gone so far to proclaim with joy that there is no race problem, but we who are daily confronted with some one of its many phases, know that there is a problem and a serious one.

Of all the probable solutions that have been suggested none seems more feasible and more fruitful of the desired results than that presented by our educational chief executive, Governor Charles B. Aycock in a speech delivered at the first annual dinner of the North Carolina Society of Baltimore a few months ago. The Governor's solution in his own words is as follows:

"It is, first, as far as is possible under the fifteenth amendment, to disfranchise him; after that, let him alone; quit writing about him; quit talking about him; quit making him 'the white man's burden;' let him 'tote his own skillet;' quit coddling him; let him learn that no man, no race ever got anything worth the having that he did not earn himself; that character is the outcome of sacrifice, and worth is the result of toil; that whatever his future may be, the present has in it for him nothing that is not the product of industry, thrift, obedience to law and uprightness." In a word, make the negro to realize that he is a responsible being with the God-given rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, but, who, having these rights, must give a rigid account for their use.

This policy, if carried out strictly, will result in the elevation of the negro from the position of an irresponsible being to one of wholesome citizenship. The negro must understand that amalgamation is never for one instant to be thought of; that there is to be unending separation of the races, but that within the prescribed limits the white man is his friend, who stands ready to lend a helping hand to unloose the shackles which still cling about his emancipated form.

The ultimate settlement of this question can not be wrought alone by the negro, however assiduous his

efforts toward civil freedom. There is a corresponding responsibility laid upon the Southern white man. Racial antipathy must be put away, and the utterances of radical reformers must be checked. The time has come for conservative men to take the lead. The disfranchisement of the negro, while seemingly an untoward event, will eventually work out for him his salvation, for his desire for suffrage will cause him to deplore his present condition, and dissatisfaction is the mother of amelioration. The task of helping him shake off his shackles will then fall in willing hands, and the way to citizenship will be made easy for him.

## EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.

GASTON S. FOOTE, Editor.

Disregarding all former customs and in spite of the threats of the "chief," the easy editor, who is always behind with his work—but pray, how could he be otherwise and maintain his reputation as the easy editor—in a moment of desperation and exasperation snatched his cap and resolutely stalked from his paper-strewn room and smoke-soaked den, and with long strides "heeled" it across fields. *En verite* he had taken the "Easy Chair" in its literal meaning, and strange to say, without the slightest difficulty had incorporated his whole college work into that of the literal easy chair. However, it suited his tastes, and in spite of the remonstrations of his "chief" he continued to get his work in two weeks after the material had gone to press, and to atone for the abuse he continued to keep up the traditions of the Easy Chair by smoking and dreaming and—writing. But an awakening must come, and surely his came like the rushing of many waters. The marks on the "mid-terms" had just been sent out, and his on Logic read "75," and that complimentary, too. It was then that he heard the call of the wild, and with cap in hand he rushed out of doors. Once under the sky of a spring morning he felt better. It was the time when April was here; "the hillside was dew-pearled; the lark was on the wing and the snail on the thorn and all was right with the world." The aroma of fresh-ploughed fields, wafted by a zephyr created by a mocking-bird's song greeted him. He heard the call which the blessed creatures to each other made, saw the heavens laughing with them in their jubilee, and felt the fulness of their bliss, but was himself sullen. Then it was that the wish and determination to do some thing great seized him. It was a determination devoid of all patience, and he eagerly began to cast about in his mind how he could become famous and happy, for at that moment fame and happiness were to him synonymous terms, and reach the top rung at the first step. Following his thoughts he soon found himself at a large supply store, and during a few minutes' rest which he took he heard the following tale from the merchant's lips:

"Last year there was a fellow from Texas that came up here to try his hand at farming on 'sticky' soil. I let him run a large account, which was to be paid when the crop should come in. After

he had got a pretty large amount of supplies I got afraid, for the fellow was a perfect stranger and I didn't know how things were going to turn out. All along, however, he kept assuring me that his prospects for a big crop were fine, and I kept in good spirits till one day the long-limbed Texan came in with a long face.

"What's the trouble?" I asked. "Isn't the crop all right?"

"With a glimmer of humour in his eyes he drawled out, 'Well, I did think that I would make enough nubbins to pay my bill, but I'll be blame if every one of them nubbins ain't made an ear of corn this long,' and with that he measured from his elbows to the tips of his fingers."

This story was the easy editor's second awakening, and in it there was both food and thought for future years. He started back to his room and there came to him the patient determination to take care of the nubbins and let the full-grown ears take care of themselves.

## EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

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H. L. STORY, Editor.

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There seems to be an inclination on the part of some exchange editors to regard their work as a very unpleasant task. Some of them when they "had finished their task, leaned back in their chair and heaved a sign of relief" until the next month's issue should come. Such a spirit in an exchange editor is by no means desirable. His task is not an unpleasant one. Some people find almost all their work disagreeable because they do not approach it in the right mood. There is pleasure in almost any work for the one who knows how to find the pleasure in it. Now, when an exchange editor feels a distaste for his work, the sooner someone relieves him of his task the better it will be both for him and his exchanges.

There is hardly a more important department in a college magazine than the exchange department. Through that we can not only improve our own magazine, but we can also help others to improve theirs. When a magazine reaches our table how eagerly we turn to the exchange department! Unfortunately we often find the pages uncut, as anxious as we are to read them. We then sigh for some near future day when the editors of our college magazines will accept from their publishers no uncut pages. But when once the magazine is ready to read we turn to the table of contents to see where the exchange department is. How great our disappointment when, as in some instances, there is none! Why in the world should a magazine leave out this most important department? But when we do find a well-written exchange department how eagerly we read it. We first glance through at the criticisms on our own magazine and we are always grateful for them if they are just, whether they are of praise or censure. Not any of our magazines are perfect and they need their faults pointed out. Then what a pleasure to read the criticisms on other magazines, which we have already tried as best we could to criticise. By doing this we see wherein our judgment differs from that of other critics. We see the faults and the merits which we overlooked, and consequently we become better critics. And to be a good critic is by no means an undesirable accomplishment. We also become almost personally acquainted with our exchange editors and to a certain extent we are

brought in touch with our fellow institutions and with all the contributors to their magazines.

We venture to suggest two reasons why exchanging is not as interesting as it could be; First, the magazines are not published on time; second, the exchange editor neglects his work too long.

If every college would make it a point to have their magazine out at the first of each month, the exchanges would reach one another in time to be reviewed and all criticisms put in the next month's issue—that is, for example, all the March magazines could contain criticisms on the February issue instead of the January. As it is now we almost forget what a magazine was before we can get any criticism on it.

Again, there is a tendency to neglect our exchanges entirely until only a few days before the material is to be sent out for publication. Then the exchange editor hurriedly takes down three or four magazines, glances through them, writes something (and a great deal of it is *stuff*) to fill up the space allotted to him, and sends it in for publication. The consequence is that those who were anxiously awaiting a fair and just criticism of their work are disappointed, and interest in exchanges ceases.

The exchange editor should read carefully each magazine as it comes to his table, make little notes of them as he reads, form a general estimate of them as a whole, and the few which he intends to criticize should be reviewed with the keenest scrutiny and a criticism written worthy of the name.

We pay but little attention to those magazines which devote little or no space to their exchanges, and first attention turns to those which have the best exchange department.

Consequently we take up first the *Davidson College Magazine*, which in the February number devotes four full pages to its exchanges. Although its "Ex-man heaved a sigh of relief when his task was done," he proved by his faithful work that he either was joking about his unpleasant task or that he approaches such a task with a brave heart. "The Destruction of Jerusalem by Titus," if original, shows some ability to describe warfare, which is by no means an easy thing to do. However, we think the change in the last paragraph from the past tense to the historical present detracts from the description. The same tense should be retained throughout. "The Pathetique Sonata," though a love story, instead of being sickening, is really good. We think that articles on current topics like the one on "Japan and Russia" are out of place in a college magazine. On such a subject there is but little room for



originality, and originality should be the aim of a college magazine. The same criticism can be applied to the speech on the "Monroe Doctrine." How we do long for more stories like "A Theorist's Experience"! Some of the sentences could have been improved, but there is a real, genuine spirit of life in the story. The essay on "The Ideal Education" is good. "Party Loyalty" is a well written, thoughtful article. The poems of this magazine are few, short, and sweet. This is one of our best exchanges, and we are proud that such a magazine is got out by a college in North Carolina.

We next take up the *Clemson College Chronicle*, and are favorably impressed with its general appearance, clear type on heavy paper. However, we are disappointed to find that it contains only one little poem of four lines. The Literary Department of this number is almost a failure. It contains only six contributions, two of which are too insignificant to bear criticism. "Does College Education Pay?" shows some thought, and is appropriate. "Wedded by Dan Cupid" is a love story showing how two political opponents were brought together into friendship by their relation to a lady, but we fail to see any real merit in the story. We sympathize with the editors of this magazine for having to publish such stuff for lack of something better. We hope the coming spring will inspire the students of our Southern sister State to do better as writers, both of prose and poetry.

What is the matter with the *Winthrop College Journal*? Only two articles in it are worth the reading, and they could have been greatly improved. As the writers of these are ladies we will not criticise too severely by naming the poorest article, but we will leave them to guess and try again. Neither the Literary Department nor the Editorials are what they should be. We hope their next issue will be better.

The uncut pages of the *Mercerian* make it less enjoyable than it would otherwise be. This is a good magazine that prefers quality rather than quantity. Many magazines would do well to remember that—

Ill fares the page, to hastening ills a prey,  
Where words accumulate and thoughts decay—

(if Goldsmith will pardon the imposition). This the *Mercerian* observes, and consequently has made its Literary Department brief, but solid. The essay on "The Roman Book" is well written and appropriate. "The Great Indian Spirit" is good. "What Claudius Thought of Hamlet" shows a careful study of that fine but difficult play. The poems of this magazine are also short and few. The

editors do their part well, especially the exchange editor. We wish them much success.

Full many a thought of purest purpose penned  
In unreviewed exchanges is serene.  
Full many an Ex-man would his work amend  
But knows his work is done to burn unseen.

Many thanks for the following February magazines: *The William Jewell Student*, *State Normal Magazine*, *Vassar Miscellany*, *Review and Bulletin*, *College of Charleston Magazine*, *Central Collegian*, *Randolph-Macon Monthly*, *Literary Beacon*, *Exponent*, *Madisonensis*, *Georgia Tech*, *Red and White*, *Wofford College Journal*, *University of Texas Magazine*, *Emory and Henry Era*, *Winthrop College Journal*, *University of North Carolina Magazine*, *Philomathean Monthly*, *Trinity Archive*, *Guilford Collegian*, *Limestone Star*, *Baylor Literary*, *Buff and Blue*, *Hollins Quarterly*, *Clemson College Chronicle*, *Hampden Sidney Magazine*, *Southwestern University Magazine*, *Furman Echo*, *Davidson College Magazine*, *Monroe College Monthly*, *University of Virginia Magazine*, *Pine and Thistle*.

# CLIPPINGS.

## BILLY TATE.

Billy proposed, I told him nay,  
We never could be mated.  
I sorrowed; heard the doctors say  
I was "debilitated;"  
Repented, then I called him back.  
He came; he'd only waited.  
I'm happy now, just from this fact,  
I've been "Mrs. Billy Tate-ed."



He wrote a love sick note to her  
And thus it ran in part:  
"Only 'yes' can heal the breaches  
Your love's made in my heart."  
Her answer to his plaintive note  
A moral clearly teaches;  
With trembling hands he opened it,  
And read, "Mend your own breeches."



She lost her head when he proposed,  
But he, a trifle bolder,  
Made search for it distractedly,  
And found it on his shoulder.



A youth went forth to serenade  
The lady he loved best,  
And by her house at evening  
When the sun had gone to rest,  
He warbled until daylight,  
And would have warbled more,  
But morning light disclosed a sign,  
"To Let," upon the door.



"There was a young man named Phidius,  
Who made statues perfectly hideous:  
He made Aphrodite without any nightie,  
And shocked the ultra-fastidious."—*Ex.*

## IRENE.

Tripping lightly down the street  
 Humming Hiawatha's song.  
 Keeping time with dainty feet;  
 Happy, smiling all day long.

Little elf from Paradise,  
 Greeting every passerby.  
 Dancing feet and laughing eyes,  
 Honest as the azure sky.

Oft I think, yet half afraid,  
 Cupid needs no fiery dart.  
 For the dainty little maid,  
 Gaily danced into my heart.

—*William and Mary Literary Magazine.*



## LATEST POPULAR TOAST.

Here is the latest popular toast in regular army circles: To the Ladies:

Our arms your defense,  
 Your arms our recompense.  
 Fall in!—*Ex.*



"There was an old monk of Siberia  
 Whose life grew dreary and drearier,  
 Till he broke from his cell  
 With a yell of a yell,  
 And eloped with the Mother Superior.



'Tis a true adage—old style  
 That a "miss is as good as a mile,"  
 But by changing one letter  
 And going one better  
 "A kiss is as good as a smile."—*Ex.*



In joke I called her a lemon nice,  
 And said I'd be the squeezer,  
 But soon felt more like lemon-ice,  
 And she—she was the freezer—*Ex.*

# WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

GEO. J. SPENCE, Editor Pro Tem.

'92. Dr. G. B. Justice, a rising young physician of Madison, N. C., recently married.

'03. Mr. S. G. Hasty has an excellent school at Churchland, Davidson County, N. C.

'92. Rev. J. A. Wray has been called to the pastorate of the First Baptist Church, Alexandria, Va.

'84. Rev. W. S. Splawn, of Texas, will make the commencement address at Decatur College, Texas.

'97. Dr. Carey Pegram Rogers recently married Miss Grace Elizabeth Sweathern of Baltimore, Md.

'92. Rev. J. D. Larkins, pastor First Baptist Church, Henderson, N. C., spent a few days on the "Hill" recently.

'78. Mr. J. C. Caddell has greatly improved the *Raleigh Times* since he assumed control some few months ago.

'92. Rev. Junius W. Millard, the pastor of the Eutaw Place Baptist Church, Baltimore, is off on a trip to Palestine.

'87. Mr. E. J. Justice has recently removed to Greensboro, where he has already taken a high stand in the Bar of that city.

'90. Rev. H. C. Moore, Raleigh, N. C., General Secretary Sunday Schools, is making an excellent beginning in his work.

'68. Pres. F. P. Hobgood is already planning to rebuild the Seminary at Oxford and place it on a substantial basis again.

'92. Rev. J. Paul Spence, Principal of the New Bern Graded Schools, is making quite an enviable reputation in the graded school work.

'97. Mr. A. B. Canady, who is remembered as one of the debaters in our first victorious contest with Trinity, is teaching school at Franklinton, N. C.

'79. Mr. Edwin F. Aydlett, the leading lawyer of Elizabeth City, will deliver the address at the annual meeting of the Baptist Orphanage at Thomasville.

'83. Mr. T. J. Simmons, President Female College, Rome, Ga., has gone to Europe to be absent several months. He will go to Palestine before returning.

'93. The many friends of Hon. E. Y. Webb, of the Ninth Congressional District, are congratulating him on his recent happy remarks in the Cleveland-Scott incident.

'81. Dr. E. M. Poteat, President of Furman University, will make the Alumni Address at the coming Commencement of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, Ky.

'83. Thomas Dixon, Jr., is engaged upon his third novel, which will probably be ready the coming fall. It will be occupied with still another phase of the relations of the North and South.

'91. Dr. J. M. Parrott, a prominent physician of Kinston, spent a few hours on the "Hill" recently. He is the youngest and one of the most useful members of the Board of Trustees of the College.

'02. Mr. Hartwell Scarboro, according to the *Roanoke-Chowan Times*, will, "just so soon as the weather is propitious, wield the implements requisite for the demands of husbandry; and when he has expended all necessary physical force, directed by his knowledge of agriculture combined with chemical lore, he will abide with patience God's will in the fructification of his crops."

'84. Rev. Len. G. Broughton, M.D., the wide-awake pastor of the Baptist Tabernacle, Atlanta, is now the author of as many as seven volumes, which have all been brought out by publishers on their own account. They are, "Up From Sin," "The Revival of a Dead Church," "God's Will and My Life," "The Second Coming of Christ," "Seed Time and Harvest," "Representative Women of the Bible and Representative Women of To-day," and "Old Wine in New Bottles." The last named, published by F. M. Barton, Cleveland, Ohio, is dedicated to Wake Forest College.

## IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

G. S. FOOTE, Editor.

ON TO CHARLOTTE!

"PLAY BALL WAKE FOREST!"

MISS JANIE TAYLOR has returned after an extended visit to her brother in Wilmington.

MISS MARGARET ETHEREDGE, of Selma, spent a few days last month with Miss Mattie Gill.

DR. AND MRS. H. N. WALTERS, OF WARRENTON, spent a week in March visiting relatives on the Hill.

MRS. E. Y. WEBB AND DAUGHTER have returned from Washington where they spent some time with Hon. E. Y. Webb.

MRS. O. EVERETT OWEN, JR., and daughter, of Portsmouth, Va., spent two weeks in March visiting her mother, Mrs. George A. Foote.

THERE IS A RUMOR of an immediate building of a drug store on the north side of the campus. "Forsooth, how metropolitan we are becoming!"

MISS EULA NEWSOME, of Littleton, was very suddenly called to the bedside of her ill friend, Mrs. W. W. Holding, last month. We are glad to note that Mrs. Holding is much better, and also glad to number Miss Newsome as one of the Hill's charming visitors.

AT A RECENT ELECTION the following were chosen as marshals for commencement. From the Euzelian Society, Wiggs, chief, Smith, C. R., second, and Covington, B., third. From the Philomathesian Society, Bizzell, chief, Powers, second, and Upchurch, third.

REV. J. S. HARDAWAY, of Newnan, Ga., spent several weeks in March with his son, John, who has been quite ill with pneumonia. While we are always glad to have Mr. Hardaway with us we are sorry that his mission this time was not such a pleasant one. The many friends of "Preach" will be glad to know he is now improving, and we hope that his recovery will be so rapid that he may be able to return to college and graduate with his class—('04).

ON FRIDAY NIGHT, March 18, the spring Senior speaking took place in Memorial Hall, with Professor Gulley presiding. The Wake Forest Band furnished their usual high grade music. All the speakers acquitted themselves well and after the graduation exercises in May seven names can be added to the list of North Carolina's orators. The speakers were: From the Philomathesian Society, Parham, Booth, Allen and Powell, from the Euzelian, Pearce, Bivens and Newton.



# WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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## INTERCESSIONAL.

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H. F. PAGE.

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Almighty God!  
Speak to the nations now:  
The cruel clash  
Of battle breaks upon the world.  
The flag of war in wrath unfurled  
Bespeaks utterless woe.  
Lest guiltless blood  
Should flow to sate the greed of man,  
Lord God of Hosts,  
Speak to the nations now!

Almighty God!  
How long shall strife prevail?  
Shall ruthless man,  
Forgetful of his brother, draw  
The sword—despise Thy righteous law  
While helpless millions die?  
Lest hope should fail  
And dreams of brotherhood be lost,  
Lord God of battle, speak—  
Let strife not long prevail.

Almighty God!  
Speak to the people now:  
For at this hour  
The sword's unsheathed—embattled hosts

Stand shield to shield and vaunted boasts  
Put Thy just law to scorn.  
Shall we forget  
Our trust?—Lord God, Most High,  
Our Strength in ages past,  
Speak to Thy people now.

Almighty God!  
Shall Justice be dethroned  
And Might be law?  
Shall Empire built alone on force  
Through conquest take relentless course  
While Desolation reigns?  
Lest Reason's voice  
Amidst war's brazen clangor die,  
Lord God of Battle, speak—  
Let Justice be enthroned.

Almighty God!  
How long shall peace delay?  
Shall throbbing drums  
Proclaim the Despot's iron tread  
Unstayed, while o'er the ghostly dead  
Terror defiant stalks?  
Lest justice, truth  
And right should perish from the earth,  
Lord God of Battle, speak—  
Let peace not long delay.

Almighty God!  
Speak to the nations now:  
Too long the world  
Death-sick with scenes of woe and pain  
Has looked and dreamed—but looked in vain—

Its dreams evanished forms!  
Lest phantoms still  
Elude the languid gaze of man,  
Lord God of battle, speak—  
And let the nations hear.

Almighty God!  
Speak to thy people now,  
'Tis theirs to build  
According to thy age-long plan,  
Deep-laid within the heart of man,  
The empire of the soul.  
That we, this hour,  
May know what way thy counsel leads,  
Lord God of Wisdom, speak—  
And let thy people hear.

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IN MEMORY OF DEPARTED TEACHERS.

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HUGH LATIMER STORY.

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Ye teachers, who have spent your life  
In all-exhausting toll,  
And now are resting free from strife  
Beneath the heavy soil,

Your lives had not the honor due  
To men who serve their state,  
But all the more we honor you  
Who suffered thus to wait

Till time could prove the worth of all,  
Till seed in silence sown  
Eternal honor would recall  
To you who sleep alone.

## FELIX—THE CRIPPLE.

BY GLEAVES.

"No. 13 six hours overdue. No. 7 due in fifteen minutes. Nothing heard from either. Every wire down between here and Mephis."

This was the bulletin that met the eyes of the dozen or more anxious men who were gathered around the station of the little mining hamlet of Arnaut on the morning that the incident occurred. It was a cold day in February and the wind and sleet, and the mud and slush vied with each other in adding to the gloom already cast over the little town. Arnaut was one hundred and fifty miles from Mephis, one of the termini of the A. & S. railroad, and since the previous night it had been cut off from all communication with Mephis. But one train had passed since six o'clock that morning and that was only a puffing, half exhausted freight that pursued its weary way without being able to give any information beyond its starting point of that morning—a side track and water tank about twenty miles above Arnaut.

No. 13, outside of railroad vernacular known as the "Newsboy," was a train of two coaches and an engine that ran from Mephis to Chooga, distributing mail to the intermediate stations. For the "Newsboy" to be over thirty minutes late was something almost unheard of, and when on this particular day with Joe Lanier the pet of Arnaut as engineer it was six hours late, the amazement of the miners knew no bounds. Groups of brown-visaged men were scattered all around the station, heedless of the stinging and driving sleet. Deep concern showed upon every face and the few that could boast

of such a possession kept opening their watches only to thrust them quickly into their pockets again with an ominous shake of the head.

"Joe allers hez brung the 'Newsb'y' in on time afore this," said an old weather-beaten miner, "and I low he'll get here now afore long. The track's jest slipp'ry, that's all and I haint afeared that Joe'll git hurt long's he's at the lever."

For a few minutes this speech served to reassure the anxious men but as the minutes dragged by and no whistle heralded the approach of a train their faces once more assumed their careworn expressions. The love of the whole village for Joe Lanier was something pathetic. Since earliest childhood he had been loved by old and young, man and woman, and his leaving Arnaut to become an engineer on the road made him no less a favorite than he was when he lived in Arnaut filling the dull little town with the genial warmth of a happy lovable disposition. His run took him through Arnaut every other day and on those days there could be seen a number of dirt-begrimed miners at the depot waiting to get a "peek at the b'y" and to wish him a safe run.

But the anxiety depicted upon the faces of the roughened men would shrink into obscurity compared with that on the face of little Felix North who was crouched unnoticed upon the platform of the station, trying to protect himself from the sleet and snow. Felix might be called the waif of Arnaut, for such he had been since Joe Lanier had lived there some years before. Felix was a cripple—a poor little hunch-backed cripple—belonging to nobody and bothering nobody. He came to Arnaut from no one knows where, not even Felix himself could tell. For a long time he shunned all human kind,

drawing his little body almost into a round ball if anyone approached him and trembling and cowering like a frightened rabbit if anyone spoke to him.

After some time big, tender-hearted Joe Lanier succeeded in approaching him, and there budded a tender shoot of friendship which soon blossomed into a beautiful devotion. From that moment the hunted look vanished from the features of the cripple and in its place came the look of freedom and happiness brought on by hitherto unknown kindness and love. Wherever Joe was at work there would be found Felix, silent but happy in being near his protector and friend; and now since Joe was on the road, Felix frequented the station, his sensitive ears catching the first sound of Joe's train, and the happiest part of the day was when the train would roll in and he would receive his usual friendly greeting and caress from Joe.

The solicitude on the faces of the miners deepened. They showed their impatience and worry by frequent stamping of the feet and by shifting uneasily first from one group to another. The lines on Felix's face became more drawn and his short little body had become almost spherical, resembling a large cannon ball with two huge black eyes—eyes that showed pain and suffering.

No. 7 which was the fast train and which ever appeared to the inhabitants of Arnaut as a swiftly moving shadow was now twenty-five minutes late.

"'Pears like Joe haint the only one thet's off to-day," remarked the old miner that had spoken before. Hardly had the words left his mouth when a long blow for the station was heard. "Sounds somethin' like Joe's toot. Wonder if hits him or the fas' train," said the old miner.

The excitement was becoming intense. The train

came nearer and nearer. All the men at the depot, with hands on thir knees were peering and straining for the first sight of the approaching train as she came around the curve. The triumphant cry "Its the Newsboy" broke upon the ears of the waiting crowd and the "Newsboy" came rumbling into the station its wheels whirling and sliding on the slipping track with Joe, smiling and bowing, sitting at the throttle. The eager miners crowded around.

"I told ye Joe could take keer of hisself all right. Whar you been all day, b'y, makin' us lose a whole day's work waitin' here jest to peek at you. Stop and show your 'preciashun by shakin' paws with us," sung out the old miner.

"Boys," hurriedly replied Joe, "I'm bound to go on. No. 7 is behind me and I'm just got to make Iuky, for my orders says side there for No. 7. 'Sides I'm carrying my engine on one side. Broke down a piece up the road. Good-bye boys, good-bye little Felix," he cried as his train pulled hurriedly out of the station.

Joe opened his throttle as far as his broken down engine would permit for he well knew that he would barely have time to reach Iuka before No. 7 would be upon him. Iuka was only twenty miles from Arnaut and with No. 7 running late and only a short distance behind him Joe realized that his position was anything but safe. If No. 7 running at full speed should overtake him before he reached Iuka a fearful wreck would be the result, his train would be totally demolished and No. 7 in all probabilities would be hurled down the mountain side. Joe carefully reviewed all the possibilities both for a safe run and of being overtaken and he decided that running as he then was he could easily get into Iuka ahead of

No. 7. However, a slight suggestion of disaster passed over his frame and in order to overcome it he opened his throttle a little wider.

When Joe's train had passed out of hearing the groups of miners began to scatter and pursue their several directions home. They had scarcely left the depot when the whistle of a swiftly moving train was heard. With the sound came the thought "No. 7." Overcome by the horror of the impending fate of the two trains, they quickly rushed back to the station. As they reached the platform they saw the great iron monster, rushing with terrible speed around the curve. Fear deprived them of their reason. Without making any effort to stop the train they stood motionless, their eyes bulging and already seeing the disaster that was inevitable. Joe had not been gone five minutes and it would be almost impossible for the fast train to lessen its speed much less to stop in the distance between them. The strain was too great for them and with outstretched hands they cried, "Oh Lord stop the train and save Joe."

But there was one whom fear had not paralyzed so easily as it had the other men. Upon the platform was little Felix North, motionless, every muscle tense, and with his great black eyes fixed upon the onrushing monster. What was in his mind no one knew nor even so much as noticed him so distracted were they with fear. As the train came rushing on he crept nearer the edge of the platform and with his frame all aquiver stood waiting. Already the ground was quivering with the near approach of the train. Now it was upon them. Suddenly a dark object was seen to roll from the platform and fall directly in front of the engine. A cry of horror went up from the miners gathered round. With



a coarse grating, grinding sound the train passed over it and was gone but the impediment had been a great shock to its speed. With horror on every face the miners turned to the almost unrecognizable mass that lay on the track.

It was little Felix North. With the hope of checking the speed of the train by his own body he had thrown himself in front of the train to save the life of his dear friend on the Newsboy. His poor deformed body was cut into shreds and his face drawn in contortions showed the agony of his last moments.

Tender hands picked up the remains and bore it into the station. In a few minutes there was a rumbling heard and looking out they saw the fast train backing up to the station. It had stopped about two miles down the road. The engineer had seen that he had run over some one but could not check his speed any sooner.

The story was soon told to the people aboard the train, how the little waif had saved both trains by sacrificing his own life. A sympathizing crowd of people from the train soon gathered around the body of the little hunch-back and there was not a dry eye in the crowd as the old miners told the story of the pathetic love of Joe Lanier and little Felix North.

But the fast train could wait no longer. The passengers again boarded the train and it was soon out of hearing in the distance.

The next day all that was earthly of little Felix North was borne to the little churchyard up on the hillside for burial. The snow covered everything in a white pall, typical of the pure life so full of sorrow and suffering yet so patient in it all, that had passed from the earth. There were tears on every cheek as the neat, lit-

tle, white coffin furnished by the miners was borne by four of their number from the little church to the grave prepared on the square of Joe Lanier. It was a sad little company that gathered around that open grave that day. There was great, tall, manly, Joe Lanier standing at the foot of the grave weeping as though his great heart would break. There were the rough dirt-begrimed miners standing around the grave, their hats in their hands, while the tears flowing down their roughened cheeks were furtively wiped away with their coat sleeves only to give place to more. With bowed heads they waited until the minister in trembling voice had finished his prayer then with one accord with voices choking with emotion they raised the old hymn, "There'll be no more sorrow there." Then with one last look at the little mound they made their way back to the village.

In a short time there was over Felix North's grave a neat shaft raised by the A. & S. R. R. Co. It is in plain view from the railroad and every other day as Joe Lanier passes by and sees it his great soul goes out to his little friend who gave up his life so cheerfully that he might live. On the shaft were simply these words:

IN MEMORY OF  
FELIX NORTH.

He laid down his life for his friend.

## TO THE' SEA.

HUGH LATIMER STORY.

Oh, bring me a message of love as of yore,  
Of the love that was told to the deep,  
Of the maiden who sighed on a far distant shore  
Till thy murmurs had lulled her to sleep.

Oh, tell me where sleeps the love of my soul,  
Of the one so devoted to thee  
That she knew not the danger of billows that roll  
And bear her away to the sea.

Oh, where have ye borne her, ye waves of the sea,  
Was she borne to the bottomless deep?  
Was she lost while thinking and dreaming of me?  
Oh, tell me! oh, speak while I weep!

The winds in the forest are murmuring low,  
The rains are beginning to fall,  
Yet I wait on thy shore, sadly longing to know  
Where thy billows have borne her, my all!

Oh, could I have seen her before she was lost  
And rescued her life from the grave,  
The grave never silent, unceasingly tossed  
By the merciless wrath of the wave!

Over there floats a letter, perhaps from her hand,  
Oh bring it, oh bring it to me!  
Oh, thanks to you waves it rests on the land  
And I open and read it to see:

"To-day he was drowned in the bottomless sea.

Oh could I but see him once more!

But alas! he is gone, and there's nothing for me

But to weep here alone on the shore.

Oh, the charms of my life are turned to the sea,

With him I could rest in its grave,

I surrender myself hence forever to be

Borne along on the crest of the wave.

Oh, may the sweet Fates that have joined us in love

Bear me back once again to his arms;

For without him life's lonely, e'en heaven above,

And with him the sea has its charms."

Sweet soul, is it true that thy love was so great

That thou gavest thy life to the deep?

Oh ocean, why could'st thou not patiently wait

Until she could awake from her sleep?

Bring her back, oh ye billows, bring her back to the  
shore,

For my heart is o'erburdened with grief.

Just a look at her form and my life is no more,

But I die with a sense of relief.

Oh I hear her sweet message of love o'er the waves

"I'm waiting, yes waiting for thee,

Where thousands lie buried in watery graves,

Come linger, come linger with me!"

Oh, I see her, she's waiting, yes waiting for me,

Her arms are now folded in sleep.

Oh take me, dear ocean, submissive to thee,

And bear me away to the deep.

## LOVE FOR ONE'S COLLEGE.

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W. H. P.

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In speaking of patriotism or the love of one's country, Mr. Davis tells us in his book, *Elements of Psychology*, that "this love is not, as commonly thought, toward the country itself, which as a senseless thing can not experience benefit and so can not be loved. \* \* \* \* It is by association and personification that we become attached to places and to things, and to speak of loving them as though they were sentient beings." From this it is easily seen that the same principle governs what is commonly called love for your college. It is not that one bears love for the college buildings, campus, etc., simply on account of his once having had the liberty to attend lectures within those buildings and to have strolled beneath the dignified old oaks and to have lounged on the green grass that goes so to beautify the campus. It is not solely for the fine instruction he received while a student in that institution for it is a known fact that some men have unbounded love for their college who never so much as brushed the dust from the covers of their books until examinations loomed before them. In fact not one student out of a possible hundred appreciates the thoroughness of his institution's instruction until after he has received his diploma or for some reason has failed to return. Then it is that it begins to dawn upon him how much he is indebted to his alma mater or rather to his instructors for invariably in after life he thanks his instructor for what he has taught him and not his alma mater.

Then whence comes this college love? It is not from

the association and personification of past events and friendships with the alumnus and those present with the student now in college. When an old alumnus returns for a visit to his alma mater and perhaps is called upon for a speech, be it in chapel, society or what not, he responds by telling what he and the boys of such and such a year used to do, the pranks they played, the hard times they saw, etc. What could be more natural? Does he love the college simply because it is a college? Does a person love a school to which he has never been, unless he has unusual cause for such love? To these questions you are forced to answer in the negative. Then why should he not speak of those experiences and friendships that rise instantly before his eyes at the mention of his alma mater's name.

If one will notice he will see that a man that has no friends while in college, has equally as little love for his college after leaving her doors. He who has had none of those little experiences with which a student's life is so pregnant can have naught upon which he will dream with pleasure in after life. He can not experience that keen sense of pleasure at the idea of a visit to his alma mater. He has not the reminiscences of old friendships that create a desire to hear once more the ring of the old college bell and to visit again the place where he spent so many happy hours. While he may have been an excellent student yet he has missed half of what a real college education ought to consist. Learning, while the primary object of a college education, ought by no means to be the sole object. Associating with the boys, taking part in every part of college life, is a great agent to broaden the mind and teach one a lesson in human nature for which he will afterward be duly thankful. In so associating with his fellow students, even though

he forms no close friendships, he will unknowingly get the environment for that which will afterward bloom into college love.

There is a spirit very much akin to this but yet in a way quite different from it—college spirit. The chief distinction is that college spirit comes while a student and college love afterwards. But the distinction does not stop here. College love is deeper, broader, and by far more lasting. You may see a man who during his college days had not one vestige of college spirit but now is possessed of any quantity of college love. Yet on the other hand, one may be pointed out, who once had the reputation of having an unusual amount of college spirit but now has no love at all for his college. But why is this so? No explanation can be given to fit exactly the circumstances but nevertheless, such is true. Undoubtedly one reason for it is the natural enthusiasm with which boys enter into anything with which they are in the least connected and the dislike they have for the word failure. It is noticeable that those of a melancholic or sluggish temperament are seldom found among those who possess college spirit.

Friendship in a way has something, in fact a great deal, to do with the governing of the quantity as well as the quality of college spirit a student will possess. He can not have that spirit for a place he does not like, and he can not care for a place unless he has friends there or unless he is of an extraordinary disposition. To all outside appearances, he may appear to have it, but upon search one finds that the true spirit is sadly lacking.

Many fail to realize the importance of the college spirit and college love in connection with the life of an institution. In fact some sober minded, pessimistic persons

have been known to ask if it was not rather a bad thing. "For," say they, "does it not draw the student's attention from his books and in this way does it not defeat the purpose for which he went to college?" To these questions I think one would safely answer no. I do not deny that possibly a student may some afternoons go to the ball field and encourage his team by his presence and vocal support when he might be in his room studying. *But* does a parent send his son to college to spend every moment of the day in bending over his books, gradually losing the very strength to put in practice in after life that which he is learning while in school? Does he want his offspring made a physical wreck on account of his father's old foppish idea that college means to study all the time, giving absolutely no thought to his physical development? If so, then I maintain that such a father is not worthy to possess a son. Besides, it is a well known fact that change conditions the continuance of consciousness and as *willing* is one of the four modes of consciousness and as it is the one most brought into play in study, then change is almost a necessity to obtain the best results in studying. How then is a student harmed who devotes an hour or even a half to breathing in fresh air and at the same time inspiring by his presence his fellow students to uphold the honor of his school in her intercollegiate contests?

No one will deny that the life and maintenance of any institution in a large measure depends upon its alumni. It depends upon them to a large extent for its support and in a still larger measure for its students. For—and one will scarcely deny it—if an alumnus has not love for his alma mater he will not influence anyone to go there as a student nor will he give it his pecuniary



support. Look at your college roll and you will find that a tremendous majority of the college students are either the relatives of alumni or are influenced by them to go there. Search for the history of your buildings and you will find that the majority of them are put up through the hearty co-operation of the alumni. But what has this to do with friendship, college spirit and college love? Simply this, the more encouragement an institution gives to these three things the more loyal will be her alumni. And the more loyal her alumni, the more prosperous will be the institution. Place no barriers in the way for the forming of friendships but rather encourage it. However do not try to force him to form friendships which he does not desire but leave him alone and let him select his own associates. Frown not on anything likely to create college spirit for college spirit is the one and only one tie that will draw all the students close together. If these two things enter sufficiently into the life of a student he will make an alumnus that will ever be proud of his alma mater and of whom she in turn can in the majority of cases look to for support and love.

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## WILD ROSE OF THE MOUNTAINS.

CLEMENT T. GOODE.

Under the shadow of a wide-spreading old oak in front of a fair Southern home one evening late in June a young man of handsome athletic build sat and quietly smoked. He had just completed his junior year in one of the foremost colleges of his state and was home on vacation, three weeks of which had slipped away and in the meantime he had begun to yearn again for the breezy days of college life. The first week after his return had been spent most pleasantly, everybody was so glad to see him; the second week they began to fall away; by the end of this his third week he seemed to have developed into a very commonplace personage, and recognized the fact that in reality he was none other than Jack Randleman after all. On this evening he sat debating in his mind how he should spend the remaining two months in so dull a place until the next college session should begin. The mail carrier turned a corner in the road and while yet at a distance called out, "a letter for you Mr. Jack." The young man got up from the ground, received the letter, and resumed his seat.

"Plankton? The deuce! Where is that?" He broke the seal and read. Immediately the old languid air disappeared from his face and was replaced by one of interest and vivacity. He read the letter again:

*"Mr. Randleman.*

DEAR SIR:—We are in need of a lumber inspector. Can you act as such for us for a few months at a salary of \$3.00 per day? Come immediately if you can serve us.

LUDOLPH & Co."

The young fellow sprang to his feet, bounded away to his room to answer and accept. Nothing could be

more pleasant than to pass the time in the cool breezes amid the blue of the western peaks.

Three days later, travel worn and weary, Jack Randleman dismounted from the lumber wagon on which he had been riding the whole day since leaving the railroad station and approached a tall well-built house situated in the very heart of the mountains. He stopped for a moment to look about him. Peaks everywhere almost piercing the sky in the hazy distance, and running up their very sides, valley after valley extended, widening and deepening lower down and finally coming together in one broad basin through which flowed a sparkling roaring stream. Feasting his eyes sufficiently on the majestic glory of nature he allowed them to seek the house before him, certainly a very lordly structure which may have faintly suggested to him one of the old baronial residences of the Middle Ages. "Ugh! Some mountain baron's castle," he muttered as he stalked up the broad stone steps.

But if he was surprised at the external appearance of this handsome mountain home he was even more surprised with the view internally. He had expected to be carried to a rude hut in the midst of a lumber camp without anything feminine about it. Instead there he was ushered into a veritable palace, though in the heart of the mountains, bearing everywhere the marks of female care. Such luxury he could hardly have expected to find in many elegant homes of some of the large cities. After a few glances of scrutiny about the room into which he had been shown he turned his attention to his toilet, bathed his face and hands, dusted his clothing, brushed his hair and the bell for the evening meal rang. He entered the dining room, and a great muscular

man of more than middle age approached him and called out in a gruff voice. "Randleman, is it? Ludolph," pointing to himself. Jack extended his hand which the other shook lustily at the same time scanning him with steel-gray eyes. Jack tried to appear calm beneath the gaze although he knew he was being sized up. When his hand was freed he turned to the stately matron who stood near, merely touched her hand bowing politely, and without peering about the room seated himself in the proffered chair. But ye gods! What divinity in female form was that seated opposite him? A fair young girl of probably nineteen summers. She did not notice him and yet her very presence made him feel like a grizzly bear in a ball room. Where were the manners and politeness he had not learned in college? "Prince Munnon's sister in very truth" he muttered half audibly. Her eyelids drooped and a faint tinge of red mounted her cheeks. Had she heard him? and if so what did she know of Prince Munnon's sister? Again he felt the cold searching eyes of Mr. Ludolph upon him, and in silence he proceeded with his meal.

The meal ended, without an introduction to the fair apparition he was shown into his room where for a short while, notwithstanding the weariness from his journey, he stood by the window, peered out into the darkness, buried in thought. After a brief interval he seated himself by his table, rested his elbows on his knees and hid his face in his hands and continued to think. Then in haste he undressed and retired for the night—only to dream and think. The fair face was peering at him from across the table and he was thinking and wondering who she was and what her name could be. Nor was he favored with an explanation at the breakfast table.

The meal was passed in the same awkward silence, broken only here and there by a few gruff remarks by Mr. Ludolph and expressions of assent from himself or the elderly lady. Then for the day he was away experiencing his new duties as lumber inspector. The second night and day passed much in the same way as the first had done, as did also the remaining days and nights of the first week of Jack's stay in the mountains.

On the evening of the first day of the second week Jack finished his work earlier than usual and, with his inspector's ferule in his hand, set out for home. As he went he began rather dejectedly to recount the events of the past week. His duties as lumber inspector rested lightly upon him; the warm-hearted companionship of the rough lumbermen he had learned to prize; he had become acquainted with his employer, Mr. Ludolph, whom he found to be exceedingly gruff and domineering, but who had his pleasant side as was shown from his hearty boisterous laughter when a good joke was struck; but with the fair inmate of the stately old dwelling he had not the slightest acquaintance. By the merest chance had he learned that her name was Elsie, and yet he felt as if he had known her for years. Would the whole summer pass as this week had done, and she go out of his life like a shadow as like a shadow she had entered it? or would some glorious chance throw them together in some mysterious way and leave the consequences to chance again? With these questions in his mind he strode slowly onward little dreaming that glorious chance was already at his heels.

In his absent-mindedness he had taken another road from the usual one and was not aware that the distance home was nearly covered until he suddenly emerged

from the forest and stood in full view of the house. A few more steps and he rounded a ledge of rocks and there lay before him the flower garden of his fair enchantress, a level plot of ground of scarcely half an acre in area, shut in on the one side by the rocks and the mountain on the other by the road and the little sparkling stream, and filled with the most beautiful flowers and shrubbery. Not half a dozen yards from him by a bed of roses sat the young lady Elsie, quietly picking some flowers to pieces utterly oblivious of his presence. He stood still for a moment to feast his eyes on the glorious panorama. To him it was the fabled field Elysian, the flowery garden of the gods, and the sole possessor the most beautiful nymph of fairyland. As he stood thus she rose to her feet, shook the pieces of flowers from her lap and took a few steps from him still unconscious of his presence. Just then he heard the sickening whirr, whirr, of the rattlesnake, saw the girl start in terror but as suddenly stop while her whole form began to tremble like an aspen leaf. With a bound he was by her side just in time to ward off with his ferule the venomous monster as he made his deadly plunge. In a trice he was on the writhing reptile, and with a few blows from his shoe heel the snake was as quiet and harmless as the few broken bits of shrubbery that also fell beneath his stroke. The girl had uttered a low cry at his sudden appearance, and when he stepped from the body of the dead snake and looked into her face there was a flushed expression of wild horror there which soon changed to one of paleness as relaxation from the excitement took place. Fearing that she should faint he politely offered his arm which she unhesitatingly took, and together they entered the house. She merely bowed her thanks

as he delivered her into the hands of the matron of the house, but as she was led away he saw a mingled look of gratitude, wonderment, and admiration in her face which amply repaid him for any lack of thanks in words.

Then turning away he walked back to the garden, picked up a few of the broken flowers, placed them in his memorandum and walked away.

At the evening meal the seat usually occupied by Elsie was vacant. But on entering his room he found on his table a bunch of flowers with a tiny note written in a neat hand:

"Please accept these flowers as a mark of gratitude for your timely interference in my behalf this afternoon.

ELSIE LUDOLPH."

She was in her accustomed seat at the breakfast hour, and acknowledged his greeting. As he rose from his seat to depart he asked her if she should like some books. Receiving an answer in the affirmative he went to his room, took from his trunk some works of the Lake Poets and presented them to her. Glancing at the covers as she held the books she quoted a few lines from each of the authors which fact caused a puzzled expression to overspread his face. Nor had it passed away when he started for his work. As he passed the flower garden he saw the carcass of the dead snake, with his cane whisked it away into the bushes, stopped, looked back at the old mansion and said aloud: "The Wild Rose of the Mountains." His own voice startled him.

The following Sunday he spent the forenoon in his room writing letters and reading books at random. In the afternoon he took his hat and cane with the intention of passing an hour or two in rambling about the mountain by himself. He passed down the broad stairway

and had almost reached the door when, "Mr. Randleman," called out a sweet voice from the room on his left. A whish of skirts, a hurried step and Elsie was by his side offering him his books. "Thank you," she said, "I've enjoyed them ever so much."

She was turning away and had taken one or two steps from him. "Would you not like to take a stroll," he stammered.

"I'd be delighted," said she after a short pause without the slightest embarrassment.

The two strolled together up the little stream. Naturally their conversation fell upon the books which he had loaned her, from that to books and authors in general all of which she discussed with such ease and fluency that Jack was put to it to keep pace with her. Where had she learned so much of books? By this time they had reached a place where the water in the stream fairly slid down a precipitious rock at the base of which it entered almost noiselessly a deep eddying pool. Here they stopped and Elsie seated herself on a rock near the stream while Jack flung himself at full length on the soft grass at her feet.

"Do you have such scenes as these?" she asked.

"No, indeed!" answered he ardently as he glanced above at the great towering lofty oaks, at the clear water beneath, at the soft grass by his side, and finally letting his eyes rest on the fair girl before him. Gladness filled his heart. He began enthusiastically to relate incidents of his college career. She listened in breathless silence, the color coming and going from her cheeks accordingly as his accounts were thrilling or not. He looked up once during the course of his narrative; her great blue eyes were fixed upon him in wonder. He ceased. "Go



on," she said. "It has always been my one ambition to spend a few years within the walls of a college, but father always objects. He says I know enough already. He is a dear good old father but of course he doesn't understand." Then she told him in childish simplicity the history of her life; how she had never known any home but the present one; how her early education had been cared for by her mother, a small delicate woman just from college when she met Mr. Ludolph; how she and her mother had pled with her father to send her to college when she was prepared, but to no avail; and how thereafter the mother had spent her time and talent to the education of the daughter until only a little more than a year ago she had died, and since that time she had not dared to speak to her father about college. The woman with them, she explained, was a maiden aunt who had been with them ever since the death of her mother.

Here she stopped and Jack looked up. Salt tears were in her eyes, to hide which she rose to her feet and walked a few steps from him. "The wild rose of the mountains is queen of all the flowers," he muttered, "and if I do aught to mar its beauty or happiness may the eternal gods blast me." She didn't hear and they wended their way back home.

Thus with the barrier broken down between them they became close friends. On the long Sunday afternoons they had many pleasant excursions up and down the little streams, through the valleys, or over the mountains. On one occasion they had spent nearly a whole day in visiting a place at some distance from home which Elsie especially wished him to see. The place was known as Devil's Leap. A small stream leapt over a ledge

of rocks and fell with a splash a hundred feet or more below, then flowed for several hundred yards through a rocky gorge whose walls were perpendicular and nowhere less than one hundred feet in height. Massive oaks and poplars stood on its very brink reaching their branches far out and in some places almost interlapping over the deep chasm. Here they had spent almost a whole day in one of their mountain rambles.

But the hours passed rapidly by, days lengthened into weeks and the weeks like minutes slipped away. The vacation was almost over and the time near at hand for Jack to return to his studies.

The last Sunday of his stay rolled around; on the following Thursday he must leave. He had already prolonged his stay one week, and for what? There was something on his mind that he would like to communicate to Elsie. Not that he hadn't already had abundant opportunities, but—well something else always came in the way. As usual he found her ready and willing for a stroll. This time they wandered down the little stream but the sound of the water soon become monotonous and they turned aside into the forest. This kind of pastime failed to interest them long so they began to retrace their footsteps towards home. When they came to the flower garden they turned aside into it, gathered a few flowers and betook themselves to the shade of a tree. Elsie sat down on the grass, laid her broad sun-bonnet down beside her, and began listlessly to form a bouquet of the flowers they had gathered. Jack leaned himself against the body of the tree and regarded her in silence for a few moments. "Elsie?" he began at last.

"Well," and she looked up quickly; his face was flushed, and his fingers twitched nervously the small twig he held, but his eyes were fixed steadfastly on her.

"Elsie, shall I find you waiting here when school is over?" He bent forward eagerly.

"Yes, why not?" Her voice was just a little tremulous.

"Because"—and he dropped on his knees by her side, grasped her hand which in vain she tried to withdraw, and with overflowing heart told her the something which he had for a long time wished with all his soul to communicate to her. Just then the voice of the maiden aunt was heard from the region of the house calling sharply for Elsie. Elsie rose to her feet but Jack still clung to her hand.

"Will you—will you, indeed, wait for me?"

"Yes, indeed and in truth I'll wait for you." And there was such infinite feeling and pathos in her voice that Jack sprang to his feet and would have caught her in his arms, but she waved him away, and he mindful of the situation walked demurely by her side.

The next morning as Jack started to his work he found Elsie by the front door as he walked out. "May I ask Mr. Ludolph *something* to-day?" he asked somewhat embarrassed. She bowed her head but the answer she gave thrilled him through and through. "Yes, Jack, you may ask him whatever pleases you."

He took both of her hands in his and regardless of the circumstances bowed his head and kissed them.

Mr. Ludolph did not make his appearance at the yard that day, but sent word that he had been called away on business and would come on the morrow. So Jack Randleman did not get to ask him the *something* which he had on mind. Nor the success of which could he explain to Elsie as they sat together that night in the moonlight on the broad stone steps of the old house for

a whole hour unbroken by the shrill calling of the maiden aunt.

On the next day the sun had already gone down behind a mountain though its rays could still be seen on the neighboring peaks when Jack laid aside his ruler and motioned his employer that he wished to speak with him. He noticed that there was a cloud on Mr. Ludolph's face as the two entered the employer's office, a little room in one of the many lumbermen's shanties. Jack almost wished that he had postponed the interview. "Well, out with it, Jack," said the old gentleman gruffly. "I've had a time since yesterday. Went over to Riley's to close a lumber deal and found a blind tiger right under my nose. Did I tear it up?—well I guess so. They say the Fieldings are connected with it too, and that I'll see trouble. They have been bothering this community for twenty years with their deviltry, and the law can't lay hands on 'em. But I'll oust 'em! Confound 'em!" And he brought his huge fist down upon the table with a crash that shook the room. "What is it, Jack?"

Jack could have wished for a more fitting temperament in the old man, but it was too late now, he must pass through the ordeal. He began in rather a rambling manner to make statements before leading up to the subject. Mr. Ludolph listened for a few moments with a look of inquiry on his face, but when he began to understand the force of Jack's plea a hot flush mounted his cheeks. Before Jack had said in so many words that he was suing for Elsie's hand the old gentleman rose from his seat in a rage. "You want my daughter! you stripling! you galoot! No, you can't have her! You are a collegian, be you? Not one of you worth a

cuss! Leave this place once and for all or I'll"—he had lashed himself into a fury and could not finish his sentence. Jack's anger was kindled because of the injustice done him. He stepped toward the old gentleman with clenched fists, but suddenly remembered that this same furious old man was none other than Elsie's father. With that thought he walked out of the room, out by the lumbermen who looked at him in wonder as he passed, and into the forest, little heeding whither his steps led him.

The shadows were gathering thickly when Mr. Ludolph mounted his horse and started off down the road towards his home. By the road which he had to go it was no little distance. By the time he had covered half the road, it was quite dark; the moon was up, but not sufficiently high to afford light. Suddenly, in a very dark and gloomy place in the road where the trees almost overlapped one another across the way, his horse turned to one side quickly, a rough rope passed rather unpleasantly under his chin, he was lifted from his saddle and fell heavily to the ground. Strong hands were upon him and bound him fast. A gag was thrust in his mouth before he could call out or speak. In the dim light he could see masked men all around him and about him. Merciful heavens! was he indeed in the hands of the Fieldings and their gang? Without speech or ceremony his dark-visaged captors turned into the forest half carrying, half dragging him along with them. He heard the clatter of his horse's feet dying away in the distance as he fled in fright; soon he lost all knowledge of the direction of their course, and still they dragged him on. At length after traveling an endless age as it seemed to him they halted. A blindfold was placed

over his eyes. "Get a rope," he heard some one say in an awful whisper. Ye sweet heavens! did they mean to hang him? A rope was placed under his arms and tightened, then for another endless age they traveled again.

Again at length the voice of one in front was heard to call out in low demoniacal tones, "Halt!" He fancied he could hear running water but from whence the sound came he could not say. Again strong hands were upon him, his left arm was pressed against his side and firmly bound there. "Up with him," came the same deep voice. The rope tightened around his body, he heard a harsh grating sound overhead, and felt himself slowly raised into the air. When a few feet from the ground he felt himself to move horizontally, slowly, and for a considerable distance. A branch of a tree struck him in the face and a voice called out "grasp!" With his free right hand he seized the branch. "Hold!" and the rope dropped from his body, at the same time the gag from his mouth, and he was left suspended in mid-air by one hand. Then the unearthly voice spoke again: "Simon Ludolph, know that you are suspended over Devil's Leap. Your life is in your own hands. As long as you hold to your branch you are safe, let go and all the demons of hell can't save you. We leave your voice free, call, and if you can awaken man or beast or fiend you may yet be saved. Whichever it may be, *remember!*"

"In the name of God, men!" he called out but the only answer was the foot-fall growing fainter and fainter. He called out at the top of his voice time and again. Nothing but the echo in return. Then he struggled violently to free his left arm. All his efforts were in vain, his arm seemed to be fettered to his side with iron bands.

Then he called out again with all his might till his voice was hoarse only to hear the echo die away in the distance. He remained silent for a moment, and fancied he could hear the water rumbling far beneath him. Thoughts of the jagged rocks below made him shudder. Once more he hallooed with all his might. His answer was the dismal hooting of an owl near by and the wierd screech of the night-hawk in the tree above him. By this time he was almost exhausted. There was a numbness creeping into his right arm which would soon loosen his grasp. What then! Visions of his past life floated before him. In sheer desperation he called out once more. Holy saints! was that an answer? He called eagerly again and received a distant answer. In a minute he heard footsteps approaching and a voice called out "Who's there? "A poor old man. Help, quick!" This time rather faintly.

"Where?" The voice was Jack Randleman's. After leaving Mr. Ludolph in the little office he had entered the forest and wandered heedlessly about until he was lost. Over the rough rocks he had rambled trying to find his way out until he had heard the voice calling which brought him upon the scene. Mr. Ludolph recognized his voice.

"Here over Devil's Leap. In the name of God help me down quick, Jack, and Elsie is yours forevermore."

Jack took in the whole situation at a glance. Some one was certainly playing a rough joke on the old man. There he was in the moonlight with his eyes blindfolded, his left arm bound tightly to his side, and clinging for dear life with his right to the branch of a tree and the solid earth not two feet beneath him, and yet believing that the gorge of Devil's Leap was yawning under him.

Whatever resentment he may have had passed quickly away. Stepping up he caught hold of the old man and received him limp and faint in his arms. He was completely exhausted and lay for a few moments unconscious. Jack chaffed his hands until he was aroused. In half an hour he was able to stand. Then for the first time he seemed to have collected his mind sufficiently to see that a great cruel joke had been practiced upon him. He stood up, walked around the spot several times, measured with a glance the distance from the branch to the ground time and again, looked at Jack questioningly in the moonlight; then walked again. At length he stepped directly under the branch, chuckled lowly and said to Jack, "Well, I swan. They got the old man one time. But I'm as good as my word. Elsie is yours once and for all time."

An hours walk brought them to the old home where they found the ladies in no little disturbed state of mind at their long absence. Mr. Ludolph explained in a few words the mishap to the elderly lady, but it required a whole hour on the broad piazza for Jack to convince Elsie that all was indeed safe.



## BRER WILLIAM'S RESURRECTION.

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JO PATTON.

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Deacon Williams daid an' buried an' hits many years  
ergo

Sence dey put 'im in de chu'chya'd, w'en he finished out  
his row.

De neighbors come an' dressed 'im in de grabe clothes  
w'en he died

An' dey laid 'im on de big chist while dey moaned an'  
weeped an' sighed.

Now in dem times hit wuz de style fer de young folks  
all eroun'

Ter sit up wid de co'pses twel dey put 'em in de groun',

Ter hab er feas' an' frolic an' er rousin', mighty dance,

Fer ter keep erway de debil an' cats an' dorgs an' hants.

An' so you see dey axed me ter fotch out Sall Ann

Fer ter sit up wi' de deacon twel he reach de tudder lan'.

Now de deacon's neck wuz crooked an' his back so

mighty bowed

Dat de preacher 'clare no coffin gwine fit 'im well he

knowed.

Fer de rheumatiz done drawed 'im twel bof ends would  
might nigh meet.

An' he look des lak de new moon dat wuz wrapped up  
in er sheet,

So dey put de hearf-stone on his breas' ter mek 'im good ..  
an' straight,

So's ter make er good repearunce w'en he reach de shinin'  
gate.

An' den ol' fiddlin' Caleb took an' rosin up his bow,  
An' gin' ter tease de niggers wid er song dey didn't  
know,

But purty soon he broke out on, "My Tootsey, Wootsey  
Bess,"

An' we soon forgot de deacon dat wuz layin' in de  
"press."

An' evey single nigger picked 'im out er dancin' mate  
An' 'gin ter reel an' swing her at er pow'ful rapid rate.  
"Swing dem partners," yelled ol' Reuben, "promenade  
dar one an' all,"

An' dey ravel out der figgers lak er black snake do his  
coil.

De fiddle hit got louder an' de dancin' shuk de floor  
Twel de house begin ter tremble—Gosh, we never da nced  
no mo'!

Fer de rock slid off de deacon jes lak de preacher 'lowed.  
An' de deacon slowly riz right up dar in ermon'st de  
crowd.

Wid de sheets an' grabe clothes roun' 'im an' his glass  
eyeballs set,

An' his face all kivered over wi' big, icy draps er sweat.  
He had er mighty angry 'spression er hangin' on his face.  
An' w'en de niggers seed hit dey sho wuz getting scared.

De gals all screamed an' fainted an' some des drap an'  
died

While de boys bus' froo de window lights er leavin' havin'  
dey hide.

Gawd, w'en I come to my senses I wuz in er furrin lan'  
Still er seein' uv dem eyeballs an' er callin' Sally Ann.

An' every time I heah dat fiddle screakin' out hits lone-  
some song  
I kin see old' deacon Williams as he uster wa'k erlong.  
An' w'en de moon 'gins risin' fum behine de hills an'  
trees  
An' de stumps an' bushes look des lak er deacon on his  
knees.  
O, hits den fum 'monxt de da'kness dat de deacon's  
ghost appear  
Ter 'sturb dis nigger's slumbers an' ter fill his bones  
wi' fear.  
An' I sho do wish Brer. Williams hadder died 'fo' I wuz  
bo'n,  
Kaze peer lak he kwinter hant me twel ol' Gabriel toot  
his ho'n.

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THE CHOICE.

C. P. W.

The poppy or the violet  
Thy choice—which shall it be?  
A sleep, and a forgetting,  
Or love, dear heart, for me.

The poppy's leaves are crimson,  
It breathes a soft caress.  
The tender little violet  
Is nought but gentleness.

The poppy, then, ah love, farewell.  
Forget we ever met,  
For tho' you choose the poppy  
I choose the violet.

## THE NEED OF OUR SOUTHERN COLLEGES.

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EDWARD LONG.

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Bacon says: "Reading maketh a full man."

Next to a well equipped college a carefully selected library may be chosen as a means of education.

A taste for reading is the most efficient instrument for self-education and the purest source of enjoyment the world affords. The right kind of reading brings one into contact with all that is noblest and best in the accumulated thought of the past. The intelligent reader has for his daily food the winnowed and garnered wisdom of all ages. He is seated by a gushing fountain of knowledge whose sources may be traced back to the wisdom of Pharoah's court, to the philosophy of the Greeks or the learning of the Romans.

There is stowed away in the countless libraries that dot our country all that is lofty, profound or acute in speculation; thrilling, delicate or refined in feeling; wise, witty or quaint in suggestion. Through the library the intelligent reader is transported to former days. Michael Angelo paints for him, the poet sings for him, the orator thrills him with his magic eloquence. He becomes the inhabitant of every country and clime, the contemporary of all ages and people, converses with the wisest, the noblest, the tenderest and the purest that have adorned humanity. There is collected in every college library a world of knowledge, but the question arises, Can the average student without the aid of a superior extract from that galaxy of books the gems that lie buried in its countless millions of stained pages?

The freshman is much bewildered and awe stricken when he steps into the library for the first time and beholds the scores of shelves bending beneath their burden of books, frequently the upper classmen are puzzled to know what to read and where to find certain kinds of information, and even the lordly senior and the college professor are at times staggered for the want of more knowledge to enable them to handle the library to advantage and to decide what books they shall read among the myriads that clamor for their attention. If in Bacon's time some books were "to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested," how much greater must be the necessity for discrimination at this day when literary pabulum has become a burden and when new books and magazines are falling from our perfecting presses as thickly as snow flakes from the shifting clouds on a wintry day! Then is it not absolutely necessary for the student who would economize his time and make the very best use of his opportunities in this fast age, when the raging, surging, seething mass of humanity are crushing one another to the earth in their mad rush for popularity, wealth or honor, should be guided in his reading by the most competent advisor? It is not enough to introduce the student to those vast quarries of knowledge. He should be taught where to sink his shafts and how to use them.

We have professors to direct us in English, mathematics, philosophy, the sciences, physical culture, and numerous other lines of development. No one can deny that reading is the most prolific source from which we gather knowledge. Then why neglect so important a department? Why not have a professor to direct us in reading? No one who has any conception of the vastness of the accumulated reading product of the ages has a shad-

ow of doubt in his mind that the crying need of our educational system of to-day is not for greater equipments, but for the most conservative member of the faculty to devote his whole time and energy to the study of the library, current literature, and the needs of the student body, and to advise them how to read, what to read, and where to find it.

Your success in life is not measured by the number of books you have read, or number of facts you have stowed away, but by your ability to sort out from those books and facts, from the current literature and from the library, living, sparkling truths and appropriate them to your own use. Your intellectual capability is not made powerful by much reading only, but by very judicious reading. You may have acquired all the knowledge that has been incorporated into books, you may be a walking encyclopædia, and still be a fool. You are not adjudged learned because you have read Milton, Shakespeare, or the philosophical works of the past, but by your ability to rip out the very heart of a book or a huge library in a short time and treat it as data for the formation of a new product in an endless series.

Some would argue that the professors of the various departments should suggest courses of reading. It is true that were this done it would in a measure supply the need, but how many of our professors take the time and pains to consult each student and his peculiar needs? Very few of the professors suggest any reading at all, except the English professor, and his suggestions are all in a literary trend—he is forever advising you to read only classic authors, which would be to live in an intellectual monastery and shut out all the rest of the world.

For a professor to be eminently successful in any line he must have given that line special study; so to fill this

chair profitably the professor must not only have made special preparation, but must have some knowledge of the best works on every subject, he must know the library where he intends to instruct and for four years make a scrutinizing study of each student, of the weak points in his character, of his needs, of his mental adaptability for certain classes of reading, aid him in making the most economic use of his time, and thereby fit him to fill the very largest place in life possible. The professors of the various departments can no more supply this need with their meagre suggestions than the professor of law can successfully direct a class in art.

Then, as many see it, the need of our Southern colleges of to-day is not for larger libraries and more magazines, but for an instructor to devote his whole time and talents to this chair, and step between the student and the vast areas of printed pages and save for him the hours that he loses perusing the library and reading books that are worse than worthless to him. To assert that the learned and judicious adviser can not help the ordinary student in the choice of books is to assert that all teaching is valueless.

Some would say, turn the boy loose in the library, let him browse freely in her green pastures, let his tastes and instincts guide him. But suppose, as is often the case, he should drift into the habit of reading light, frivolous and poisonous literature only: who would come to his rescue and save him from mental death?

Others would point you to the manuals or the courses of reading, such as President Porter's, by the aid of which an undergraduate may select his books without the assistance of a professor. Such manuals are often serviceable, but no course of reading, no matter how ideally good it may be, can ever take the place of a living guide

and advisor. No sensible educator would prescribe the same course of reading for two persons, or lay down any formal cast-iron rules for the direction of the mental processes, but this is exactly what the lifeless list of books does. That which is most nutritious aliment for one mind may prove delirious and even poisonous to another. Every mind is cast in a different mould. In your imagination ascend yonder towering mountain peak, look out across the vast landscape that is spread before you, behold its countless millions of leaves and buds quivering in the breeze, and you are convinced by the matchless beauty of that scenery that every leaf that buds and every flower that blooms has been given its peculiar form by the omnipotent touch of nature, no two are exactly alike, and as varied as are the leaves that bud and the flowers that bloom are the minds of men. This being true, no inanimate list of books has the power to adapt itself to the varying needs of the rapidly developing intellect; nothing short of a living, breathing instructor of an almost universal knowledge of the workings of the mind, a broad knowledge of books, of wide culture and experience and a full grasp of the signs and trend of the times, nothing short of the professor whose great warm heart is throbbing in unison and sympathy with the student body of the South can supply this need.

The time is here when our classical colleges must devote less time to the inculcation of dry facts and figures, or must devote more time to the training of the mind to wrestle with the realities of life.

This is pre-eminently the age of specializing. In this period of hubbub and bustle, extreme short-cuts are sought for in every line, the young student upon entering college prematurely catches the spirit of the age and before he has laid broad and deep the foundations that are



essential to permanent success, he begins to read only books that bear on the line of work he has chosen for life. If he proposes to enter the field of medicine, he will read only medical journals; if law, only court decisions; if he is preparing to enter the ministry, he will take from the library only commentaries. But when we study the sciences and see how they overlap each other, we are convinced that to know one subject well we must know something of a thousand others: hence the utter inconsistency of the student's reading and the exceeding need of a professor to correct this erroneous practice that is literally undermining all the good results that may be obtained from specializing.

The question is often asked, Why do so many college graduates make failures in life? Many times the most brilliant young men, young men who have made the highest average all through their college course, reach the climax of their success on graduation day. Is it not because just prior to this time and just at this crucial moment they have not had the master hand to guide them just a little further and drift them into the study of subjects that deal with every-day life? Have they not been so long trained to deal with facts and figures only that they have formed a mania for this kind of study, and when they are thrown out upon the tide of life they do not have the inclination to turn their minds to grapple with realities, and as a result many of our brightest intellects are blighted on the very verge of success.

From time immemorial the world has been passing through alternate periods of theorizing and doing. During the latter part of the nineteenth century many men have spent their lives theorizing about education; but we are now realizing that there is a grain of truth in the old maxim that "many a fine-spun theory has been over-

thrown by one single fault," and as a result the twentieth century has dawned upon us turning away from the old conventional methods of letter teaching only and found us establishing agricultural and mechanical colleges to give to the farmer, the artisan, the mechanic and textile operator, practical training for life, and if our classical colleges would keep pace with the other phases of training, they, too, must establish departments and chairs that will enable the student of the twentieth century to be practical in his search for knowledge.

Some of the Northern colleges have established this chair with satisfactory results; why not we?

Some of our larger universities give a special normal course to fit one for this chair. But aside from special preparation, if a man of almost boundless wisdom is needed anywhere it should be here, for in this capacity he has the opportunity of putting on the cap-stone, the finishing touch and shaping the student's destiny. Any one can trace the outlines of the landscape on the canvas, but it takes the master-hand of the artist to put on the finishing touches and give symmetry, beauty, naturalness and life to the picture. Just so the very ordinary man can follow the paths that it has taken centuries to mark out, and direct the student in establishing his first principles, but it is necessary in this age of enlightenment and books, for the master-hand, the man of full and broad experience, who has a clear insight into the eccentricities of human nature, to put on the finishing touches, and so to direct the young student in his reading that he may turn all the knowledge that he may acquire from text-books, from contact with men and nature or from the printed page into channels that will flow parallel to his struggle in life and enable him to make of himself a citizen worthy of the name of an American.

"BACK TER DIXIE."

GEORGE A. PECK.

'Squire Nelson was one of the richest and most respected farmers in the county before the sixties, and how he ever consented to his only daughter Ernestine's marrying Roland Darden puzzled everybody.

For weeks the whole plantation had been busy preparing for the wedding. All the servants looked forward to the day with the greatest delight, for the 'Squire had promised them a holiday; all except "Starred Joe."

Joe stayed around the kitchen waiting on Aunt Betsey. From the time the 'Squire had carried Ernestine out of doors for the first time and given her to "Starred Joe" and told him to take care of her, he had watched over her as faithfully as a parent. One day Joe and little Ernestine were out near the big gate when Roland Darden rode by and ran over Joe, knocking him senseless and cut two deep gashes in his forehead, which, when they healed, had left a scar the shape of a star. That was why he was called "Starred Joe."

Perhaps that was the same reason why Joe so disliked Roland, and why he sulked about when he was told that his "young missus" was to marry the one man whom he hated with a never-dying hatred. Or possibly it was because Ernestine was going to leave "fer de Norf," as Joe expressed it.

At last the long-looked-for day in June arrived. From all directions could be seen conveyances of every description coming to the 'Squire's. Soon the rooms and porches were crowded, while the yard was full of negroes. Old Aunt Betsey stood in the kitchen door declaring that

she had never seen "sech a time in all her born days befo." On the door-step by Aunt Betsey sat "Starred Joe," with eyes downcast, apparently lost in reveries. As Ernestine entered the parlor, Aunt Betsey touched Joe and told him to "jest look at de young missus."

The ceremony over, all was in a tumult, friends congratulating the bride and groom, and saying "Good-bye," for they were to leave the next day for Pennsylvania, where Roland owned a mining camp. Ernestine had told all the servants "Good-bye" except Joe, who could not be found.

Amid the waving of handkerchiefs and a shower of rice, the couple departed, leaving behind Aunt Betsey standing on the doorstep wiping her eyes with her apron, and Joe down in the barn weeping over his "young missus."

Soon everything resumed the usual order, and the "young missus" appeared to be thought no more of by the servants, except by "Starred Joe," who ever afterwards was lonely and sullen.

Two years later when the war began, Joe was an old man, although comparatively young in years. For the first two years of the war Joe remained faithful to the 'Squire, and the 'Squire ever confiding in Joe.

One morning in January, 1863, the 'Squire went out and found empty cabins, not a negro to be seen, and most of all to his astonishment no Joe. The 'Squire's attention was attracted by a noise, and looking down the road he saw a procession of negroes coming, each one carrying something in his hand, yelling at the top of their voices, and at their head was faithful "Starred Joe." Going to that land where they could always rest under the cool shade, where they would have to work no

more, no overseer to whip them; to that land of milk and honey. But where was it? They knew not, they cared not; they were going somewhere, like a herd of cattle wandering without a leader. All of this the result of a runner, arriving during the night, with the message of "Freedom! you are free!" And Joe, catching the spirit of the other negroes, inhaling the breath of freedom, and goaded on by their savage yells of "Freedom," became a victim, and expected to live on freedom forevermore. Some, finding that freedom did not tend to appease their hunger or to clothe them, returned, but Joe left, no more to be heard of at the 'Squire's.

\* \* \* \* \*

The night was cold and rainy that an old negro, wearing a ragged overcoat and wornout shoes, made his way into a saloon in the little mining town of Radford, Pennsylvania. All the nationalities that can be expected to be in such a place were represented there, and when the negro entered all looked at him with surprise. Soon a crowd gathered around him and proceeded to ask questions, but in return for all their trouble, the old negro told only his name—"Nelson," nothing but "Nelson."

In a few days Nelson succeeded in securing a position, and it was not long before he was liked by all for his honesty and integrity. All day Nelson would work, and at night sit around the stove in the saloon and tell of the ways down in "ole Virginny"; but he was always careful not to divulge his home or more of his name than Nelson.

It had been pay-day in the camp, and that night an unusually large crowd was in the saloon. At his accustomed place sat Nelson, quietly smoking his pipe, paying no attention to the tumult and confusion around him.

The later it became the wilder grew the crowd until the devil and disorder seemed to reign supreme.

Near midnight, when the crowd was at its worst, a ragged, debauched white man entered the saloon, strolled up to the counter and called for a straight whiskey, and at the same time uttering an oath. Seizing the glass in one hand and his hat in the other, the new arrival waived his hat above his head and yelled: "Hurrah for the Confederacy! and down with the dirty, stealing Yankees forever!" No sooner had he uttered these words than a beer bottle was hurled at him from across the room. It would have landed squarely on his head had not Nelson, who, seeing it thrown, tried to avert the blow, but he was too slow and received it on his own head. The first bottle did not reach its intended victim, but Nelson, who sank in a heap on the floor. The second one, having no one to hinder its course, arrived at its destination, and the new-comer who was only a few moments before overflowing with patriotism for the defeated South, lay on the floor beside Nelson.

The following day a corpse, whose only followers were a woman with a baby and grave diggers, passed out of town to be buried in the Potter's field.

It was a bitter cold afternoon, the sky was overcast with thick, leaden clouds. The wind blew from the north, driving on now and then a scattered snowflake.

In one corner of the little railroad station at Radford a woman with a baby in her arms sat shivering, waiting for the train. From the appearance of the woman it could be clearly seen that she was situated once in far better circumstances than at present. A crowd of half-drunken miners sat dozing around the stove. At the window sat old Nelson, intently gazing on something on

the floor. For several minutes no noise could be heard except the clicking of the telegraph instrument, the creaking of the shutters, and the wind whistling through the telegraph wires. Old Nelson, attracted by the death-like silence in the room, awoke from his reveries, and, looking out the window, slowly began to hum that old familiar song:

"Ise gwine back ter Dixie  
No mo's I gwine ter wander."

One of the miners, aroused from his sleep by Nelson, asked: "Old man, you seem to be mighty gay. I guess you're goin' back to your cotton fields?"

"Yes, Boss, I wuz jes' thinkin' er my ole home down in Virginny. I'se gwine back ter de ole place. I ain't seen de place since de war. I lef' ter see if I could fin' my young missus, but I can't, so I'se gwine back now," and he again began to hum that sweet old strain.

While Nelson was singing, the train blew, and he and the woman with the baby, boarded it and started "back ter Dixie."

Nelson took a seat in front of the woman and the baby, where he sat motionless for a long time, with his head leant against the window, watching the lights of the stations and the houses as they fled by like shadows. Suddenly he gave a quick jump; something warm and soft had touched his cheek, such as he had not felt before in a long, long time. Quickly turning around to discover the cause, he saw the baby laughing behind its dirty, ragged cap, and with its little hand outstretched had touched the rough cheek of old Nelson.

"Well, I'll declar', ef she don't favor my young missus when she wuz little, and I used ter carry 'er 'bout in my arms!"

"Tickets, please!" yelled the conductor through the car.

Nelson handed his to the conductor.

"Tickets, please, lady." The woman's face wore an expression of despair and lost hope—she had no ticket.

"Madam, the laws of this railroad require me to put all those off who has neither ticket nor money. Consequently I must put you off at the next station."

During the conversation Nelson listened attentively.

"Boss," said Nelson, "you kin let 'er ride on my ticket. I'll git out an' walk; 'er baby favors my young missus when she wuz a baby."

The woman burst in tears, and as Nelson leaned over to speak to her, the baby playfully knocked off Nelson's hat and grabbed his hair.

"Oh! Joe, Joe! Is it you?" cried the woman.

Just then there was a terrific shock, an escaping of steam, mingled with shouts and groans. Going at break-neck speed around a curve the engine had jumped the track, carrying with it two coaches. The next day, amid the debris, was found "Old Starred Joe," with a heavenly expression on his face, clasping the baby that so resembled his "young missus." His body was sent "back ter Dixie," but his soul reached there first.



## A MODEL HUSBAND.

FROM SPANISH OF LUIS TABOADA,  
BY JAMES D. PROCTOR.

"Come here, Adam, I am ashamed to see you wearing those trousers! Where did you tear them? What in the world have you been doing to soil them so? Ah, what a man!"

"But, wife! How long do you expect the miserable things to last? Don't you know that you made them in '89, when you went to sing at Romeros for the benefit of the flood sufferers."

"What? If you were more careful they would last forever. Look at Mr. Serafin; he had his Prince Albert made when he was elected minister for the first time, and he has it yet. He is a nice, careful man. Come here, I wish you would look at this vest lining. Gracious, what a tremendous tear!"

"Well, it has been that way since June, and I have told you to sew it up, but you haven't done it. I told you that Mr. Martinez tore it one day at my office."

"Why did you let him tear it?"

"I am not the man to interfere with that fellow in his stunts. You know that Mr. Martinez is rather playful, and when he comes to my office, if he wants to make a gymnasium of us, why, it's all right. One day he came to my office and he wanted to lift me up with one arm; he just happened to catch my vest lining. What could I do?"

"I understand. But I tell you right now I would not be caught with you anywhere. I don't care to go with such a careless, undignified and silly man as you, and

possibly hear you speak thoughtlessly of some of my friends to whom we owe so much. Do you hear, I'm going."

"Are you going?"

"Yes, sir. And you had better wash that vest, and wash it quick. Sew up those trousers, too. Here's a needle."

The husband remained very submissive while the wife went out into the street with great pomp and dignity.

She was still quite young, while he was past fifty, but he adored his little wife and considered her the most intelligent and most lovable woman in the world. Whenever she sang, he was delighted, and would run into the kitchen and say to the servant:

"Did you hear, Juliet?"

"What?"

"Didn't you hear my wife's fine singing?"

"Yes, sir; but I thought that she was quarreling with you."

"No; she was singing the opera of 'The diamonds of the crown.' "

"From the noise she made, I thought that you all were quarreling."

The wife spent all the money that the unfortunate minister could rake and scrape together, in fineries and ribbons.

"Look here, Adam," she said one day, "I am just dying to have a velvet cloak like Fanny's."

"What Fanny?"

"The wife of the provincial deputy."

"What will it cost?"

"I don't know, but I believe that it won't cost more than twenty dollars."

"Twenty dollars! Holy Moses!"

"What's the matter;? Does that seem high?"

"I didn't say that it did."

"I might have known that you were going to deny me this trifle. I don't pull you any harder than other men's wives, though. Don't you frown at me, sir. I wasn't born yesterday. I know that you are laying it on me in your mind, but you had better not air your opinions. What a fool I was when I married you, sacrificing my youth and my all, and it was because you promised that I should have all that I might wish. If I had not married you, at this very moment I might be a first soprano like Franca or Pasca. I have a very beautiful voice, even if I do use bad taste in saying so myself. If I were not so proper I would do as other coquettes, who scandalize their husbands. You know that the Marquis of Solomillo doesn't take his eyes off of me when we go to the theater. But I am very proper, exceedingly proper."

The husband heard all this with a truly hen-pecked air; his head was hung down and his eyes were fixed on the matting. From time to time he sighed, and at the same time kept a spot on his trousers hid for fear that there would be something doing if his wife should see it. In a few minutes he said in loving accents:

"Dear Laura, don't you worry. I'll give you the twenty as soon as I can get it."

"Well, see that you do! I am young, you know, and it would not look nice for me to dress extravagantly. Besides this, you are a reformer."

Satisfied with this speech, Laura bought without limit laces, ribbons and trimmings, while her husband wore a coat that shone like percaline and a flopping hat that was beseeching him to be put on the retired list.

Laura was wild to have that velvet cloak to go to the reception at the Lopez's and sing the "Aria of joys," ac-

accompanied by a young fellow who had just passed the exams. at the conservatory.

Mr. Adam had spent all his month's salary in frills and laces for his wife, but she said to him, very much annoyed :

"Haven't you got that money? Well, be in a hurry and get it. What have you got an uncle for? He is the owner of Redondela. Write him and tell him that you are in hard luck, and that you need one hundred dollars."

The unhappy husband went off hesitating and crest-fallen, but finally he got up his nerve and wrote his uncle, saying that he had to have an operation performed and needed one hundred dollars to pay the bill. The uncle generously sent the hundred, which, however, bought Laura's cloak.

Mr. Adam came home from his office in high spirits.

"Look," said his wife, "isn't that just lovely, how cute. I'm crazy over it. And how cheap, only eighty-five dollars!"

"Yes," said Mr. Adam, "it is a costly garment. But I have made an excellent purchase myself."

Laura opened her eyes in surprise.

"What is it?" asked Laura, still mystified.

"It is a box of cigars," said Mr. Adam, handing the box to his wife. "Can you guess how much they cost? Forty cents."

"Forty cents!" stormed Laura. "I just dare you say that you are not extravagant and a spendthrift. Go away, get out of my presence at once, for I have a good notion to choke you."

# STORIETTE DEPARTMENT.

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## A HUNTER'S EXPERIENCE.

BY P. P. P.

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In a sort of out-of-the-way place, within a few miles of the Dismal Swamp, there stands an old dilapidated building.

The building is of immense structure, with a large veranda on the front, a chimney at either end, and from the peculiar way in which its roof slopes it is called a hip roof, or Dutch roof house. Its age is unknown, but about ten years ago it was reshingled and on one of the old shingles was carved the figures 1780. Whether this is the date the house was built or whether it was the date of some former reshingling is unknown. But if you ask the oldest man in the community when the house was built he would tell you that it was an old house when he was born.

In the front of the house there stands a large live oak, with gnarled trunk and wide-spreading branches. At the back yard are three marmosa trees, which in the springtime, with the aid of a massive honeysuckle vine, produces a most fragrant odor around the old mansion.

No one has lived there for years because the house is thought by all the neighbors to be a rendezvous for all kinds of haunts and goblins.

The inside of the house leaves traces of its first owner being exceedingly wealthy. It abounds in staircases and long hallways and possesses enough rooms to accommodate half a dozen families.

On one of the floors down stairs are stains of blood. How they came to be there no one knows. The old story is that the rich owner was murdered for his money. And it is said by former occupants that he might be seen at all hours of the night standing with bent head intensely watching it. A kind of weird and uncanny stillness hangs about the place, and when one passes it at night he finds himself gradually quickening his steps and occasionally casting a suspicious look back at the house.

Recently the prevailing topic in the community has been of the strange noises heard around the old house.

The day had been cold and rainy and two belated hunters loaded down with game, decided to spend the night in the old house and soon had a blazing fire on the broad hearth.

After eating their supper of game and canned goods they lay down for the night by the blazing fire.

The wind was moaning without and the ominous noises made by the oak limbs rubbing against the house caused them to feel rather restless.

The fire had nearly died out when there came a low, steady knocking from above.

Jack raised on his elbow and nervously listened to the low "Thub, thub, thub," then cried out, "Wake up thar, Bill, somebody's in here besides us!"

Bill awoke, and as they stared into the darkness there appeared above them two flaming, red eyes.

"Holy smoke," exclaimed Bill, "the Devil must occupy this house and we'd better get out."

"I'm going to take one chance at that big-eyed monster if its the Devil himself," exclaimed Jack, and seizing his rifle he blazed away at it. Amid the noises above and the reverberation of all kinds of ominous howls the two hunters managed to escape.

Going to the nearest house they paid two men who volunteered to return with them for their coats and game. As they came up to the house it again resumed its stillness. On entering with a light a host of rats scampered before them, and on going a little further was found the body of a large yellow cat. It bore the scars in its years of many an encounter and death had left on its face a most ghostly expression of regret—but that was all.

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#### MISS SERENA'S ROSES.

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C. P. W.

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Some people must have hobbies, and to Miss Serena Debbs it was flowers. She tended them with an affection that was almost human, and her life's sphere seemed bounded within the space of her little walled garden. In the winter-time she carried her pot-flowers and put them into the pit that looked toward the west where they might bask in the evening sun, but in the summer she placed them in artistic disorder around the rock wall.

It little mattered to Miss Serena that her life was dull and gray to the outside world. She found a singular solace in the nature of tender buds which nothing else afforded. When there was a funeral in the neighborhood it was always Miss Serena who furnished the prettiest floral wreath, and even at Easter her lilies outshone any that adorned the altar.

No one knew much about Miss Serena. One day a neighbor had dared to ask her why she had never married. Miss Serena did not answer; she only looked wistfully at a little old rosebush growing near by, and the neighbor straightway changed the subject.

The question had touched a tender spot in Miss Serena's heart. They were only children, scarcely entered the teens, but her love had remained constant, and she felt that it must have been true. The rosebush which had witnessed their tryst had lived, too, and that was a proof, for if their love had not been true the rosebush had died. He would come back again; the roses would not lie; and so with each advent of spring her hope was buoyed up afresh.

Each year as the season for roses returned Miss Serena went to the bush, pulled the first bloom and placed it on the dining-room table, allowing it to remain until it began to show signs of diminishing life. Then she took it from the bowl, pressed it carefully, and laid it tenderly in the bureau drawer.

It was thus that she counted the years since he had gone, and this evening after locking the door she took the drawer out and held it on her lap. The first flowers were scarcely more than stems, and she handled them with greater care than the rest.

"One, two, three, four, five,"—ah, how fast the years had sped by. "Six, seven—"

There was a knock at the door. She was tempted to leave it unanswered, but the memories which had been revived by the flowers made her feel tenderly toward everybody, and so she arose and went to the door.

An old man stood on the threshold, and the wistful look returned as she gazed at him. How like the faded flowers in the bureau drawer he looked.

"I want some flowers—some roses," he added.

She lead the way out into the little garden and paused in the farthest corner. The old man did not follow, but when she turned she beheld him standing by the trysting bush.

"I wish one of these," he said, pointing to the bush, "one of the white ones."

"I can't spare you one of those," she returned coldly. Then in a moment she saw it all revealed like a dream.

"Caspar."

"Serena."

The distance between them was cleared in an instant, and she rested her head tenderly upon his broad shoulder.

"The roses, the roses," she murmured. "They lived, and I knew you would come back to me."

## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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### STAFF EDITORS :

DR. G. W. PASCHAL, Alumni Editor.

#### EUZELIAN SOCIETY.

G. S. FOOTE.....Editor  
H. I. STORY.....Associate Editor

#### PHILOMATHESIAN SOCIETY.

C. P. WEAVER.....Editor  
J. S. HARDAWAY.....Associate Editor

J. ABNER BARKER, Business Manager.

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### EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

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C. P. WEAVER, Editor.

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With this issue our task is done, and the XXIII volume of the WAKE FOREST STUDENT is complete. The task has been a pleasant one, and it is with sincere regret we acknowledge its completion. We are painfully conscious of the many shortcomings of the magazine, but we can not refrain from an honest pride in the fact that the STUDENT has appeared promptly at the first of each month—a thing which few contemporaries have accomplished. Whatever of merit the magazine may have achieved is due to an industrious and efficient staff of editors, who at all times have given their chief their hearty co-operation and support, and an ever-ready and obliging constituency who have offered the STUDENT their best literary productions to adorn its pages.

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The year which is now ending has witnessed steady progress in every collegiate department. The rising walls of the Alumni Building are a concrete witness to the expansion of the college capacity.



Never before, probably, in the history of the institution has the college achieved so many victories. In debate and oratory, Wake Forest has shown her prowess by defeating in inter-collegiate debate representative colleges in the Old Dominion and in South Carolina. The Glee Club has made a phenomenal record since its debut last February before a Wake Forest audience. Splendid audiences have greeted the club wherever they have appeared, its concerts have elicited high praise, and, unlike most college glee clubs, it has not only made expenses on its trips, but has returned home with a surplus.

In athletics, Wake Forest has shown that she is a worthy opponent of any college team in the South. While the record of the baseball team has not been a series of victories, the quality of ball played, judging from competitive scores, has shown that the team has many strong qualities which in another season will make the team able to defeat its strongest adversaries.

The fact is becoming more and more apparent that football is a necessary part of college athletics. No college of equal size and prestige is without a football team. In the fall term, aside from tennis and basket ball, both of which are but tame sports, for physical development, there is nothing to build up brawn and muscle for the baseball season in the spring, and this in a large measure handicaps the batting ability of the aspiring candidates of the ball team. Besides this, the introduction of this sturdy, health-giving sport will induce to come among us many athletes who have aspirations for lofty achievement in the athletic world, and with such additions our teams would seldom taste the dust of the arena. The time was "in the gude old days" when Wake Forest placed in the field a *strong* football team, which met and

defeated often the teams of the best colleges and universities. Gymnasium work is good and indispensable, but this can not take the place of healthy, out-door exercise, such as football gives, and we hope the trustees will consider seriously the re-institution of this popular game in their approaching deliberations.

One of the most—perhaps the most—gratifying achievements of the past year is the healthy, growing college spirit which has continually manifested itself, and this more than any other one thing is accountable for our numerous victories. No enterprise can fail which has behind it the acknowledged support of each and every student in college, and no enterprise can be wholly successful without it. It is in this way that every student may take part in all contests of his college, and for this contribution he is entitled to a share in the glory of his *Alma Mater's* victory.

## EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.

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GASTON S. FOOTE, Editor.

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The Editor had just paid his last respects to the examination hall, and weary and sad at the thought of leaving the battlefield where he and his classmates had fought hard and had valiantly stood together—for their motto was, "United we pass, divided we flunk"—for the past four years, he slowly and quietly made his way toward his sanctum in which was waiting for him his ever good friend, the Easy Chair. It was the one friend that never disagreed with him, and as he sank down into its friendly embrace there passed over his face a trace of melancholy at the proximity of the endless separation that was soon bound to be. His book shelves stared at him from all parts of the room, and his dust-laden books voiced stronger than any words could his considerate treatment of them, for "1901" written on the accumulated dust, showed that a hand of time had dealt gently with them. As he continued to look the figures became brighter and brighter, and finally not able to stand their burning gaze any longer he shrank deeper into the folds of his Easy Chair, vainly trying to expel from his bewildered mind the events that had transpired between those awful figures and—well his present self.

His eyes turned from his books, fell upon a box lying on his table. For the lack of something else to do he languidly placed the box upon his lap, and with long thin fingers picked weakly at the knotted twine. At last it yielded to his efforts and the Editor nonchalantly removed the contents of the box and held it up at arm's length. With a pained ejaculation he raised himself from his chair only to fall again between its outstretched arms. His hand went to his head while at his feet fell his commencement cap and gown, and would you believe it? the Editor thoughtlessly placed both feet upon the dignified apparel and his conscience seemed to hurt him none the less for it.

The Editor was now shaking in very limb. The realization of it all was now forcefully before him—he was between the "Pit" and the "Pendulum"; the past with its countless errors was closing upon him in burning figures; at his feet was the present, trampled and opening nothing to him but darkness and remorse. The figures glared brighter, emitting a sulphurous lustre that seemed to make

the shallow pretenses of the past the more apparent. The agony of the Editor increased. Drops of perspiration that fell like molten iron burst from every pore of his body. His breathing became difficult, and as the choking air pressed heavier and heavier upon him, he convulsively shrank deeper and deeper into the Easy Chair, trying to find relief from the torture of direst mental agony. The awful figures came nearer and nearer, leering at him from their dusty background; the gown rose before him, waving empty sleeves, and with awful grimaces gradually pressed closer to him. Foot by foot, inch by inch, the horrors appreciably approached him. The figures in their proximity emitted a hissing noise which seemed to assume form in the monotonous words, "1901 wasted, 1902 wasted, 1903 wasted, all irrevocably gone." The gown joined in, rustling the words, "1904 and then what?" They came nearer, the sounds rising in pitch and shrillness. They were now in easy reach of the Editor, but he drew himself down, down into his chair. He became sick and weak; his brain was on fire; he was becoming an imbecile, an idiot; something must be done, he was dying. He made a masterful effort, couched his body for a spring, and with a yell that would have delighted an Apache, he sprang into the middle of the room. The agony of his soul found vent in that one whoop. His mind became normal. The books rushed back to their accustomed places and the fiery figures disappeared. The Easy Chair, disturbed by his sudden departure from its territory, was rocking serenely, seeming to invite him again to its friendly realms. The Editor approached the chair and stooping before it, reverently raised the cap and gown, and placing it gently upon the bed, repeated "1904, and then what?"

## EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

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H. L. STORY, Editor.

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"One struggle more, and I am free  
From pangs that rend my heart in twain;  
One last long sigh to love and thee  
Then back to busy life again."

In looking over our exchanges we are more and more impressed with the fact that some of our ex-men are negligent and even careless about their work. It is really amusing to notice the little meaningless epithets applied to our magazines without any reason whatever. They seem to be striving for a variety of expressions and when the time comes around for an expression of praise or of censure they "find a way or make one," to use that expression, whether or not it is just. For example, an ex-man not long since almost accused one of our contributors of plagiarism and, when called in question, begged off, and admitted that it was his own fault and carelessness.

Again we are amused at the criticism given by the *Red and White* on the *Clemson College Chronicle*. It says, "The *Clemson Chronicle* for February contains much good reading matter. 'Does College Education Pay?' is a well written article. 'Wedded by Dan Cupid' is a very good poem. A good exchange department completes the number." Now, take up the *Clemson Chronicle* and see if you would ever recognize it by that description. It contains one poem of four lines and six other articles, two of which would print hardly four pages in its usually large type. And yet the magazine contains "much good reading matter." The other articles will do, but are of no special merit, and "Wedded by Dan Cupid," instead of being a "good poem," is no poem at all, but is nothing but a plain love story. We wonder who told that editor that the *Chronicle* contained such an article, for evidently he never saw it, much less read it, or to be sure he would have known how to spell "Wedded," and that it was not a poem.

In reply to the *Howard Payne Monthly* as to what had become of its exchanges, we think their absence is due mainly to the form of the *Howard Payne Monthly*. We happened to see "Exchanges" in it and on close examination found that it was really a college journal. Heretofore we have passed it by as one of the newspapers that come

to our table and are never read. Why not have it put up in magazine form? Then it will receive proper attention and its exchanges will reach it.

Otherwise this journal is good. It contains several good articles among some not so good. The best are the biographies of Homer, Lásias, Ovid, the article on Lincoln, and "Their Anniversary," quite an interesting story. "A Story Told in Rhyme" is hardly passable because it is neither prose, poetry, wit, nor humor, but an unfortunate mixture of all. Besides it contains several simple mistakes, such as changing tenses from present to past, incorrect abbreviations, irregular meter, two lines in one, and "another beaux." With a change of form and a little more painstaking this can be made one of our best exchanges.

The *Emory and Henry Era* is one of our very best exchanges. Its departments are well proportioned. The literary department is excellent. It always contains a goodly number of spicy stories and the most remarkable feature is that it is never lacking in really good poems. We heartily commend its method of publishing purely original stories and verse instead of lengthy, half-copied, dry biographies in which we feel no interest. We hope it will keep up to its present high standard.

The *William Jewell Student* is always a welcome exchange. We wish we had time and space to go into a detailed criticism on this magazine. However, we should be compelled to use the same old pet epithets of eulogy such as "good," "better," "best," and "excellent."

The ever-inviting appearance of the *Palmetto* has induced us to peruse its contents for March, and we find this magazine attractive throughout. Its departments are well proportioned and its general make-up shows taste. However, to our disappointment we find that most of the material contained in it will not bear close inspection. "The Poetry of II Isaiah" is the best article, shows careful study, and is really good. "From Two to Five" starts out pretty well, but is rather disappointing at the end. Except "The Wild Rose" the other articles hardly merit special attention. If the reader of "Which Would You Prefer—No. 1, 2, or 3," happens to forget the title, he is at a loss all the way through to know what he is reading about, and searches in vain to see the connection of "1, 2, and 3." However, if he were only a few days from making such a choice, as the writers evidently must be, the happy anticipation might keep the subject in his mind. While the magazine contains one or two redeeming articles, we hope its usual standard could not be measured by the other articles.

The *Blue and Gold* is a good little magazine. The greatest objection is that it is sadly lacking in stories and verse. Guard against a constant change of tenses as in "Miser Senex." "Easter—Its Origin and Effect" is made up of too many paragraphs—one for nearly every sentence. It actually gives two paragraphs to the derivation of the word "Easter." "Gentry Brothers' Dog and Perry Shows" and "Principle Before Party" are perhaps the best articles.

The *Wofford College Journal* is totally lacking in verse and very much in need of more good fiction. The March issue contains three orations, all of which are good as orations, but we think it would be better to have given part of their space to good stories. However, these orations are instructive and even thrilling. "Pete" is told in rather a dry manner, but the description is fairly good. The article on the Tariff of 1828 may be instructive to those interested in such things, but would hardly be interesting to the general reader. The departments, except the exchange department, are well proportioned, but the literary department is hardly varied enough.

Despite the sneering criticism made by the *University of North Carolina Magazine* on the *STUDENT*, remembering that at least some of them were just, we lay aside all hard feeling toward that magazine and attempt to criticise it without prejudice. In the first place we commend the predominance of its literary department over its editorials. If we were to take up each article separately we very likely would exhaust our vocabulary in finding a sufficient number of adjectives to express our feeling toward them. The best article perhaps is "The Influence of the Norse Mythology and Literature on English Romanticism." This shows study, some originality, is appropriate and well written. The other article, with one or two exceptions, are very good. "The Wrath of Sandy" shows a lively spirit, but, in writing the spoken discourse of some illiterate character, what is the use to trouble the reader with so much incorrect spelling when the proper spelling would give the same pronunciation? For instance, what is the difference in pronunciation of the following words spelled correctly and spelled "speshul Provvydence," "untaymabul," "smoake," "ennything"? Some regard should be had for the reader. Perhaps the most entertaining article is "The Student and the Baby." This magazine is lacking in good verse. While we agree with its editor that poor verse is worse than none, yet that does not excuse the magazine from a lack of good poems. The poems are very often the most interesting part of a magazine. However, the few poems in this one are usually good.

"To know, to esteem, to love—and then to part  
Makes up life's tale to many a feeling heart."

The Ex-man, before laying his pen aside for the last time, would not forget to acknowledge his regret that he will no more have the pleasure of reviewing the *University of Virginia Magazine*, *Georgia Tech*, *Winthrop College Journal*, *Central Collegian*, *Lenoirian*, *Gulford Collegian*, *Baylor Literary*, *Criterion*, *Blue and Gold*, *Chiswick William Jewell Student*, *Howard Collegian*, *Hampden-Sidney Magazine*, *Hollins Quarterly*, *Furman Echo*, *Trinity Archive*, *Limestone Star*, *Catawba College Educator*, *Pine and Thistle*, *Statesville College Magazine*, *Mercerian*, *Southwestern University Magazine*, *Clemson College Chronicle*, *Randolph-Macon Monthly*, *Journal*, *Madisonensis*, *College of Charleston Magazine*, *Palmetto*, *Philomathean Monthly*, *University of North Carolina Magazine*, *Wofford College Journal*, *University of Texas Magazine*, *Vassar Miscellany*, *Monroe College Monthly*, *Red and White*.



## WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

GEO. J. SPENCE, Editor Pro Tem.

- Mr. J. N. Bradley is teaching at Franklin, N. C.
- '99. Mr. Pritchard S. Carlton is practicing law at Spencer, N. C.
- '92. S. J. Porter, of Kansas City, is in Jefferson City helping Pastor Lemmons in special meetings.
- Rev. Messrs. W. O. Rosser, S. J. Beeker, and S. E. Garner are studying in Crozer Theological Seminary.
- '89. Hon. Howard A. Foushee and Miss Annie Wall were married April 14, 1904. Their many friends extend hearty congratulations.
- '82. Rev. O. L. Stringfield is now pastor at Burnsville. His address is Barnardsville. He is building a girl's school in the mountains.
- '83. Prof. G. C. Briggs, a long time principal of the North Missouri Institute at Salisbury, Mo., is editor of a paper at Waynesville, N. C.
- '84. Mr. Will W. Kitchin, the distinguished Congressman from the Fifth District, will deliver the Literary Address at the approaching Commencement of the Agricultural and Mechanical College.
- '74. Hon. James Jenkins, of Atlanta, Ga., was recently appointed by President Roosevelt to a judgeship of the first instance in the Philippine Islands, with a salary of five thousand dollars per annum.
- '86. J. F. Love, Missionary Secretary of Arkansas, says: "The greatest problem that remains for the human intellect to deal with and for future generations to settle is that of one religion for all races of men."
- '56. Rev. J. D. Hufham, D.D., of Henderson, is supplying the pulpit in his old pastorate in Scotland Neck. He will preach the Baccalaureate Sermon at the Agricultural and Mechanical College Commencement.
- '92. Lieut. Oliver H. Dockery, Jr., now stationed at Columbus, O., will be married in May to Miss Emma Jenkins Helsey, of that city. She is the daughter of Mr. A. H. Helsey, one of the largest glass manufacturers in the United States. Mr. Dockery will go to Alaska on his bridal trip. His regiment has orders to go to Fort Egbert, in the Klondyke gold fields.

We are glad to say that that excellent man, citizen, pastor and preacher—and he is each and all of them—Elder D. C. Britt, has been recalled to Rockingham and Roberdel, after a year in the Louisville Seminary.—*Biblical Recorder*.

'92. Rev. John A. Wray, recently of Milledgeville, Ga., has entered upon his work as pastor in Alexandria, Va. His family spent several weeks in Wake Forest visiting Mrs. Wray's father, Prof. L. R. Mills, during which time Mr. Wray occupied Dr. Lynch's pulpit twice.

'96. Hon. Isaac M. Meekins, one of the most highly esteemed members of the bar in Elizabeth City, N. C., and who is also so creditably discharging the arduous duties of postmaster of that place, has, through his untiring personal efforts, secured free delivery of all mail matter from that office, the order to go into effect immediately.

Mr. G. E. Kornegay, Jr., who is taking the medical course at Tulane University in New Orleans, has been honored with the election to the presidency of the sophomore class in the University for the ensuing year. It is quite a distinction worthily bestowed. In addition to the above named honor he has been elected Medical Editor of *The Olive and Blue*, representing the entire medical department, associate editor of the *Phagocyt*, and the *Jamlolaya*.

'90. No man in the State, perhaps, is doing a better work than Bro. Josiah Crudup. Secretary Johnson, who spent a few days with him, says that he has the hearts of the people and is held in high esteem by the whole town of Washington. The church showed its appreciation of its pastor in a very substantial way. They raised his salary within the last few months. While Washington has been considered a hard field for the Baptists and the cause of course moves slowly, there are gratifying indications of progress.—*Biblical Recorder*.

Rev. A. B. Cabaniss writes from Trenton, Ky.: "I wrote you that our pastor, Rev. J. S. Snyder, had resigned to take charge of a leading Baptist church in East Tennessee, and we thought we had lost him. But there was such a general protest against his leaving us, the Deacons had a called meeting of the church, when we unanimously made such a vigorous protest, he just had to stay. The Deacons informed the Morristown church they might look out for another pastor, as we could not let them have ours. Now our people are happy and will remain contented, till some other church tries to take him from us. To stop trouble before it begins, we issue, in advance, our protest against all such covetous churches, reminding them that one of God's commands is: 'Thou shalt not covet anything that is thy neighbor's.'"—*Biblical Recorder*.

# IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

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G. S. FOOTE, Editor.

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COMMENCEMENT!

BEGINNING of ninth inning!

WHEN'S *The Howler* coming?

MR. W. H. PACE ('03), of Chapel Hill, made his friends here a short visit last month.

MR. OWEN POPE, of Weldon, was a pleasant visitor on the Hill for a few days last month.

MISS SARAH PARHAM, of Oxford, was the guest of Miss Marie Lankford the earlier part of April.

MISS ADA LEE TIMBERLAKE, after a visit of several months in the south, is at home again, much to the delight of her many friends.

MR. W. C. POWELL and family, who spent the winter at Jacksonville, Fla., have returned to the Hill, where they will spend the summer.

MISSES JONES AND HARRIS, of the Baptist Female University, were the guests of Misses Mary and Janie Taylor the latter part of last month.

MR. HARRY TRANTHAM, of Oak Ridge, who is a contestant for the Cecil Rhodes' scholarship, spent several days last month with his aunt, Mrs. M. E. Simmons.

MISSES EDITH AND AGNES TAYLOR, of the Baptist Female University, accompanied by their class-mates; Misses Eva Smith and Mary Sawyer, spent a few days at home last month.

THE following members of the Senior Class have been elected Commencement speakers. From the Phi. Society, Messrs. Allen, Fleming and Bland; from the Eu., Messrs. Whisnant, Barnes and Marsh.

SURELY it is a good thing to be a member of the Glee Club. On Monday night, April 11, it scored a big hit in Raleigh, and two weeks later it met with equal success in High Point, Greensboro and Durham.

MR. R. D. CROZIER, the popular coach of the college ball team, has returned to Atlanta, where he will play ball the coming season. While here, Mr. Crozier won for himself a large circle of friends, and he left with the esteem and best wishes of the entire college. Under his training the team showed marked improvement, and it is greatly desired that the Athletic Association may be so fortunate as to secure his services again for next year.

IT WAS a good thing to be in Charlotte on Easter Monday. It was Wake Forest day, and it witnessed two signal triumphs of North Carolina over South Carolina—one in brawn and the other in brain. At Latta Park, in the afternoon, Wake Forest defeated the nine of Furman University by the score of 5 to 2, while that night in a debate in which Wake Forest was ably represented by Messrs. P. C. MacDuffie and A. H. Olive, the score was again easily in favor of Wake Forest, for, to express it in the words of Mr. Cary Dowd, of Charlotte, "the North Carolinians just walked all around the Furman boys at every stage of the game." This is the second debate won by Wake Forest this year, the other being over Richmond College on last Thanksgiving night in Richmond.

The college nine so far has met with eminent success, and all things point to a continuance of that success. It is true that the team met with several consecutive defeats, but then it must be remembered that the teams to which we lost were exceptionally strong teams, composed for the most part of professional players, while

there is not a man on our team who is not strictly a *bona fide* college student. In view of this fact it is not to our discredit to have lost to these college-professional ball teams, but to the contrary, the strong fights that we put up against them are strong arguments in the favor of pure, college athletics. We append a list of games with scores played up to date:

- Mar. 21→Bingham 5; Wake Forest College 19.
- Mar. 25→Oak Ridge 2; Wake Forest College 5.
- Mar. 26→Oak Ridge 0; Wake Forest College 1.
- April 1→South Carolina College 1; Wake Forest College 6.
- April 2→South Carolina College 9; Wake Forest College 12.
- April 4→Furman University 2; Wake Forest College 5.
- April 6→Syracuse University 16; Wake Forest College 7.
- April 11→A. and M. 10; Wake Forest College 2.
- April 12→St. Albans 11; Wake Forest College 1.
- April 15→Randolph-Macon 7; Wake Forest College 4.
- April 16→A. and M. 5; Wake Forest College 6.
- April 20→Trinity 11; Wake Forest College 9.
- April 23→Trinity 1; Wake Forest College 0 (ten innings).
- April 26→Trinity 4; Wake Forest College 5.

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HERE'S TO WAKE FOREST—THE WAKE FOREST BALL TEAM  
FEASTED BY ITS ADMIRERS.

Wake Forest, N. C., April 30.—Last night from nine to eleven-thirty the Wake Forest baseball team were banqueted by their local admirers. A committee of Hill ladies served a repast which for bountifulness, variety, toothsome-ness, and general all-around excellence, distanced all predecessors within the memory of the oldest banqueter. And the toasts and responses were of like superior quality.

Covers were laid for sixty-five, and from the Jovian Umpire (alias Toastmaster) down to the humble waiter, surnamed on the occasion Ganymedes, the entire company had a thoroughly delightful time. From the moment when Dr. Sikes, the umpire, at the conclusion of the invocation, called out "Play ball!" everybody "got in

the game," and there was a heavy score. There were no errors, hits abounded, and the home runs were not a few.

The feast of reason presented the following features: "The College Sphere," by President Taylor; "Our Team," proposed by Professor Carlyle, and responded to by Captain Edwards; "The Rooters," by Mr. W. W. Holding and Mr. James B. Royall; "College Athletics," by Dr. Paschal. After Dr. Brewer, who was called out, had given reminiscences of the game as it was played in his day in the far past, the happy occasion reached a fitting conclusion in the enthusiastic singing of the College song, "Oh! here's to Wake Forest."

The souvenir programs prepared and illustrated by Misses Taylor and Gill were voted very interesting and bright. The other ladies to whom the team are indebted for this brilliant evening are Mrs. Poteat, Mrs. Sledd, Mrs. Junius Allen, and Mrs. William Dickson.—*News and Observer*.

THE following is the Commencement program, which occurs May 22-25, 1904:

SUNDAY, 8.30 P. M.

Baccalaureate Sermon.....C. E. Taylor, D.D.

MONDAY, 8.30 P. M.

Address Before the School of Medicine,

Dr. Allison Hodges, Richmond, Va.

Class Day Exercises, 3:30 P. M.

TUESDAY, 11.00 A. M.

Address Before the Literary Societies,

Rev. C. S. Gardner, Richmond, Va.

Presentation of Medals.

TUESDAY, 8.30 P. M.

Alumni Address.....Col. F. P. Hobgood, Greensboro

Annual Meeting of the Alumni.

WEDNESDAY, 11.00 A. M.

Commencement Day,

Orations by the Class and Presentation of Diplomas.

President's Address.

WEDNESDAY, 8.30 P. M.

Concert and Social Gathering.